BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

SEPTEMBER
1937

COMPLETE HOME
and
FASHION SECTIONS

ARTHUR MILLS
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MARGARET CHUTE
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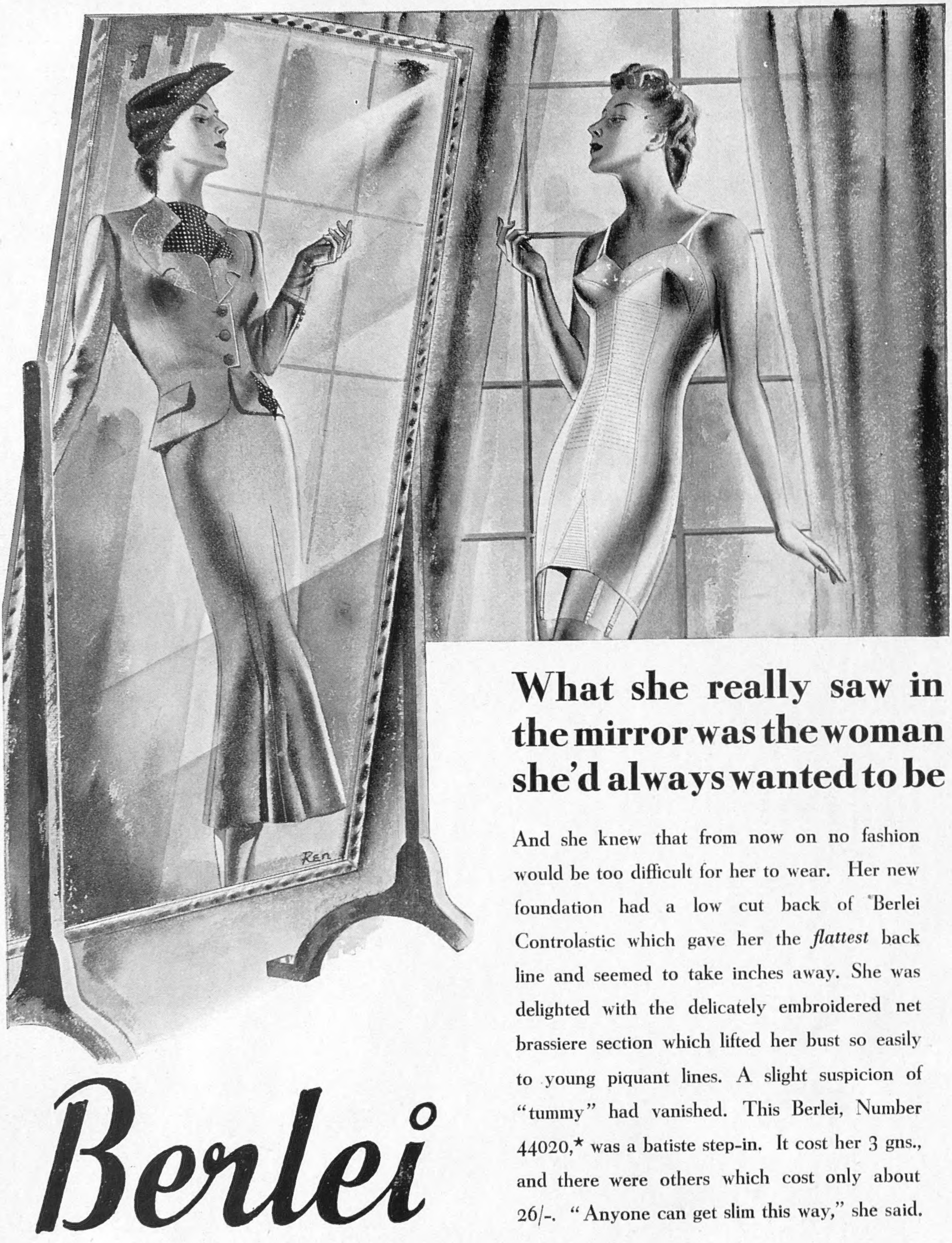
F. MATANIA R.I.



What she really saw in the mirror was the woman she'd always wanted to be

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**It is made in seven bust sizes from 33" to 39".*

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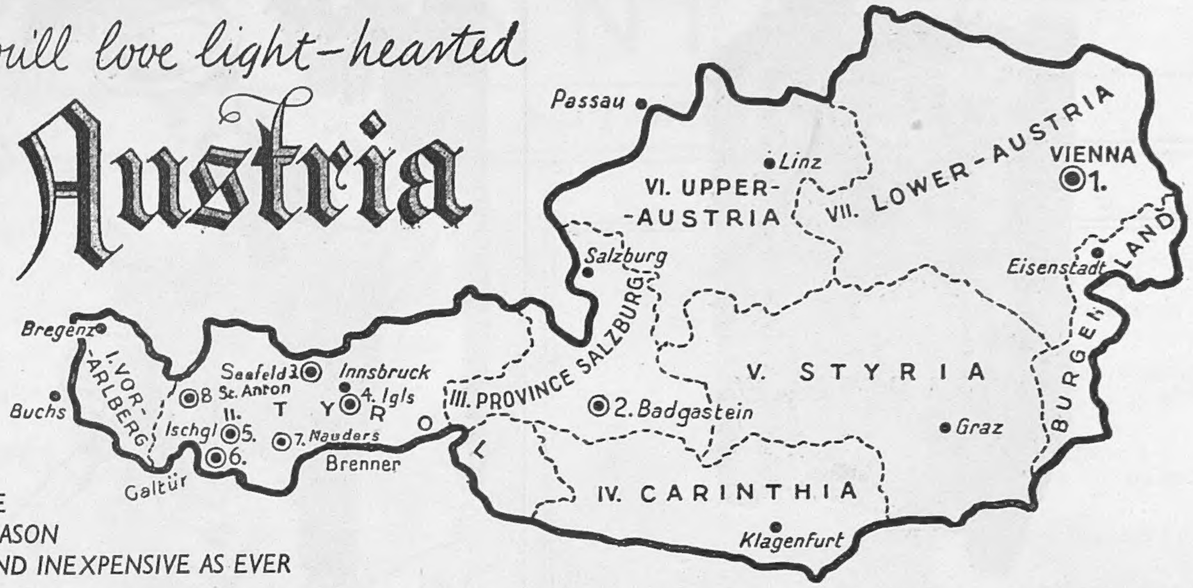
Austria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VII. LOWER-AUSTRIA
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II. TYROL
Ischgl ⊙5.
⊙6.
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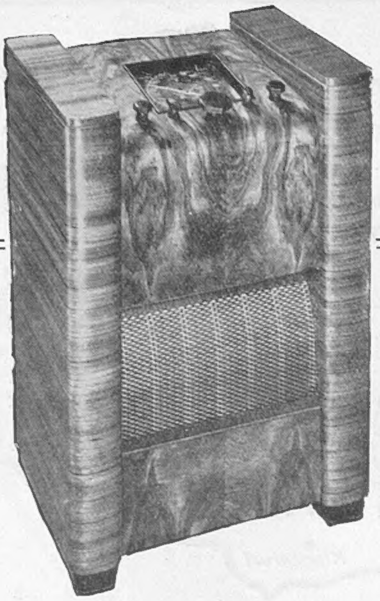

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 15, No. 3. SEPTEMBER 1937.

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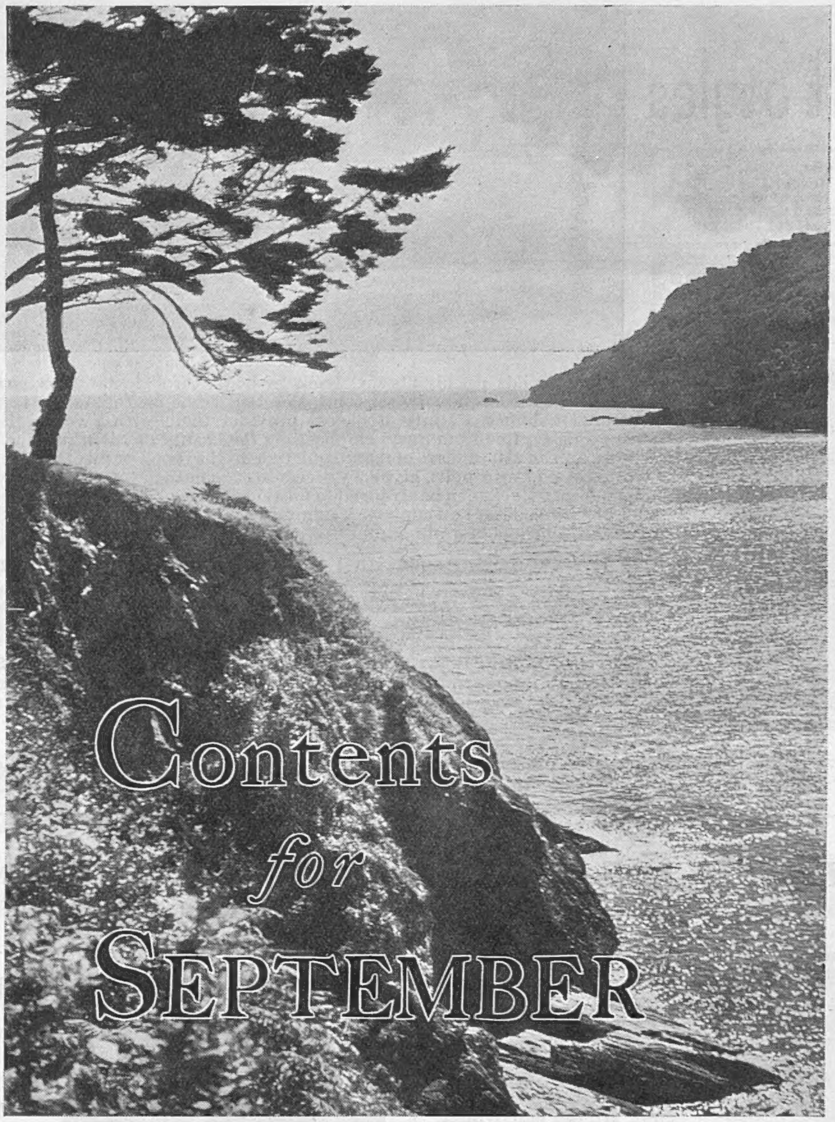

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by *Heade*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 128. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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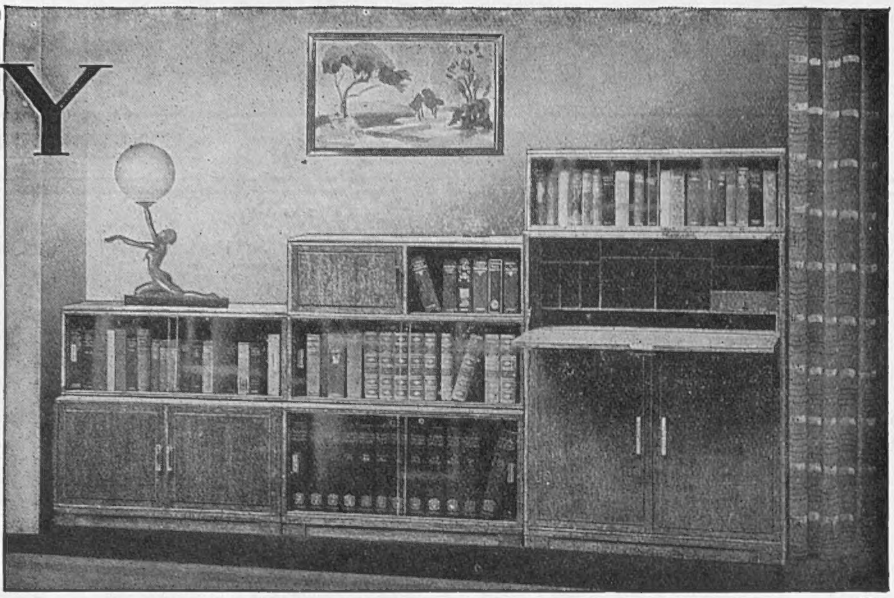

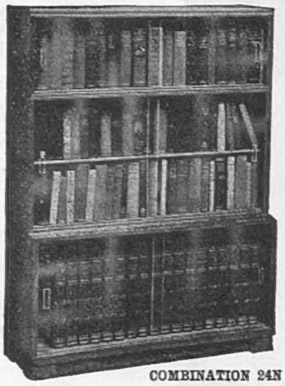

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Ramada
A 'VIYELLA' HOUSE PRODUCT

FRESH IDEAS FOR AUTUMN IN THE NEW 'RAMADA' LEAFLETS!

Here are the best Winter Knitting ideas, beautifully illustrated and easy to follow. Each leaflet costs 2d. (or 3d. in full colour). Be sure to knit in 'Ramada' — it's beautifully soft, but it will never lose its shape however often it is washed. 'Ramada' plain colours are actually *guaranteed* fadeless and standard, so you can always get a perfect match, and there's a wonderful selection of entirely new fashion shades this season.

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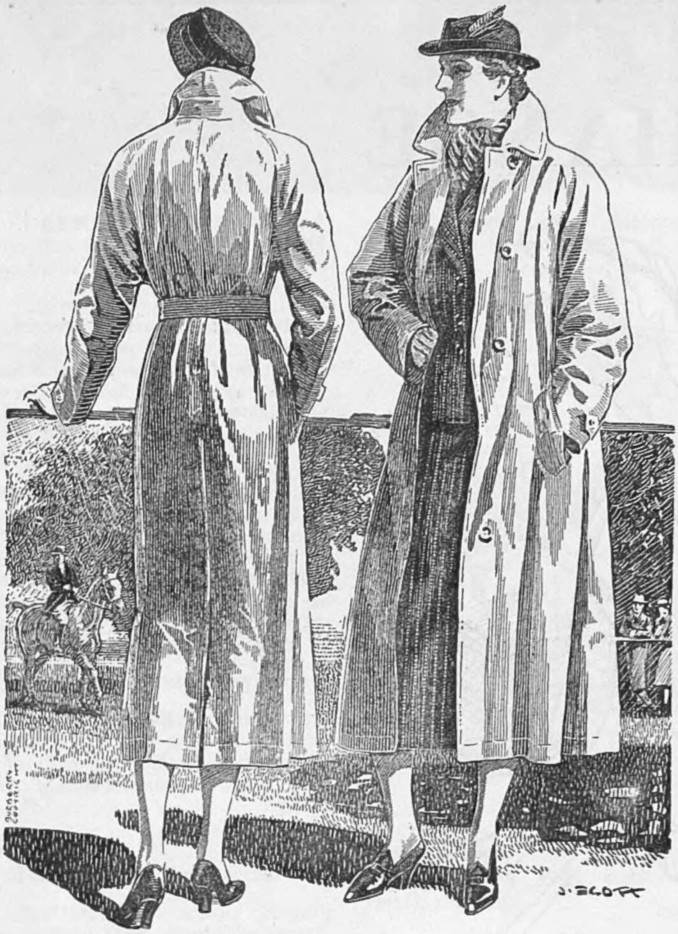

If anyone asked anyone to name the weatherproof they like to possess everyone would name The Burberry

Because Burberrys have been perfecting it for over 50 years?
No!

Because The Burberry keeps out continuous and heavy rains?
Yes, chiefly!

Because it is so light in weight, so cooling in summer, so warming in winter, the proofing lasts so long in any and every climate, and it is such a class coat compared with all others?
Yes!

That is nearly the sum total of its beneficial attributes, though many of its friends—they become fast friends, Burberrys and their owners—would make considerable additions to them.

Illustrations, patterns and prices sent on mention of "Britannia and Eve."

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A sparkle in your eye from morn to midnight

with the *confidence* Carillon gives

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THE PERFUME THAT STAYS FRESH

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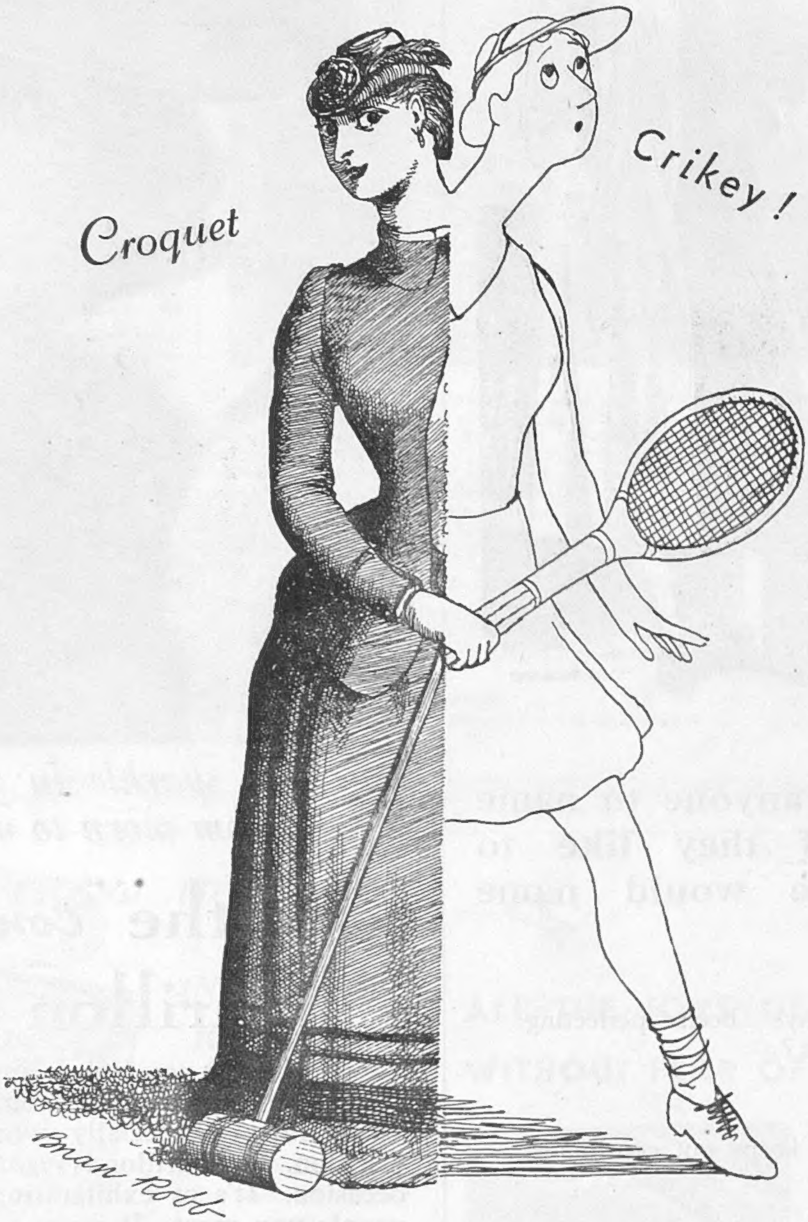
TIMES CHANGE



— so does SHELL

Shell has always been a contemporary spirit. It belongs to 1937 as much as it belonged to 1907. Between these years lies a big difference made up of countless small improvements, each of which was made immediately it became desirable and possible. If, in the Autumn, you buy a 1938 car, you will find that Shell suits it perfectly; for Shell keeps in step with motor-car design.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

SEPTEMBER

SERENE SEPTEMBER—and thoughts in England turn to the succulent oyster.

Juiciest bivalves come from Colchester, where are found those shameless, spreading, thickly-white and almost beardless oysters that have lost all sense of streamline. One of these is a struggling mouthful.

You may slap your guinea down on the quay-side and eat as many as you like in half an hour. Five guineas pays for six friends. Enthusiasts pay the ten-guinea fee for the day, and set into breaking records on their own; some do not rise till they have polished off from 30 to 40 dozen.

And what thinks the oyster?

Sheer cannibalism, that's all: every live oyster will wince under the drop of lemon. And if he don't, don't touch him.

Wednesday, 1st

Partridge shooting begins.

Partridge is practically the only game-bird that should be served well cooked, well cleaned and under-hung. Tie a rasher of bacon over the back and roast in hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve and eat with plenty of despised watercress. What a follow-up to an oyster! Finish with English garden-peach or garden-fig.

If in London, troop on to Covent Garden for De Basil's Ballets Russes, going on through September. If their popularity continues, they may become a fixture. England has long since been growing ballet-minded.

Saturday, 4th

Bakers and Confectioners' Exhibition, Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, affords chance of tasting Scottish bakery in London.

New Moon.

Floodlit Inter-County Swimming Championships at the Empire Pool, Stadium, Wembley.

Football on every playing-ground over Britain.

Monday, 6th

Jewish New Year 5698: in Israel, rejoicing.

Tuesday, 7th

Doncaster Races, four days.

National Dahlia Show, New Hall, Westminster: to create envy.

Wednesday, 8th

St. Leger, Doncaster. Canary Yellow is the lucky colour.

Alpine Garden Society's Show, Old Hall, Westminster. Fascinating rock plants: some you know, and *all* you want to grow. But why microscopic varieties of the common house-leek should trail names like Sempervivium Allionii and Bousii, is past understanding.

Thursday, 9th

Thames Trout Fishing ends.

Stars say—and this applies to all men—the less you fish for any thing to-day, the better you will be. Wind in the line, watch unconcerned, show masterly inactivity.

Friday, 10th

National Rose Society's Show at New and Old Halls, Westminster, bears out the contention that the Last Rose of Summer is the loveliest rose of all.

September's roses beat June's, and their dazzling joy should give rise to deep reflection. Shakespeare would have commented on it, but September roses did not exist in his day, only June's.

Sunday, 12th

Now turn to your own garden.

This is the best month for planting evergreens, also for sowing grass-seeds. To-night, by every indication, will bring a downpour good for both.

Time to prune raspberries and ramblers, by cutting down the old shoots and training the new ones into place. Wear gloves, use secateurs, mind your loving language and your head.

Starts Ember Week.

Wednesday, 15th

Ember Day.

Jewish Day of Atonement; 24 hour fast of Yom Kippur. In Israel, business ceases; closed doors; wailing.

Thursday, 16th

Engineering and Marine Exhibition opens at Olympia, with everything that's new for ships from more highly sensitised steering to diving-suits, steam-valves, and airplane-carrying. Thrilling but technical.

Saturday, 18th

Grocers' Exhibition for Epicures and Housewives, Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Sunday, 19th

Gossamer of many million spiders' webs now powders the country-side, overlaying woods, hedgerows and hills with a soft, downy silk that glistens, sparkling with dew in the mornings as with diamonds. Mid-day warmth lifts these webs two feet above their moorings, but the thread is elastic and stands the strain; they do not descend again till evening. After a few days, winds sweep the webs clean away; thus do the spiders' cities appear and vanish.

Vermilion spotted fungi—otherwise toadstools—brighten the woods. In Norway, these are esteemed a great delicacy. In England, there are two varieties, one deadly poisonous; few can tell the difference between them. In case of fungi or blackberry poisoning, dose children immediately with bicarbonate of soda. Keep repeating. One teaspoonful to a glass of warm water.

Monday, 20th

Week of frenzied shopping for schools begins. Seven pairs of new shoes for each boarder, and one dozen of everything. Matron will renew what is missing during the term, and still the boarder will return for the Christmas holidays with practically nothing.

If your child belongs to one of the Modern Thought schools, there will also be budgerigars, marmosets, ponies or earthworms to take back—if it's a school that favours keeping pets. If it's one that favours crafts, a car is necessary to transport the potter's wheel, printing press, or carpet looms. It is only parents who are uneducated, and punished.

Wednesday, 22nd

International Cycle and Motor-cycle Show, Earl's Court.

Thursday, 23rd

Autumnal Equinox and preparation of Income Tax returns. Quite enough to drive the average parent crazed. Be scrupulously fair, whatever the cost, go slow, think twice.

Evil planets overlook the day
Incline to lead you astray.
If you would avoid future dismay
Honesty is your only way.

Friday, 24th

Collectors arrive in hundreds at *Caledonian Market, North London*, searching for bargains in china, textiles, silver and glass. Many are duped.

Most Chelsea figures come from Germany, although they are stamped with Old Chelsea marks, have bits artistically chipped off.

Biggest fakes exist in Old Glass. Genuine stuff has unmistakable sheen, like fall of dazzle-silk in the glass, as soon as it is polished with a handkerchief. Unless there is this sheen, let nothing persuade you it is old glass; not even if there are air-bubbles or a rough cut under the piece where it has been snapped off. All these can be faked, but never the *silk*.

Tuesday, 28th

Newmarket, four days. Three of them fine, with good sport.

Wednesday, 29th

Michaelmas Quarter-day.

Pay, rest your mind and recapture your riches by looking in at the Royal Horticultural Society's Autumn Show at Olympia. Here is true splendour and achievement for the fall of the year. Wealth of colour, wealth of bloom, and wealth of promise.

Monsters made to Order

Science is at last on the track of the malignant Genii responsible for living monstrosities, and has opened up an appalling possibility

By

Walter Shepherd

THE biologist's visitor peered through the high-powered microscope.

"A single, living cell, taken from the fruit-fly, *Drosophila,*" explained the biologist. "In its centre, you can just make out eight little dark bodies, of varying shapes. They contain the factors which determine the shape and colour of the fly. They are, in fact, Nature's 'blue-prints.'

"In one of the V-shaped bodies there is a chemical molecule which controls the shape of its wings, and one which gives it a black skin. In another lurk little units capable of preventing the fly from developing any eyes, or of having long legs. . . ."

The biologist droned on, quite unconscious that he was telling the most amazing story ever suggested by science. Recent discoveries in Nature's methods of building up living bodies from simple cells have given rise to ideas which would have been ridiculed by the experts of forty years ago. They tell the wildest of all romances—yet they are true.

To become figurative rather than technical, the "foremen" in charge of the processes of growth, before and after birth, have been tracked down, consulted and photographed, and they have betrayed some staggering inside information.

All living things, from moss to whales, originate in a single, simple-looking blob of protoplasm—the germ-cell. When fertilised this cell grows and divides into two, and the process of growth and division goes on until the tiny, unweighable speck has become a great mass of living tissue.

As the cells are produced they take upon themselves different shapes, some becoming long and thin, others forming flat plates, others again being conical or triangular. These sets of differently shaped cells present themselves to us as different sorts of tissue—muscle, nerve, skin, kidney, and so on, each suited to perform a special function.

Some of the cells secrete dead matter, such as lime salts, to produce a framework of bone, or binders and tendons of cartilage or gristle; others swim about freely in the blood. There are about 15,000,000,000,000 free cells in the blood of an ordinary person, and altogether there are about 1,000,000,000,000,000 cells in the human body.

Cells may be detached from any part of the body, and kept alive in blood serum. They can be stained to reveal their structure, and examined under the highest powered microscopes. It is in this field that the revolutionary discoveries of the last few years have been made. We now hold the clues to the formation of monsters, the production of "sports," the cause of albinos, and the inheritability of family features. Much light has been thrown on the problem of twins, the determination of sex and the principles of heredity.

Cells vary enormously in size—the yolk of an egg is a single cell—but most of those in our bodies are of the order of one two-thousandth of an inch in diameter. In the centre of each cell there is a nucleus (of undetermined structure), and it is in the nucleus that the exciting things happen. This is the seat of all the mysteries.

When a cell is about to divide, a swarm of grey "dots" makes a sudden appearance in the nucleus. They swim about for a short while, and then seem drawn together as by a magnet, forming chains of varying length. These chains writhe about like eels, becoming shorter and thicker with every movement, and finally settle down as a set of stumpy rods.

The rods are called "chromosomes," and there is a definite, fixed number of them for every species of life—plant or animal—in the world. For instance, there are two in certain round-worms, eight in the fruit-fly mentioned above, forty in a mouse, forty-eight in man, and over two hundred in a cray-fish.

The next thing that happens is the disappearance of the nucleus, and the splitting of the chromosomes into halves, lengthwise, so that the cell now contains twice as many chromosomes as it ought to have. As though directed by an invisible intelligence, these separate into two groups, one at each end of the cell. Then the cell swells up and appears to boil! It becomes elongated, develops a waist and splits in half.

The two new cells then simmer down and develop nuclei of their own. Each contains its full complement of chromosomes, which gradually become transparent and disappear from sight again. The whole process takes place a thousand billion times in the production of a single human body.

It is in the chromosomes, which are so meticulously split up and passed on from cell to cell, that the Genii of Life reside. In them lie the factors which determine the sort of body being produced—the agents which instruct the cells to form an eye here, a hand there, and a liver over yonder.

The word "agents" is, of course, metaphorical; there is no ground for supposing them to be other than extremely complex chemical substances. Biologists call them "genes," and many of them have been exactly located in the chromosomes, and their particular duties identified.

There is a gene responsible for the inner ears of mice—a gene which sometimes turns out to be a bad workman, and plays a curious trick on its unlucky possessor. The malformed ear upsets the mouse's sense of balance, so that it runs continually in circles, and is what the fanciers call a "waltzing mouse." This bad gene can be passed on from generation to generation, enabling mouse fanciers to breed them deliberately as curiosities.

Another gene altogether is

Illustration by "Batt"

responsible for "singing mice," one of which was recently caught at Devonport, and is said to have signed a contract with the B.B.C. Others, again, control the colours of the feathers, fur and skin of birds and animals. It is a particular gene—not the rays of the Arctic sun—which gives the Eskimo a swarthy colour.

Still another gene has the power of *preventing* colour formation, and causes albinism. The white fur and skin of an albino is quite a different thing from the "purposely" white fur of a polar bear, or the white winter coat of a stoat. In an albino, even the eyes are unpigmented, showing the pink network of blood-vessels.

Almost every kind of living creature may suffer from albinism. Albino ravens, blackbirds, sparrows, peacocks, porcupines, eels and flies are all well known. Albino elephants are sacred animals in Siam, and an albino buffalo, especially protected by law, has for many years been venerated by American Indians.

Genes which bungle their jobs are responsible for deaf-mutism and such horrible monstrosities as "Cyclops," in which a baby is born with one large eye in the middle of its forehead, instead of two. It is possible that the abnormal brains of geniuses are similar, but beneficial, results of the misbehaviour of certain genes.

Though genes are passed on from father to son, they do not necessarily make themselves evident in every generation. They have to compete with genes supplied by the mother, but the probability of an offspring's developing this or that characteristic can now be calculated with considerable accuracy.

Cross a pure white Andalusian fowl with a pure black one, and the offspring will all be blue. Now cross two blues, and out of every four chicks one will be black, one white and two blue. The black and white chicks will again be "true"—they will have lost the genes that "tainted" their blue parents. The old idea that blood once mixed always contains a foreign strain is now known to be false—because inheritance has nothing to do with blood at all.

Plant and animal breeders have really been doing nothing else but shuffle together the genes responsible for certain characteristics, and then selecting and preserving the best combinations. "Little Joss" and "Yeoman" wheat were in this way obtained by Sir Rowland Biffin from a hardy but poor quality grain and a delicate, good quality one. The rust-resisting gene in the first was juggled into the same germ-cell as the quality-producing gene in the second.

An infinite variety of both beneficial and monstrous forms of animal and plant life can now be deliberately "manufactured" by the adroit manipulation of genes. Last year an attempt was made at the London Zoo to produce a "tigon," by crossing a lion and a tiger—an experiment that was actually performed successfully some years ago.

In the Leipzig Zoo there is a cross between a bison and a zebu, while the first known case of a cross between a dog and a fox was reported recently from Hellabrun. Almost all such crosses—including mules—are fertile, in spite of popular belief.

The alleged cross between a cat and a rabbit, in Yorkshire, is simply a freak of Nature, however, for these two creatures are far too wide apart, generically, to be able to interbreed at all. The resemblance of the hind-quarters of the creature to a rabbit is accidental.

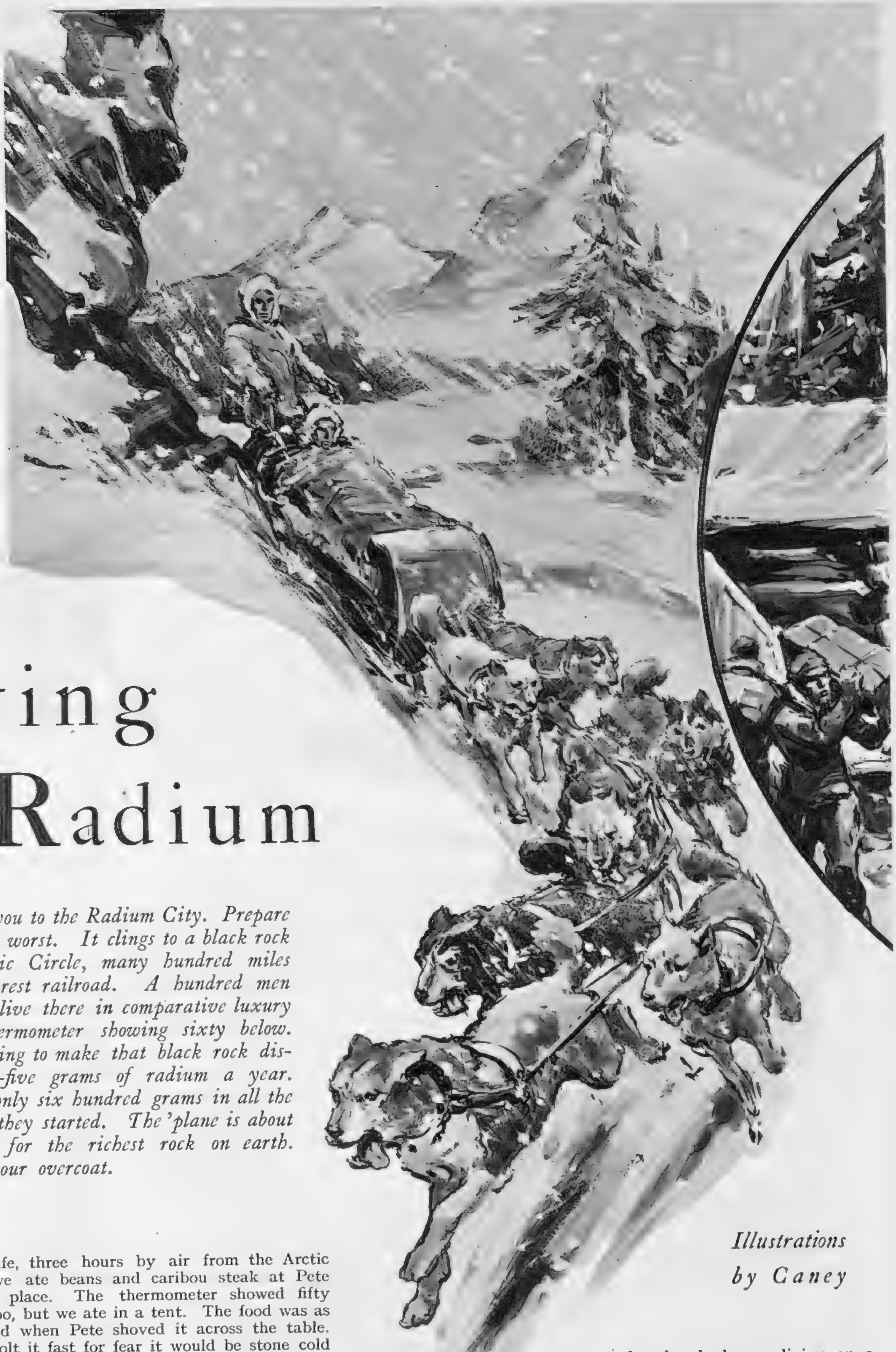
It is a "sport," a form of monster with which we are most familiar in lap-dogs and fancy goldfish. Here again, the trouble begins with the developing egg-cell, long before the creature is born, but this time the interference comes from outside the cell—not from the genes inside.

The walls of all the cells, at this early stage, are extremely delicate membranes, scarcely more substantial than the "skin" round a drop of water. They are able to take in nourishment through these walls, and to regulate the amounts they absorb.

If this nourishment is interfered with, and particularly if it is lacking in oxygen, the cells' powers of regulation are impaired, and they grow irregularly. Monsters have

(Continued on page 84)

Living on Radium



WE take you to the Radium City. Prepare for the worst. It clings to a black rock on the Arctic Circle, many hundred miles from the nearest railroad. A hundred men and a lady live there in comparative luxury with the thermometer showing sixty below. They are trying to make that black rock disgorge eighty-five grams of radium a year. There were only six hundred grams in all the world when they started. The 'plane is about to take off for the richest rock on earth. Button up your overcoat.

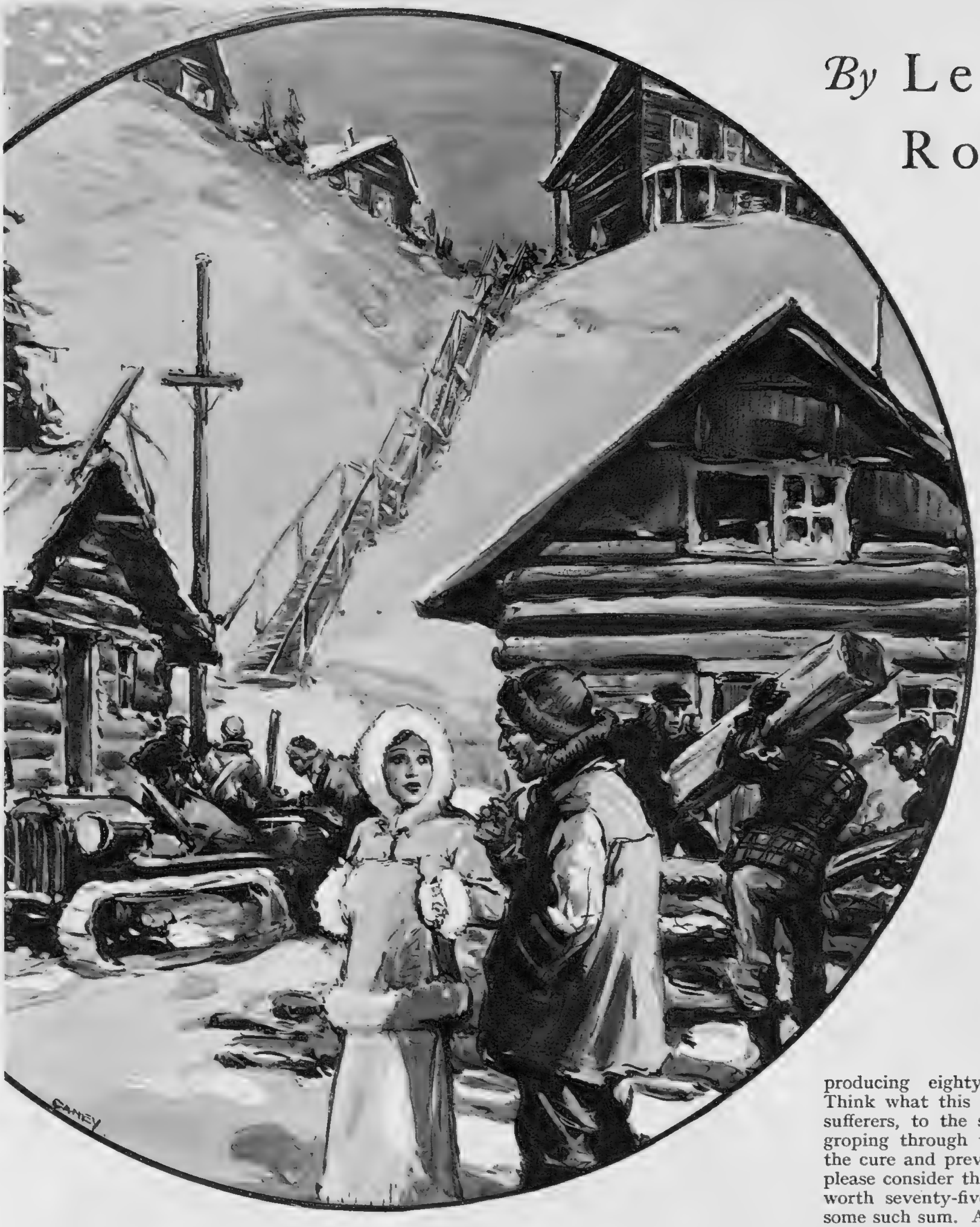
Illustrations by Caney

AT Yellowknife, three hours by air from the Arctic Circle, we ate beans and caribou steak at Pete Racine's place. The thermometer showed fifty below too, but we ate in a tent. The food was as hot as molten lead when Pete shoved it across the table. But you had to bolt it fast for fear it would be stone cold before it reached your lips.

Maybe we looked a bit discouraged. Anyway, Kennedy, pilot of the Radium Express in which we'd flown from the civilisation we were just beginning to appreciate, looked at us cynically. Even down in Edmonton, where Kennedy had picked us up, he seemed to have unflattering mental reservations about us and those who had sent us.

"You won't see much," he said. "Not much but ice and snow and a hundred men living on a rock. What's the matter with you people back down there? Is there so little to write about that you've got to freeze your guts on the Arctic Circle just because they're mining radium? Hell, you won't see anything. However, if you can take it—well, it's here to be

By Leslie Roberts



taken. Let's eat. You've got something ahead of you."

And he looked at the murderous sky—a sky vaster than any sky we'd ever seen, with hate in it. We said something about nature resenting us, something about nature being jealous of men who had come poaching on her ice-fenced preserves. Pete, Kennedy and several other eggs, prospectors mostly from the new gold diggings east of Great Slave Lake's north arm, heard these feeble sentiments of ours and looked bored and scornful. Just another tenderfoot full of tripe.

"All right?" asked Kennedy, when we'd finished eating. "We got some nice going ahead of us."

"All right—sure," we replied.

Kennedy dropped his eskimo mukluk boots against the rudders, gunned the motor to rock the frozen snow loose from the landing skis; then, drawing a bead on the North Pole, we took off. The cannonade of our motor was the only noise in the limitless silence—a silence that had something of eternity in it, which shrunk you, which was a sure cure for self-importance.

We were becoming pretty humble. Down below, in Ottawa, Montreal, New York, we had been quite puffed up. We were going to the Arctic Circle to see radium mined. Our mind and notebook had been stocked with solemn facts and figures. Where we were going they were producing three grams of radium a month. They told us that there were only about 600 grams of the stuff in existence. At Radium City, a clutter of wooden shacks surrounding a black rock on a frozen cape of Great Bear Lake, about a thousand miles north of Edmonton, Alberta, they would presently be producing eighty-five grams a year. Think what this would mean to cancer sufferers, to the scientists who are still groping through the dark searching for the cure and preventive of cancer. And please consider that a gram of radium is worth seventy-five thousand dollars, or some such sum. All this was as it should be—tremendously important. And we were duly impressed.

But somehow as we headed into the Arctic wilderness where the frost makes stone of Mother Earth and where the thaws never penetrate very far below the surface, the silence, the endless snow and ice and the hard, dull bitterness of cold dwarfed everything else.

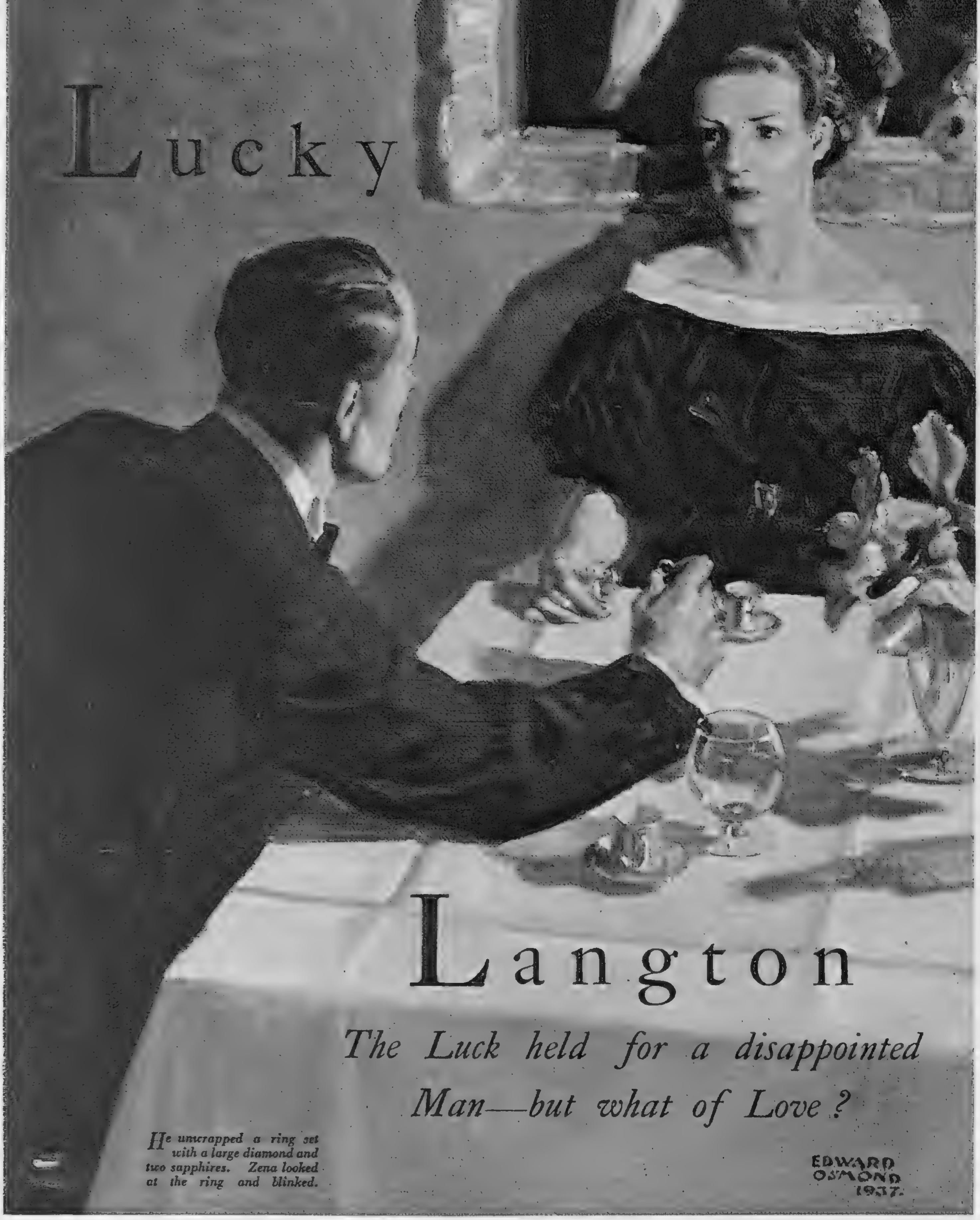
There is no way of getting to Radium City except by air, unless you have the time, the fortitude and enough disregard for life and love to travel by a water route which tortures its way up and down, back and forth, across the wastes of Canada's uncharted North-west territories. And don't get out your maps. Canada hasn't taken the trouble to make maps of these incredible barrens.

You take the 'plane at Edmonton, Alberta. There will be a group of people at the airport, including the police. They'll regard

(*Continued on page 86*)

Lucky Langton

The Luck held for a disappointed Man—but what of Love?



He unwrapped a ring set with a large diamond and two sapphires. Zena looked at the ring and blinked.

EDWARD OSMOND 1937.

AKAB is a one-man station that can be reached by car in three days from Kumasi during the dry season, but during the rains becomes cut off for months, except for native runners. There is no telegraph and no telephone.

During the time when Langton's predecessor was at Akab the native runner service failed unaccountably. After six runners had been sent out and none returned, the Chief Commissioner of the Northern Province took advantage of a break in the weather to make a tour of inspection. The Province was in good order, until Akab was reached. Here the Chief Commissioner found the police disbanded, the D.C.'s bungalow full of red ants, and the D.C. living with the Lobis, the naïvest and nudist tribe in Africa. The D.C. had allowed his hair to grow, matted it with mud, and encircled his forehead with cowrie shells; he was stark naked and armed with a bow and arrow. The six runners, who had been sent out, had been manacled and were working as slaves.

The whole business shocked Government House profoundly, and it was only under the strongest pressure from the Legislative Council that the Governor agreed to send another District Commissioner out to Akab.

Walter Langton was selected. Langton had spent twenty years on the Gold Coast, much of the time in bush stations; he was a bachelor and did not mind solitude.

Everybody told the Governor that Langton could be relied on to hold down the job. H.E. said with some warmth that he hoped this opinion would prove correct.

Langton accepted the appointment with pleasure. He had got engaged to be married on his last leave and wanted to save money. At Akab, where the chief currency was cowrie shells and there was not even a Syrian store, he would be able to do this. Also, if he showed what he could do and cleaned up the chaos left by his predecessor, there was a chance that he might be given the Provincial Commissionership at Tamale, which would become vacant next year. As a Provincial Commissioner, in the zone for promotion to a Governorship, he would be in a far better position to marry. He explained this when he wrote to Zena telling her about his new appointment.

He had been at Akab for three months when he got her reply. A spasm of pain crossed his face as he read the first page of the letter. Zena wrote breaking off her engagement; she said she had changed her mind and did not want to live in Africa.

Langton read the letter through a second time and then went to his room and changed. When he had bathed, shaved, put on black trousers, soft shirt, bow tie and white mess jacket, he went out on to his verandah and poured himself a whisky and soda. He lay back in his cane chair, stared out into the African darkness, and listened to the music from the drums and elephant horns that came up from the native village. The wailing of the elephant horns and the thrumming of the drums would go on all night, for the Na of Bamboi had arrived in Akab to bring a lawsuit against the Yabum Waru. Langton was going to hear both parties in the court room next day. It was a complicated case and Langton knew that the peace of the district might depend on his decision, but that evening he could not give his mind to native affairs.

He sipped his whisky slowly, thinking of what might have been. In his last letter to Zena he had drawn a picture of their life if he became Chief Commissioner of Ashanti. They would live in the big white Residency on the hill; there would be a guard at the gate who would turn out and present arms when the Governor and his lady entered or left their house. He would get a good salary, but of course they would have a position to keep up, and there would be a great deal of entertaining. So much for his dreams.

Now he was just a middle-aged District Commissioner in charge of one of the loneliest posts in Africa, with no one waiting for him in England, no motive to save money, no one who cared if he was promoted or not.

He poured out a second whisky and soda, drank it off, and lay back listening to the drums being beaten in honour of the arrival of the Na of Bamboi. The drummers were the chief's own men. The Na of Bamboi was only a very small chief, but he was a brave little man; he was putting up all the show he could. He had marched into Akab with every follower he possessed to lay his case against the all-powerful Yabum Waru.

Langton had already acquainted himself with the facts of the case. The Yabum was trying to claim ownership of the ferry that crossed the Volta in the Bamboi territory; he had demanded that the dues paid for the use of the ferry should be given to him. These dues, which amounted to less than £200 per annum, were the little Chief of Bamboi's sole source of livelihood. It was an African case of Naboth and his vineyard.

Langton did not like the Yabum Waru; the Yabum was old, cunning, and badly disposed towards white men. He intensely resented being obliged to present himself at the District Commissioner's court. On such occasions he would arrive with a large retinue and take up a position under his royal umbrella facing the D.C.; watching him out of his small, bloodshot black eyes, refusing to speak except through an interpreter.

Towards dawn Langton managed to get a little sleep. At seven he ordered his breakfast and at eight went over to the court house. The Yabum Waru, wearing a magnificent scarlet robe, was already in his place; he and his followers took up three-quarters of the court. The little Na of Bamboi sat modestly in a corner, surrounded by his own attendants. His face was agonised, for if the white man's decision went against him, he would lose everything he possessed. Langton listened patiently to the arguments of both sides. After four hours he interrupted the talk to say he had come to a decision. He announced that the Chief of Bamboi was entitled to the ferry dues and the Yabum Waru had no jurisdiction over the territory on which the Bamboi people lived.

The Yabum listened to the verdict; then, without looking at the Chief of Bamboi or Langton, he gathered his scarlet robe round him and walked out of the court.

That evening when Langton was sitting on his verandah looking starkly in front of him, his servant came to say that the Na of Bamboi wished to see him. The request was unusual, for natives rarely came to the private houses of District Commissioners.

Langton decided to waive precedent and said he would see the man.

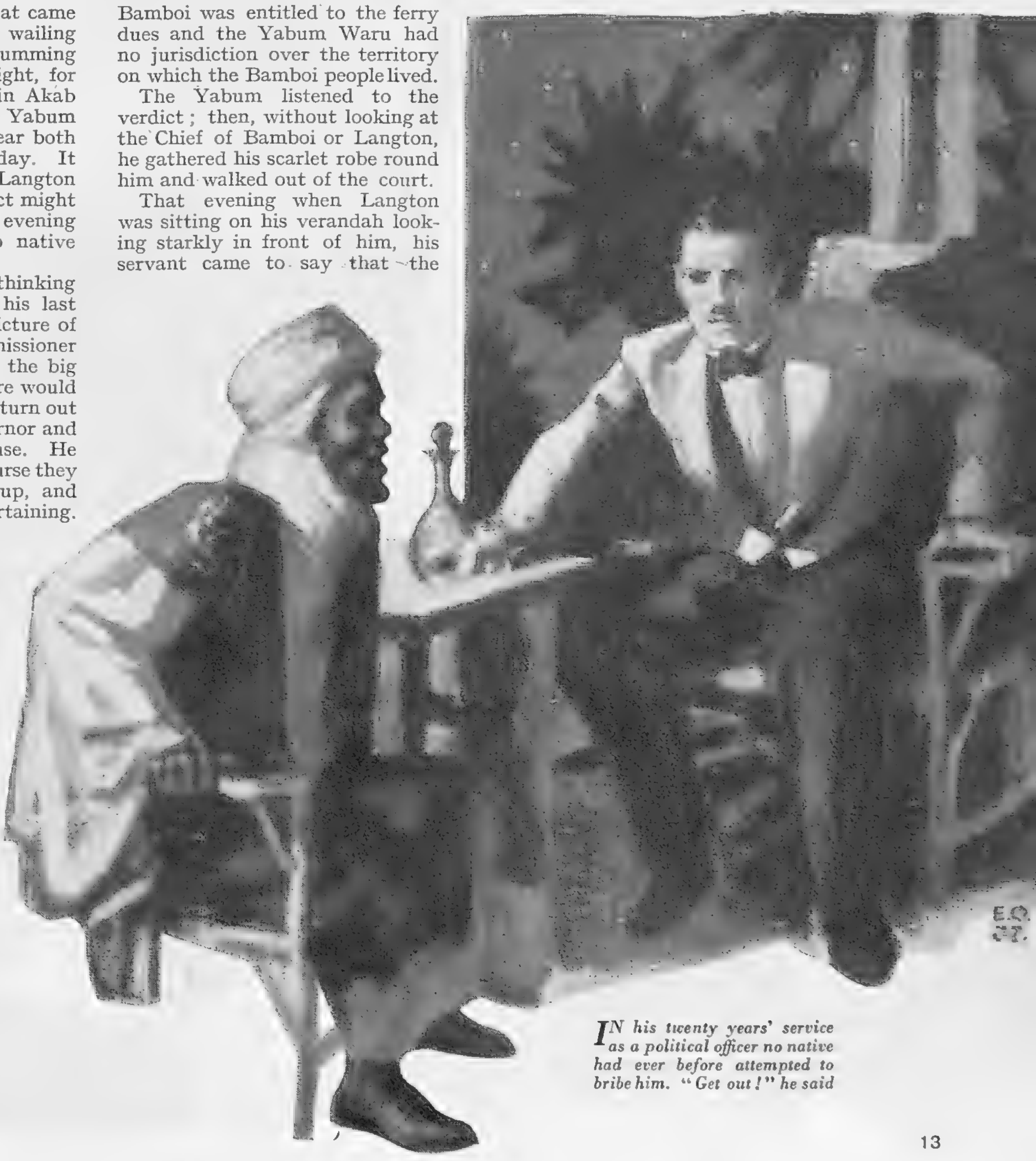
The little chief came in timorously; he had brought none of his followers, also an unusual procedure for a native chief visiting a white man. Langton pointed to a chair on the other side of the wicker table on which the whisky stood. A quarter of an hour passed before he could get the Na of Bamboi to disclose the object of his visit. At length the chief said: "I come to speak of the banks of the river which the mighty killer of lions has decided shall belong to the Bamboi people."

"What about the banks?" Langton asked.

The Chief of Bamboi fixed his eyes on a board in the floor. "I have come to offer the thanks of my people."

"That's all right." Langton pushed the decanter towards his visitor.

The Na helped himself generously. When he had had a drink his manner became more assured. "I had another reason beside the ferry dues for asking that the territory should be declared to belong legally to the Bamboi." The



In his twenty years' service as a political officer no native had ever before attempted to bribe him. "Get out!" he said little man looked round to make sure they were alone, then put his hand inside his shirt and took out a handkerchief knotted in four corners; he unfastened the handkerchief and disclosed a number of chunks of yellow metal.

Langton glanced at the nuggets and estimated they were worth at least £50. Gold was constantly being found in different parts of West Africa, but he had never personally come in contact with a strike of this size.

"Where did you find them?" Langton asked.

The Na of Bamboi wriggled on his chair and squinted at the floor. "When my men sink a post to fasten the ferry."

Langton extracted further details; it was soon evident that the gold either came from an isolated pocket or that the head of a rich lode had been discovered.

In either case it was laid down in the official regulations for District Commissioners that the finding of any quantity of precious metal in their territory must be reported to headquarters at once.

"I'll report your discovery to Accra," Langton said.

The little chief shook his head vigorously.

"But I have got to." Langton spoke sternly.

The Na of Bamboi laid an inky black finger against a jet black nose. This gesture, used only by one native to another—Arabs at that—was an indication that the Na considered the matter to be confidential between himself and the District Commissioner.

"You no tell 'um, I give you fifty-fifty."

Langton got up; in his twenty years' service as a political officer no native had ever before attempted to bribe him. "Get out!" he said.

"Wha-for? You no want to be rich man?"

For a moment Langton considered having the Na of Bamboi put in one of the three cells behind the native police quarters which were used as a gaol. He decided this would be making too much of the matter. He pointed to the handkerchief containing the gold on the table. "Take it away; what you have found is yours; the British Government will decide about the further development of the property."

"Property belong Bamboi people; you tell Yabum yourself at palaver this morning."

"I gave you the concession to work the ferry."

"Before white man come we don't have concession; river free; anybody cross any place he like."

"So they can now; but you happen to possess the only craft that will take motor cars and heavy vehicles, and you are entitled to charge for your services. Mining rights in West Africa are another matter; the British Government dispose of those."

"In my river bank!"

Langton felt himself becoming involved; he knew nothing about the Crown law and mining rights. "I suppose you could ask permission to mine the land yourself, but how are you going to do that? You would need plant and machinery; you have no money; you can't form a company on a capital of cowrie shells. How are you going to pay for your labour?" He was talking sense now. No native had ever had the initiative or facilities to start a gold mine.

"The Lobis fit for work for me; they want no money, only sheep."

This was true enough. The primitive and simple-minded Lobis, whose mode of life Langton's predecessor had found so congenial, would do anything they were told to do provided they were fed.

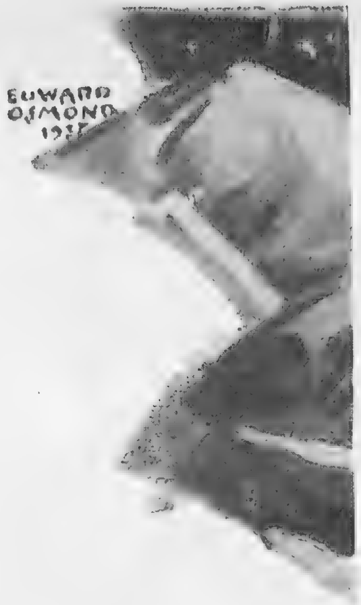
"The Lobis would not know how to begin to sink a shaft; in any case I could not allow you to use forced labour. I shall report the matter as I said and leave it to the Government to decide what to do."

"Very well." The little Na of Bamboi got up; he looked despondent, for he knew, once the white men came with their tents and machinery, all hope of taking the gold that lay in land he had inherited from his forefathers had gone. He had been down to the Ashanti goldfields and knew the way the white men managed these things; no native was ever given a break.

"Goodni," said the Na.

"Good night," Langton said. "I'll come down and have a look at your pit to-morrow before I make out my report."

THE following day Langton went down to the river, inspected the place from which the gold had been taken, and formed the opinion that the district might easily be worth working. He then went back to his house to write an official letter. He had just begun this when the runner came in with the mail. He looked through the correspondence to see if there was a letter



THEN he observed the great quantity of earth that had been taken out and arranged in neat dumps. H.E. pointed to a particularly large dump. "Was it necessary to take all this out?"

from Zena, but nothing was there. She had said all she had to say. She could not face life on the West Coast of Africa. Langton did not blame her; the "Coast" was the hell of a place to bring a white woman. An occasional visit was all right; but he had another ten years to serve; ten years was a long time. Someone must have told Zena about the conditions; maybe he should have told her himself. But he had been in love; he had pictured the days when he would be Chief Commissioner of Ashanti and Zena the most important white woman in the country; he had looked at the bright side and forgotten the lank hair, yellow pallor, and interminable quinine that would be her ultimate fate.

Well, as for himself, he would stick it out. He had given twenty years of his life to the Administration Service of Africa; they should have that other ten.

He turned to the official correspondence which the runner had brought out from Tamale.

On top of the pile there was a document bearing the official stamp of the Provincial Commissioner's office. Langton read through the communication slowly; the letter said baldly that Arthur Westgate, District Commissioner at Kintampo, had been appointed to be the next Provincial Commissioner at Tamale, promotion to take effect from June 1st. Langton was to go down to Kintampo to take over Westgate's post at the beginning of his next tour.

Langton let the letter drop on the floor. So that was the way they were going to treat him! After serving the Government for twenty years, as cadet, Assistant D.C. and D.C. in every corner of the filthy, stinking, fever-stricken little colony, he had been passed over for promotion.

He got up and began to pace his room. Once he went to the sideboard and took the stopper from the decanter. Then he replaced the stopper. That was the way his predecessor had started. He would not do that. He would see his tour out and administer his district to the end. Then he would resign. Gosh! it was grim.

Langton started to pace the room again; then he paused as he heard the notes of the drums and elephant horns coming up from Bamboi. What the hell did they want to start their infernal native music for at that hour?

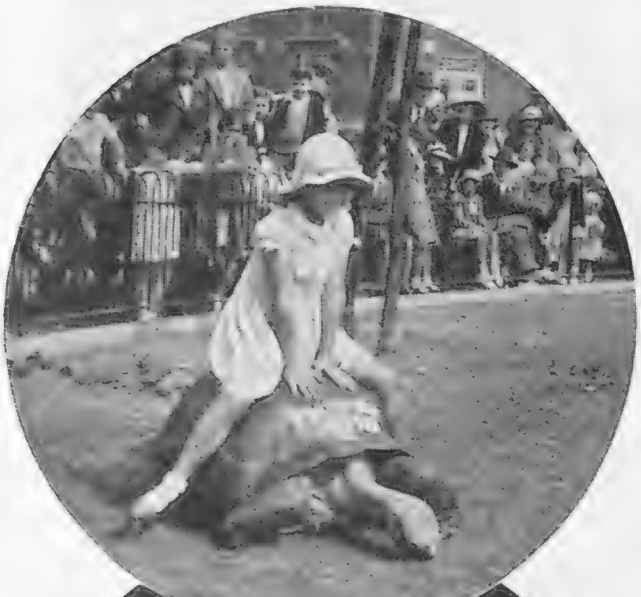
Presently he remembered he had to make out a report that gold had been found in his district. He had better see about that, and have a report ready to send back by runner next day. He took his sun helmet from its peg and set off for the river.

Gold! If there was anything in this business at Bamboi, some swine would come out from England and make a fortune out of it. It wouldn't do him any good. It didn't seem right. Why should one fellow have a car and a lovely house

(*Continued on page 118*)

Right—
A STUDY in age and youth. A 70-year-old cockatoo tells baby Bruin what he thinks of the youth of to-day

TORTOISES attain a greater age than any other animal. This one is at least 150 years old and, like the gentleman in the whisky advertisement, is still "going strong"



EGGS laid by the Zoo tortoises. The largest was laid by a Giant Land Tortoise

FAR from being a centenarian, as is commonly supposed, the elephant's life-span seldom exceeds 70 years

THE other day a little girl in the "Pets' Corner" at the Zoo was having a ride on Moses, the giant tortoise from the Galapagos Islands. Mounted comfortably astride her steed's enormous carapace, she ambled slowly about the lawn, among the lambs and goats, baby llamas and Shetland ponies, lion and bear cubs, all assembled there for the delectation of the Zoo's young visitors. Suddenly, as she surveyed the various members of this amusing animal crèche, a thought entered her little head. She looked up at the keeper beside her. "Why do you only have *baby* animals in the Corner?" she asked.

The keeper smiled. "That would be an easy one to answer," he replied, "if it were correct. But the fact is—we don't. It's true that most of the animals in the Corner are babies; but not *all*. There's one here who's at least 150 years old!"

The little visitor's eyes opened wide. "Where?" she asked incredulously, when her small brain had grasped this stupendous fact.

"You're sitting on him, Missie!" was the reply.

Now, although no subject has lent itself so greatly to the very human weakness of exaggeration as the ages of animals, there is no extravagance about this. Tortoises attain a greater age than any other animal, and although nobody knows the precise year in which the venerable Moses first saw the light of day, it was quite certainly sometime in the eighteenth century. I say "quite certainly" because, in the tortoise, we have certain valuable indications to guide us. On his huge shell, which measures four feet from front to back, are large horny shields, around each of which are a vast number of tiny "rings." Each of these rings represents a year's growth, so that, theoretically, all you have to do to discover Moses' exact age is to enumerate these tell-tale markings.

Unfortunately for the lovers of accuracy, however, many of the markings have, with the passage of time, become so faded and indistinct that it is impossible to count them all, even with the most powerful magnifying glass. The only thing one can be certain about is that there are well over one hundred of them, thus giving Moses just claim to be termed a centenarian. Whether this ancient tortoise is actually the "oldest inhabitant" of the Gardens must of necessity remain a matter for speculation, for the Zoo has other giant tortoises obviously of very great age; but certain it is that there are several creatures, other than the tortoises, in the menagerie to-day who were also "going strong" when the oldest *visitor* was a mere babe-in-arms. You will not have to hunt far in order to see these hoary Zoo boarders, however. The members of the "Centenarians' Club," few and far between as they are, are almost entirely confined to the tortoise house, reptile house, parrot house, and the birds-of-prey aviary. Here and there, in other houses, you will come across some exhibit which has perhaps created a longevity record for its kind; but that, of course, is quite a different thing from being a centenarian.

I wish it were possible to tell you—if only that we might visit it and pay our respects!—which is actually the oldest exhibit; but that no one could do—not even the keepers. If all new arrivals turned up with a birth certificate con-

Left—
PYTHONS are often thought to live to a great age, but in fact seldom exceed thirty years

YEAR-OLD alligators. Will they live to be centenarians?

The ZOO "Centenarians' Club"

By Craven Hill, F.Z.S.

(Photographs by the Author)

veniently hanging around their necks, one could, perhaps, after prolonged search, unearth the "daddy" of them all, and offer congratulations. But they don't; and so we have necessarily to do some guesswork when we want to discover any particular creature's age.

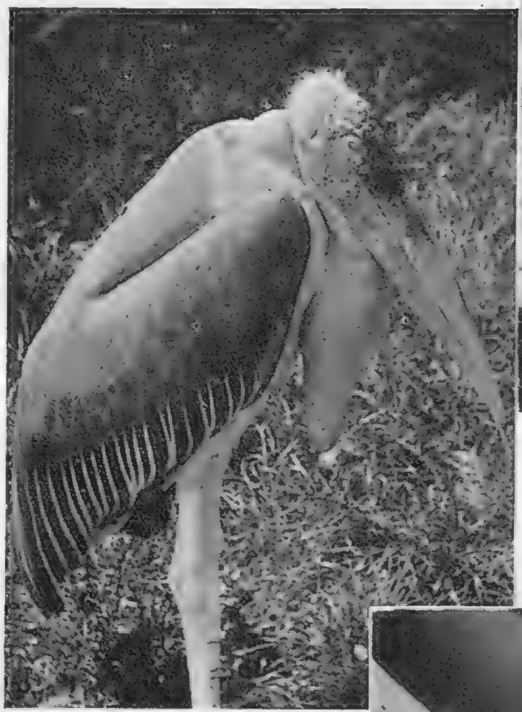
Admittedly—except in the case of tortoises—it is largely guesswork; but there are, however, often various helpful data which one can consult. In some cases, for example—quite apart from its general appearance and behaviour—an animal's record is known, up to a point. Its actual birthday may be unrecorded, but a good deal of its Zoo and pre-Zoo history is known, and that is often sufficient to prove it very old indeed, if not actually a centenarian.

Let me give you an example. There is one old Giant Land Tortoise in the Gardens who was regarded as being almost an "heirloom" before she started her Zoo career. She belonged to a well-to-do South American family, and had been carefully—and no doubt proudly—"handed down" from one generation to another for over one hundred years. This tortoise, in fact, still has four small holes in her shell, to which was once affixed a small gold plate bearing the particulars of the families with which she lived, and the dates of her residence with them.

Unfortunately, that plate which would have told us so much was stolen from the animal in South America, shortly before she came over to the Zoo, so we shall never know her precise history. But the tortoise herself is flourishing in Regent's Park, and one wonders what tales she would tell if only she could speak!

How many more

(*Continued on page 82*)



NOT so old as he appears. Although he looks as though he ought to be a member of the "Z.C.C.," this marabou stork is only in his second decade

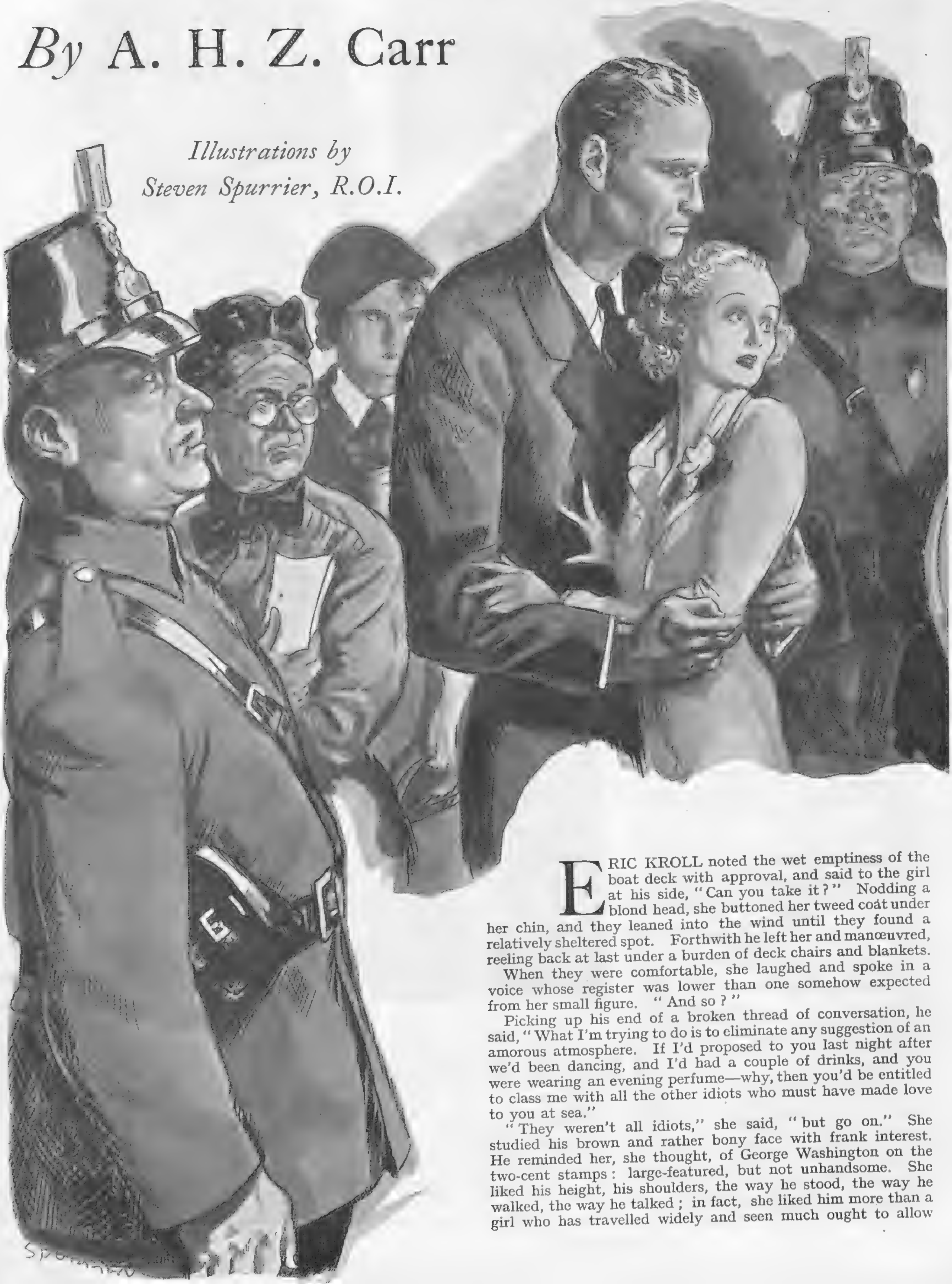
THE alligator frequently lives to be a centenarian

Right—
AT one time toads were thought to be immortal. This one—the largest at the Zoo—is less than twelve years old, however. It weighs 1½ pounds

What so Proudly

By A. H. Z. Carr

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



ERIC KROLL noted the wet emptiness of the boat deck with approval, and said to the girl at his side, "Can you take it?" Nodding a blond head, she buttoned her tweed coat under her chin, and they leaned into the wind until they found a relatively sheltered spot. Forthwith he left her and manœuvred, reeling back at last under a burden of deck chairs and blankets.

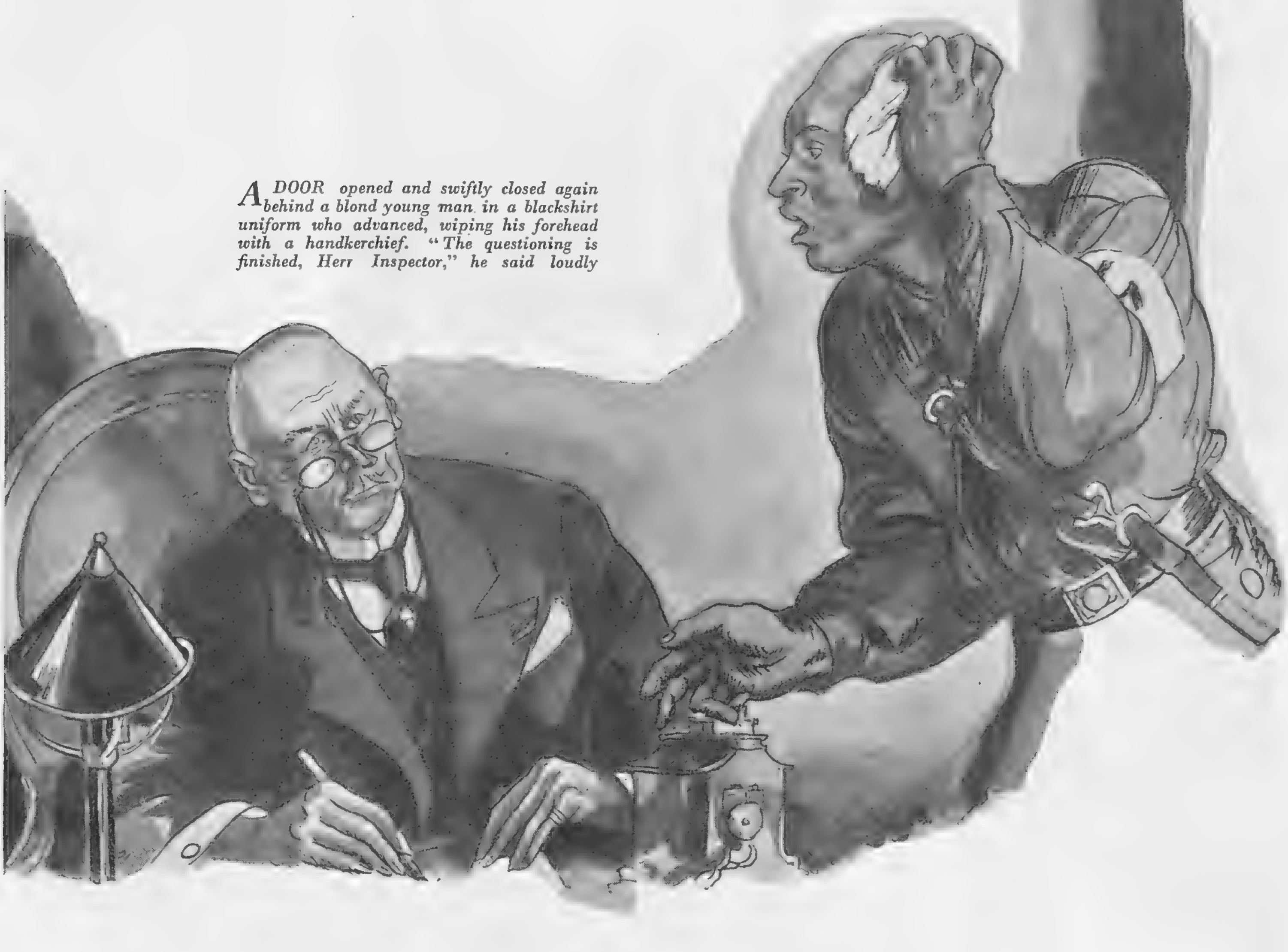
When they were comfortable, she laughed and spoke in a voice whose register was lower than one somehow expected from her small figure. "And so?"

Picking up his end of a broken thread of conversation, he said, "What I'm trying to do is to eliminate any suggestion of an amorous atmosphere. If I'd proposed to you last night after we'd been dancing, and I'd had a couple of drinks, and you were wearing an evening perfume—why, then you'd be entitled to class me with all the other idiots who must have made love to you at sea."

"They weren't all idiots," she said, "but go on." She studied his brown and rather bony face with frank interest. He reminded her, she thought, of George Washington on the two-cent stamps: large-featured, but not unhandsome. She liked his height, his shoulders, the way he stood, the way he walked, the way he talked; in fact, she liked him more than a girl who has travelled widely and seen much ought to allow

We Hailed . . .

Which shall it be—the Dictator's Iron Heel *or the* Red Robe *of Communism? Two Lovers put their Ideologies to the test and find the Answer in the towering figure of* Old Liberty *with her Torch*



A DOOR opened and swiftly closed again behind a blond young man in a blackshirt uniform who advanced, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. "The questioning is finished, Herr Inspector," he said loudly

herself to like any shipboard acquaintance of seven days' standing.

He said, earnestly, "This isn't just the usual impulse based on the facts that we've been thrown together for a few days, and that you've got exciting blue eyes and pretty legs. I'm past that stage; I'm thirty, and serious, and careful of my words. I want you to believe that."

"I believe it," she said.

"Well, there it is," he went on. "I've been in love before, but never without reservations. This time there aren't any reservations. I've thought about you as carefully and calculatingly as I'd think about a loan at the bank before I okayed it. Seven days or seven years—it wouldn't make any difference. You said you liked me, but I don't know whether you love me, or think you might love me, enough to marry me, I mean. That's what I want to find out." He took a deep breath and waited.

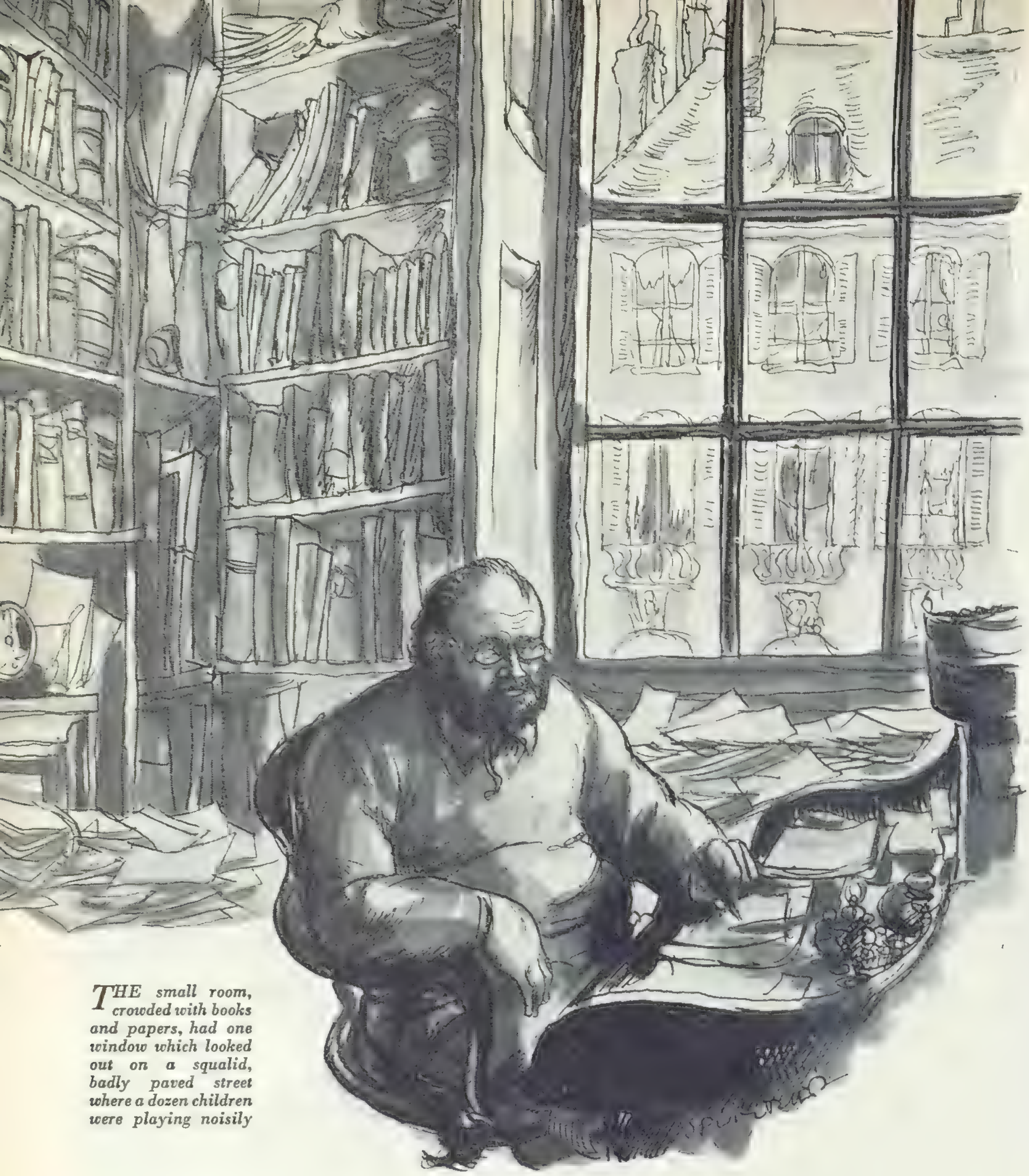
While he spoke she was thinking that she could cable her father from Cherbourg, giving him time to make the acquaintance of Eric's family and arrange for the wedding. That would be all right; she knew that the Krolls were respectable. No one would object strenuously. Besides, she would not care if anyone did object. She was in love.

To hesitate, to delay, to wait a conventional month or so, before giving him her answer—that would be, she felt, an evasion unworthy of the emotion they shared. She was not now inclined to be what timid people call sensible. Her impression of his personality, character, and mind, of his fundamental decency and intelligence, was vivid and definite. Intuitively she knew him; and, as he had said, seven days or seven years—it would make no difference.

She nodded and smiled at him; he kissed her swiftly; they said a great deal in a short space of time, and then they sat for a while in silence. Both of them were a little frightened, as people in love always are, by the fact that they might so easily never have met. The accident of his speaking German had caused his bank to select him for the mission which was taking him abroad; the accident that he liked the ocean had made him select an eight-day boat; suppose he had studied French or Spanish instead, or had been a bad sailor? She had always heretofore travelled on fast boats under elaborate chaperonage. The occurrence of her twenty-first birthday and a sense of new independence had determined her to voyage on her own to eastern Europe; to pacify a worried father she had compromised on a conducted tour; the tour involved a slower boat than she would otherwise have taken—and there was Eric. A minor miracle, for which both of them were duly grateful.

They talked of when they might marry. "Two months," Julia suggested. "You'll be back by then, won't you?"

He agreed, mournfully. Then he said, with a start, "But I can't get along without seeing you for two months."



THE small room, crowded with books and papers, had one window which looked out on a squalid, badly paved street where a dozen children were playing noisily

" I shan't exactly enjoy it, either," she answered.

" Well, look here, why not change your plans ? I would, in a minute, if it weren't a matter of business with me. Scrap this tour thing—tours are a bore, anyway—and come to Berlin. You could hire a maid and be respectable."

She shook her head. " I should like you to think of me as rather distant and unattainable. And then," she added hastily, to check the persuasions which she sensed on his lips, " this is probably my last chance to see Russia, and I really want to."

He looked at her in surprise. " Why ?"

" Because so much is happening there. Aren't you curious to see it ? "

" Curious, yes, in a mild way. The way I might go slumming. But it can't be very important to you."

" Not important ? " she said, " How can you say that, Eric ? It's one of the great experiments of history."

He said, laughing, " You've been reading some red propaganda, darling."

" Not at all," she said. " What I want to do is, get away from propaganda. That's why I want to see Russia for myself."

A little puzzled, he said, " But why all this sudden interest in politics ? You never talked of it before."

" No," she admitted. " People generally think it's a pose when Daniel Thorne's daughter talks Communism, so I don't, except when I'm with people who understand."

" Communism ? Don't tell me you're a Communist, child ! " He laughed again.

She made a mental note to punish him for the faintly patronising tone of his voice. But for the moment she contented herself with saying, " Naturally, like every intelligent person, I'm interested in Communism."

" I know," he said sympathetically. " It's a stage you go through. The sorrows of the world strike you all in a heap, and you want to reform humanity. It comes from not having anything to keep you busy."

" Eric," she said, frowning a little, " I'm not an adolescent. If I want to do my bit to make the world a better place, that isn't a sign of immaturity. On the contrary."

He laughed again, but rather doubtfully. " Darling," he said soothingly, " let's forget it. After we're married, if you still feel that way, we can talk it all out."

She was unwilling to let the matter rest there. " But Eric," she replied, " this is really a new side of you. I should think that a man of your intelligence would see the need for fundamental social changes."

" You sound just like an article in a radical magazine," he said, a little roughly, and then, smiling, " Julia, dear, I know your ideals are high, and I love you for them. But you'll learn in time that your ideals simply haven't got anything to do with life. Communism runs counter to human nature."

" That old *cliché* ! " she scoffed.

" Old it may be, but it's still true. People want a leader to follow, and it's only when they have the right leader that things get done."

After a long moment she said, with evident self-restraint, " You sound as if you admire the methods of Fascism."

" Not necessarily the methods," he said, " but the results. I'm not exactly a Fascist, mind you, but I wish our country was united under a strong leader who knew where he was going and how to get there. Party politics and democracy belong to the past, with the horse and buggy."

The tone of her voice and the expression of her face grew tense. She said : " And you'd like to dress up the citizenry in black shirts, or brown shirts, or green shirts, and parade them through the streets holding their hands aloft ? "

He retorted, somewhat grimly, " Discipline is essential in social life. And if a little stage-management gets you the discipline, it's justified."

She looked at him with withdrawing eyes. " And no doubt in your ideal world women belong exclusively to the kitchen and the nursery ? "

Her evident anger startled him and checked the blunt response he was about to make. " Why, we're quarrelling," he said. " This is ridiculous."

He leaned forward to kiss her, but she shook her head. " No, Eric. It goes deeper than just a little argument. Could you stand living with a Communist for the rest of your life ? "

" But I know—— " he began, and stopped.

She caught his unspoken thought. " You think I'll change ? Why should I, any more than you ? Do you think I could sacrifice my intellectual integrity just because I love you ? Would you love me if I did ? " She gripped his hand for an instant, and then said, more calmly, " I knew you were conservative, of course ; but somehow I had the notion that you were really a liberal-minded and tolerant person. You never talked about politics."

" I didn't want to bore you," he answered rather stiffly.

"Bore me!" she repeated, with a catch in her voice. "Eric listen. I liked you from the moment we met. But if you had said anything of this, I should have put you out of my mind without a qualm." She paused, remembering with a pang the moonlit hours in which he had held and won her. "You're strong," she resumed, "and confident, and tender. You made me love you; I do love you." He reached for her hand, but she withdrew it. "No, Eric, this thing is between us."

He saw in her face that she was fighting against an impulse to cry; and at once he was contrite. "Julia, darling," he said, "it can't be that important. You think I'm just a selfish money-grubber. Perhaps you'll learn in time that I'm a realist. Or perhaps in time I'll turn communist. Who knows? Let's agree to disagree, and respect each other's views."

She managed to steady herself and said, "Don't pretend, Eric. You couldn't respect my views, and I couldn't respect yours. It isn't just a question of politics. It's a whole attitude toward life that's involved. Like a difference in religion—only worse, much worse. It isn't that I ever expected you to be a radical. But I thought that our sympathies would be the same, that you'd understand what I wanted. They're not. Oh, Eric," she said, and her voice broke a little, "they're not!"

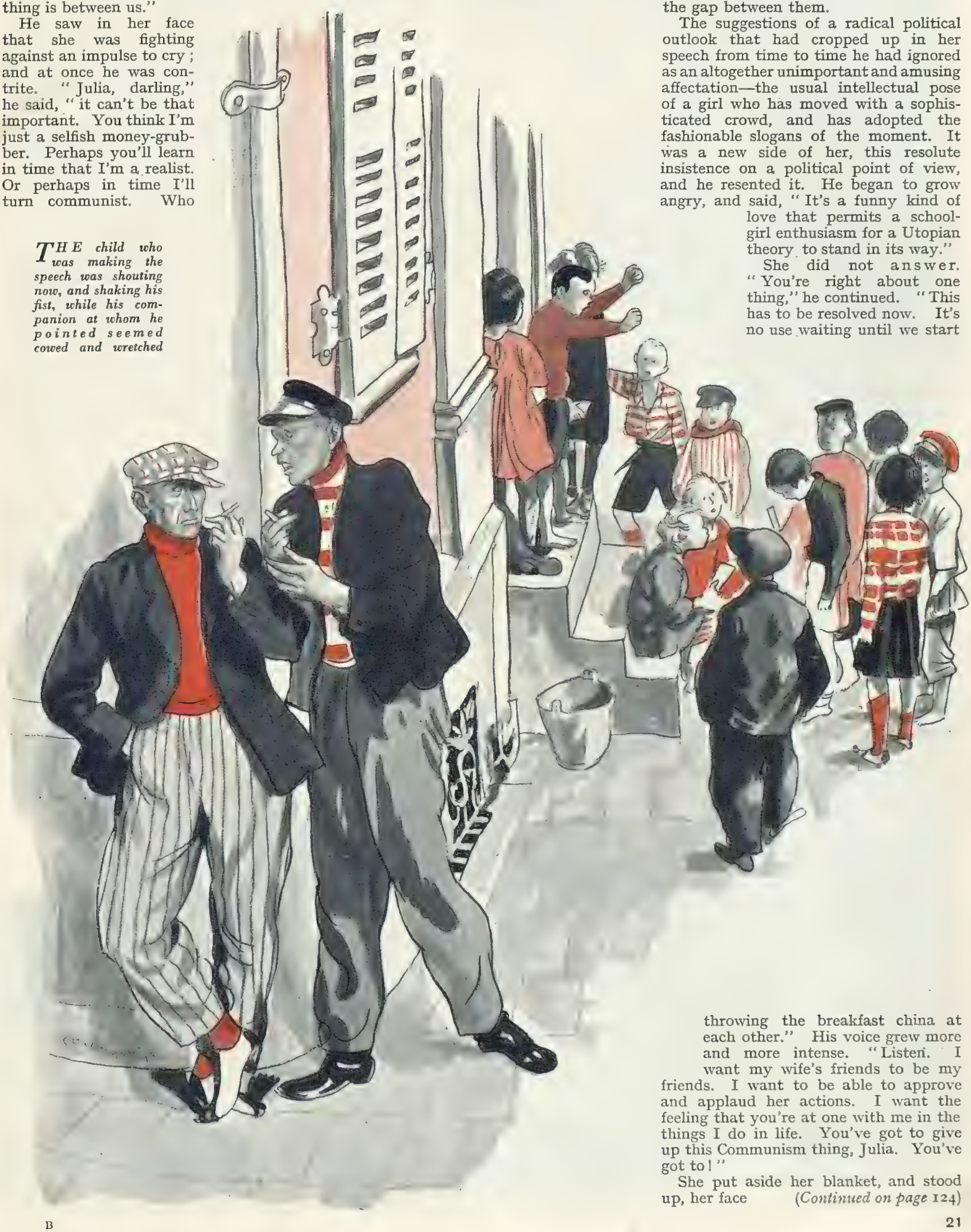
This time he did not try to console her. There was some truth in what she said, but her insistence on it embittered him. He would have preferred to gloss over their difficulty with kisses, and to let love and the felicities of marriage convert her in time to his opinions. A sudden perception that she was as strong as he made him realise the depth and width of the gap between them.

The suggestions of a radical political outlook that had cropped up in her speech from time to time he had ignored as an altogether unimportant and amusing affectation—the usual intellectual pose of a girl who has moved with a sophisticated crowd, and has adopted the fashionable slogans of the moment. It was a new side of her, this resolute insistence on a political point of view, and he resented it. He began to grow angry, and said, "It's a funny kind of love that permits a schoolgirl enthusiasm for a Utopian theory to stand in its way."

She did not answer. "You're right about one thing," he continued. "This has to be resolved now. It's no use waiting until we start throwing the breakfast china at each other." His voice grew more and more intense. "Listen. I want my wife's friends to be my friends. I want to be able to approve and applaud her actions. I want the feeling that you're at one with me in the things I do in life. You've got to give up this Communism thing, Julia. You've got to!"

She put aside her blanket, and stood up, her face

(*Continued on page 124*)



THE child who was making the speech was shouting now, and shaking his fist, while his companion at whom he pointed seemed cowed and wretched

Science seeks the Elixir

"The grief of old age is not that we are old, but that we are young."

Oscar Wilde.

"LOOK, look! 'Tis the end—after a thousand years!"

"What, Romeo, what?"

"Look—*someone has opened the window!*"

They gaze, the immortal lovers, young and lovely as when they were first revived by Dr. Alexis Carrel and his assistants, summoned by radio by two distraught papas, and hastening from New York to Mantua by stratospheric airplane.

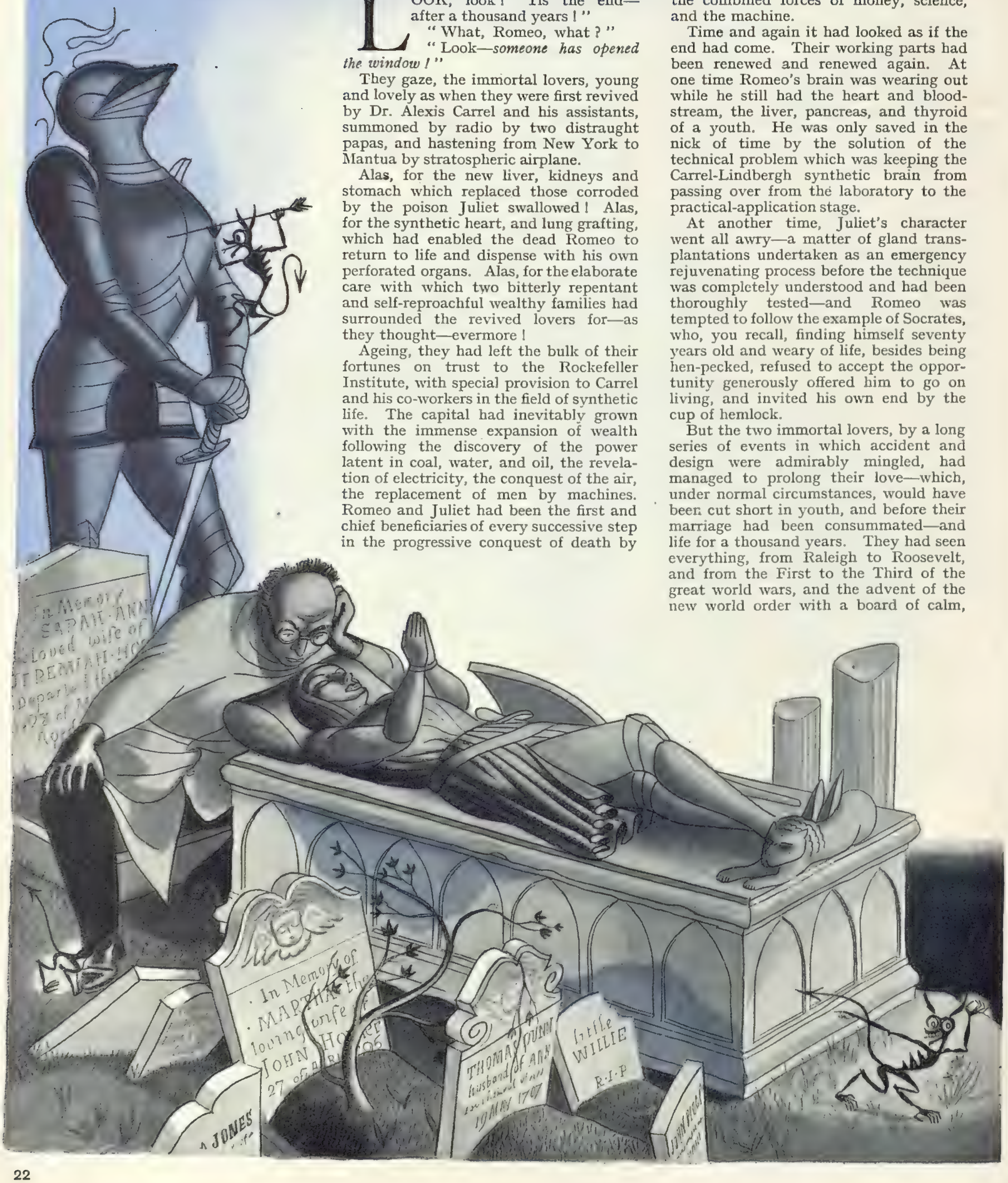
Alas, for the new liver, kidneys and stomach which replaced those corroded by the poison Juliet swallowed! Alas, for the synthetic heart, and lung grafting, which had enabled the dead Romeo to return to life and dispense with his own perforated organs. Alas, for the elaborate care with which two bitterly repentant and self-reproachful wealthy families had surrounded the revived lovers for—as they thought—evermore!

Ageing, they had left the bulk of their fortunes on trust to the Rockefeller Institute, with special provision to Carrel and his co-workers in the field of synthetic life. The capital had inevitably grown with the immense expansion of wealth following the discovery of the power latent in coal, water, and oil, the revelation of electricity, the conquest of the air, the replacement of men by machines. Romeo and Juliet had been the first and chief beneficiaries of every successive step in the progressive conquest of death by the combined forces of money, science, and the machine.

Time and again it had looked as if the end had come. Their working parts had been renewed and renewed again. At one time Romeo's brain was wearing out while he still had the heart and bloodstream, the liver, pancreas, and thyroid of a youth. He was only saved in the nick of time by the solution of the technical problem which was keeping the Carrel-Lindbergh synthetic brain from passing over from the laboratory to the practical-application stage.

At another time, Juliet's character went all awry—a matter of gland transplantations undertaken as an emergency rejuvenating process before the technique was completely understood and had been thoroughly tested—and Romeo was tempted to follow the example of Socrates, who, you recall, finding himself seventy years old and weary of life, besides being hen-pecked, refused to accept the opportunity generously offered him to go on living, and invited his own end by the cup of hemlock.

But the two immortal lovers, by a long series of events in which accident and design were admirably mingled, had managed to prolong their love—which, under normal circumstances, would have been cut short in youth, and before their marriage had been consummated—and life for a thousand years. They had seen everything, from Raleigh to Roosevelt, and from the First to the Third of the great world wars, and the advent of the new world order with a board of calm,



# of Youth

By C. Patrick Thompson

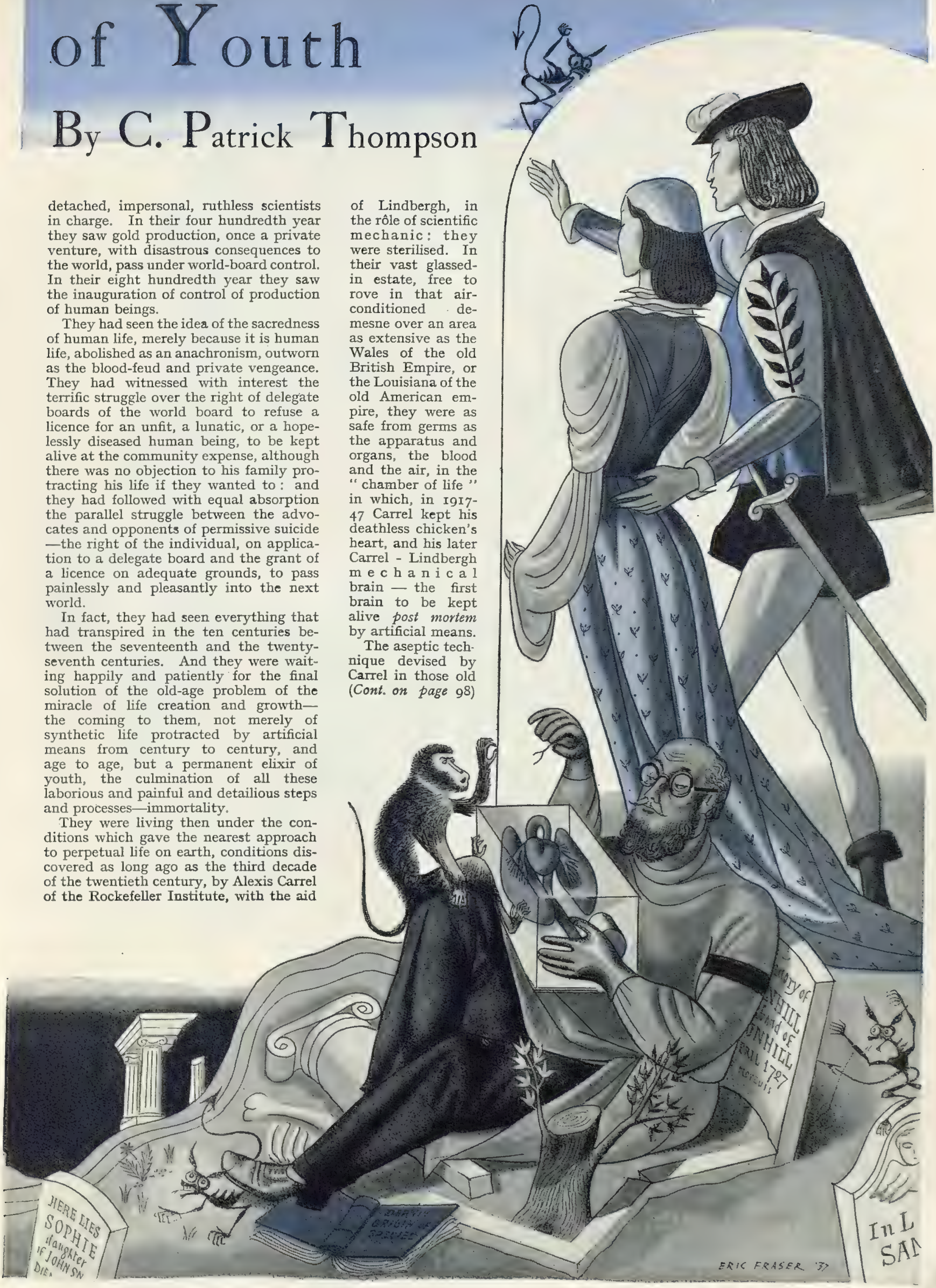
detached, impersonal, ruthless scientists in charge. In their four hundredth year they saw gold production, once a private venture, with disastrous consequences to the world, pass under world-board control. In their eight hundredth year they saw the inauguration of control of production of human beings.

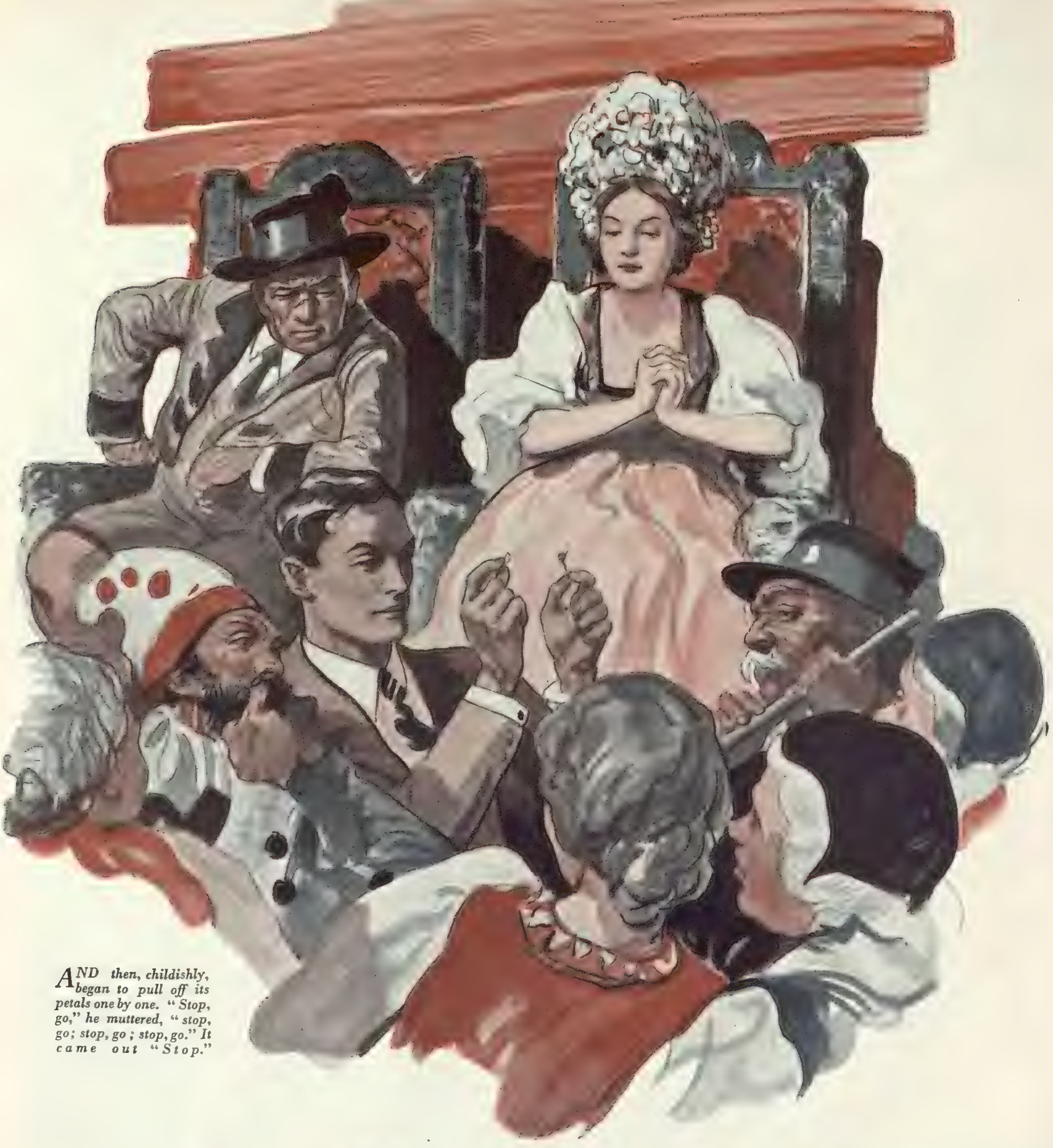
They had seen the idea of the sacredness of human life, merely because it is human life, abolished as an anachronism, outworn as the blood-feud and private vengeance. They had witnessed with interest the terrific struggle over the right of delegate boards of the world board to refuse a licence for an unfit, a lunatic, or a hopelessly diseased human being, to be kept alive at the community expense, although there was no objection to his family protracting his life if they wanted to: and they had followed with equal absorption the parallel struggle between the advocates and opponents of permissive suicide—the right of the individual, on application to a delegate board and the grant of a licence on adequate grounds, to pass painlessly and pleasantly into the next world.

In fact, they had seen everything that had transpired in the ten centuries between the seventeenth and the twenty-seventh centuries. And they were waiting happily and patiently for the final solution of the old-age problem of the miracle of life creation and growth—the coming to them, not merely of synthetic life protracted by artificial means from century to century, and age to age, but a permanent elixir of youth, the culmination of all these laborious and painful and detailious steps and processes—immortality.

They were living then under the conditions which gave the nearest approach to perpetual life on earth, conditions discovered as long ago as the third decade of the twentieth century, by Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, with the aid of Lindbergh, in the rôle of scientific mechanic: they were sterilised. In their vast glassed-in estate, free to rove in that air-conditioned demesne over an area as extensive as the Wales of the old British Empire, or the Louisiana of the old American empire, they were as safe from germs as the apparatus and organs, the blood and the air, in the "chamber of life" in which, in 1917-47 Carrel kept his deathless chicken's heart, and his later Carrel - Lindbergh mechanical brain — the first brain to be kept alive *post mortem* by artificial means.

The aseptic technique devised by Carrel in those old (*Cont. on page* 98)





AND then, childishly, began to pull off its petals one by one. "Stop, go," he muttered, "stop, go; stop, go; stop, go." It came out "Stop."

April Glamour

IT was, so it seemed to Peter Mallory on awaking, a day peculiarly his own: Peter Mallory's Day. Marked in gold on a visionary calendar with his name and date. It was the morning of April 15, and Spring was coasting down the Laternser Tal.

Peter was twenty-three. He was six feet and a shaving. He weighed one hundred and seventy-four pounds. He was heavyweight champion of his college, and he had thrown the discus within seven inches of the Olympic record. Peter's mother was playing bridge at Innsbruck; his father was picking horses at the early spring meetings; and on this wonder morning Peter occupied the best room in the little *Hotel Goldene Sonne* and was as free as a wild goat on the Appenzell.

Before the window of his room was a peach-tree in full blossom, and this peach-tree, miraculous as it may seem, waved all its branches at Peter as he rose from his bed. Peter, delighted by its friendliness, waved back at it. He had a strange belief that the tree would understand if he spoke to it. "Jolly nice of you," he murmured. "Awfully good of you."

He stepped into the small bathroom where a wooden tub had been filled with ice-cold water piped from a cascade in the gorge of the Frutzbach. Peter, to his great astonishment, found that the water had changed into some kind of marvellous champagne brewed by the gods of the high places. Bathing in it brought indescribable thrills. He gurgled like a baby as he sponged his muscles.

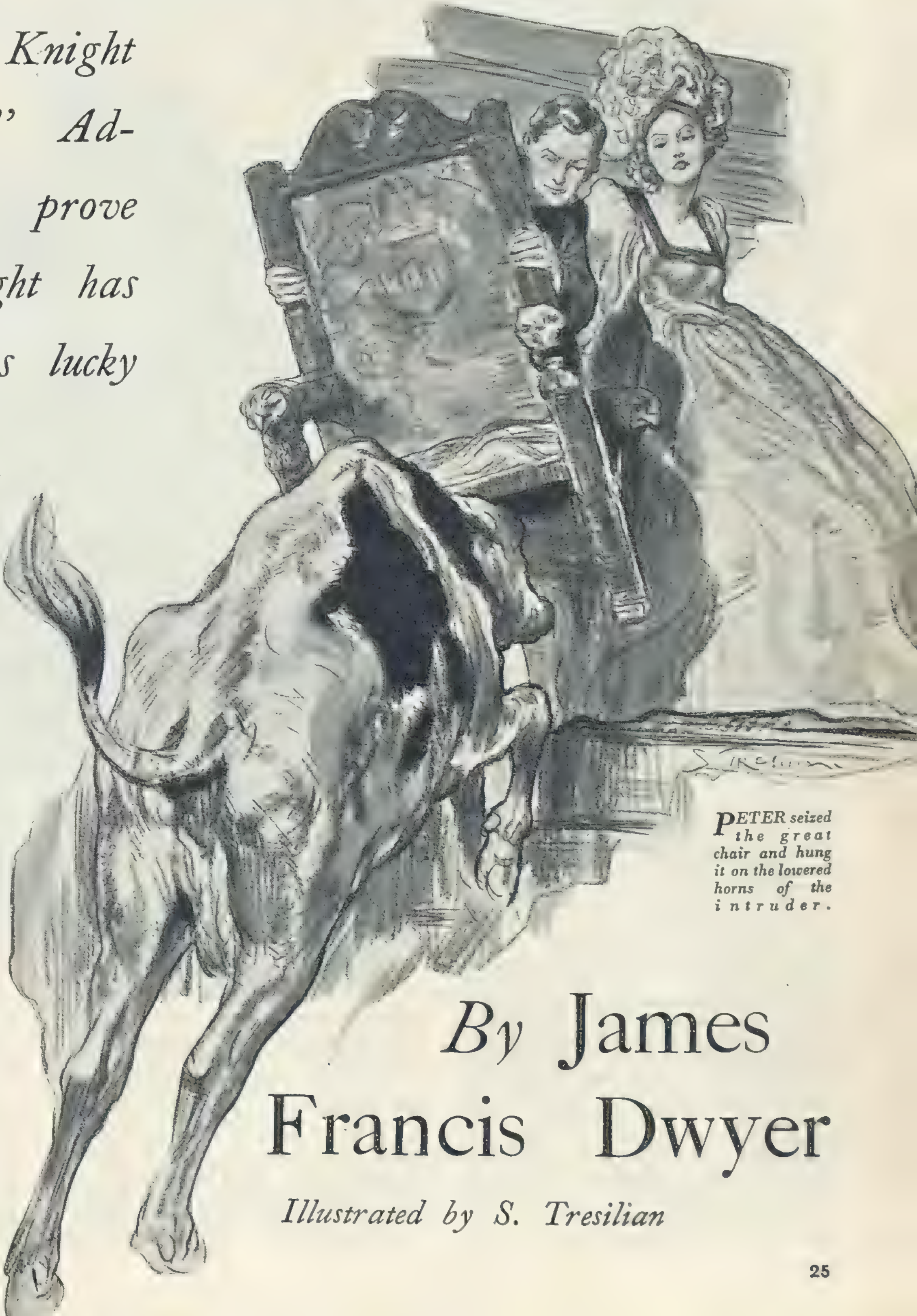
Later, when the slatternly maid had brought his rolls and coffee, he found that she, the maid, had altered during the night. She was less grimy. She had surely washed her face and hands. He presented her with a *krone*, telling her in awkward German that it was his day. She didn't understand, but she curtsied and smiled.

Descending to the hall, Peter discovered that the hotel-keeper was not as physically repulsive as he had imagined; the fellow's fat wife looked nearly human. They greeted him effusively. He wondered if they knew that it was his day. They might, with that uncanny acumen of *hôteliers*, have made the discovery.

One of those "Knight without Armour" Adventures which prove that every Knight has his Day—if he's lucky

By James Francis Dwyer

Illustrated by S. Tresilian



PETER seized the great chair and hung it on the lowered horns of the intruder.

A strange, warm wind was romping like a hunting-dog around the *Goldene Sonne*. It drew Peter's attention to a white road that ran like a milk-snake along the valley. The road—and this was amazing—made an inviting gesture to Peter. To his eyes it appeared that a section of the route, some twenty yards of it, wriggled with the delightful expectancy of feeling his shoes upon it. He was surprised, but not unduly startled. It was, he was certain, His Day. Miracles could happen before the night came down.

The white road possessed a seductive quality. It had the lure of smooth-running water seen in dreams. It whispered as it raced before Peter. At times he heard it distinctly. "Around this bend is mystery," said the road. "Magic, Peter, magic! *What kind?* Why, all kinds! White, blue, pink, and rose-coloured. Step out, boy, you're close!"

Rounding the bend, Peter heard the music. It rolled like a cascade of perfumed sound over a hedge of flowering hawthorn. Music, so he judged, that was drifting away from a dance, and which, although faint, had still the power to bring up visions of shapely legs and flushed faces.

It was a compact hedge, but Peter forced his strong body through it. On a hillside, a quarter of a mile to the eastward, was a white house with barns and haylofts, and on a green stretch before the house were five score dancers moving like marionettes.

The scene, as Peter stared, had a certain puzzling quality. It was not, so he thought, quite right. There was, taking the time of day into consideration, something wrong with the movements of the dancers. They embraced with too great fervour; they hopped awkwardly when they broke apart; and now and then, one, or a couple, stumbled and fell. There was an element of tipsy lewdness in their motions. And this before noon on a spring morning.

Peter decided to venture closer. He had a belief that this scene had been specially planned for His Day.

THE dancers sighted Peter as he breasted the slope. Couple after couple reluctantly broke apart, passion combating curiosity. Five musicians lowered their instruments from dribbling lips; three stout wenches put down their wine flagons and stared; a clown in green hopped around on one leg, the other drawn up beneath his jacket.

When quite close to the group, Peter was clutched by a strange belief. He was, so he thought, making a stage entry. At some place, at some time, he had already rehearsed this walk-on amidst leering drunken peasants. At Heliopolis, Samarkand, Memphis, or some other forgotten city. His strong, straight legs remembered. They were in control. They, so it seemed, had a fine memory of that long-ago rehearsal.

The legs headed Peter toward a rough dais built close to the wall of the barn. On this dais were two enormous chairs.

—chairs that a barbaric emperor might have had constructed as seats for himself and his spouse. The heavy arm-rests ended in carved griffin heads, and the high backs of wine-coloured tapestry carried the arms of some ancient house woven in tarnished gold.

One chair only was occupied. Seated there was a girl who was part of the pulsing glory and wonder of the spring. Slim and beautiful she was, her red-gold hair glinting in the sunlight, her large brown eyes upon Peter as he came forward. Fixed upon him expectantly, he thought; and the thought delighted him that she knew it was Peter Mallory's Day—that she, by some necromancy, had peeped at that visionary calendar.

The girl wore a gown of honey-coloured velvet. A gown, not a dress, queenly cut, with square, low yoke from which rose her imperial throat. Her hands were clasped, and from the snow-white forearms great jagged cuffs fell back like enormous petals, petals that were lined with creamy silk.

His remembering legs halted Peter before the dais, squared his heels for the bow. Then, as he saluted, he knew how she would respond. She would smile, but the smile, and of this he was certain, would be leg-roped with terror.

It was as he thought. Terror caught the little expression of pleasure and throttled it. The long fingers, enlacing each other, expressed fear.

Peter's German fled from his tongue. He expressed himself in English. He had, he stammered, heard the music as he passed along the white road. Would she graciously excuse his intrusion ?

Again, before he had finished, he was aware of things to come. She wouldn't understand. At that rehearsal she didn't comprehend when he tried to explain his presence. He had to speak slower, much slower.

He began again. " I was passing——" No, he had to speak much slower than that. " I — was — passing — along — the——"

A heavy hand fell upon Peter's shoulder. He wheeled to face a man as tall and as strong as himself. Possibly ten years older, twelve perhaps. A fierce, gipsy-like fellow whose nose at some period of his life had met the cutting edge of a weapon, a collision that had not improved its beauty. A spate of angry words in a guttural patois fell upon Peter's ears.

Deftly Peter shrugged the hand from his shoulder. He did not understand the words, but he guessed their import. So easy to do that. The voice and manner of the fellow with the disfigured nose suggested that Peter Mallory should return to the high road with all possible speed.

Peter looked from the big man to the girl in the honey-coloured gown. Senses keenly alert, he made a discovery. A whippet breeze brought the odour of ammonia from the barn, and as the biting stench struck the delicate nostrils of the girl she made, so Peter thought, a little *moue* of displeasure. It appeared to be a novel and annoying odour to her.

The great chairs, so he thought, had some connection with that *moue*. They, like her, did not conform to the surroundings. The faded arms of fighting boar and dragon traced cleverly in gold thread had seldom faced a barn. Again came the whiff of ammonia; again the delicate nostrils twitched.

The big paw of the gipsy fellow reached again for Peter's shoulder. Peter avoided it. " Don't do that ! " he snapped. " I object to strangers mauling me."

Wasn't it his, Peter's, day ? Hadn't the blossoming peach-tree waved to him ? Hadn't the ice-cold water from the Frutzbach turned into champagne for his bath ? Hadn't the white road by much wriggling brought him to this place of intriguing mystery ?

The girl was leaning forward. Her moist lips were slightly parted; her breast rose and fell beneath the square-cut yoke. The word "Camelot" slipped into Peter's brain. Where the devil was Camelot ? There was some line connected with it. "*Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot ?*" He thrust the fragment of verse from his mind and tried to puzzle out what Split-nose was saying to the girl.

The slim creature answered, but her lips gave to the patois a distinct musical note that thrilled Peter Mallory. That was how she had spoken at that far-off place where he had rehearsed this scene.

It was the clown who disturbed the silence that had followed the words of the girl. At a signal from Split-nose the clown spoke. " This," he said, addressing Peter, " is a marriage feast. I spik English. Seven years Liverpool Docks. Loading ships. Hard work. Englishmens good mens; work hard. English womens pretty, by God ! I watch 'em walkin' every day. Noo dresses, noo hats, leetle dogs. Swell."

He changed legs, lowering the right to take up the burden and bringing up the left till it was completely hidden. He seemed proud of the crane-like manner in which he made the change.

" Begin last evening," went on the clown, thinking the visible tipsiness of the guests should be explained. "Minister man lost his way. He come along soon now. P'raps one hour, two, tree."

Peter Mallory glanced at the girl. Split-nose had climbed clumsily into the chair beside her. " A marriage feast," the clown had said. Again came the wave of ammonia from the barn.

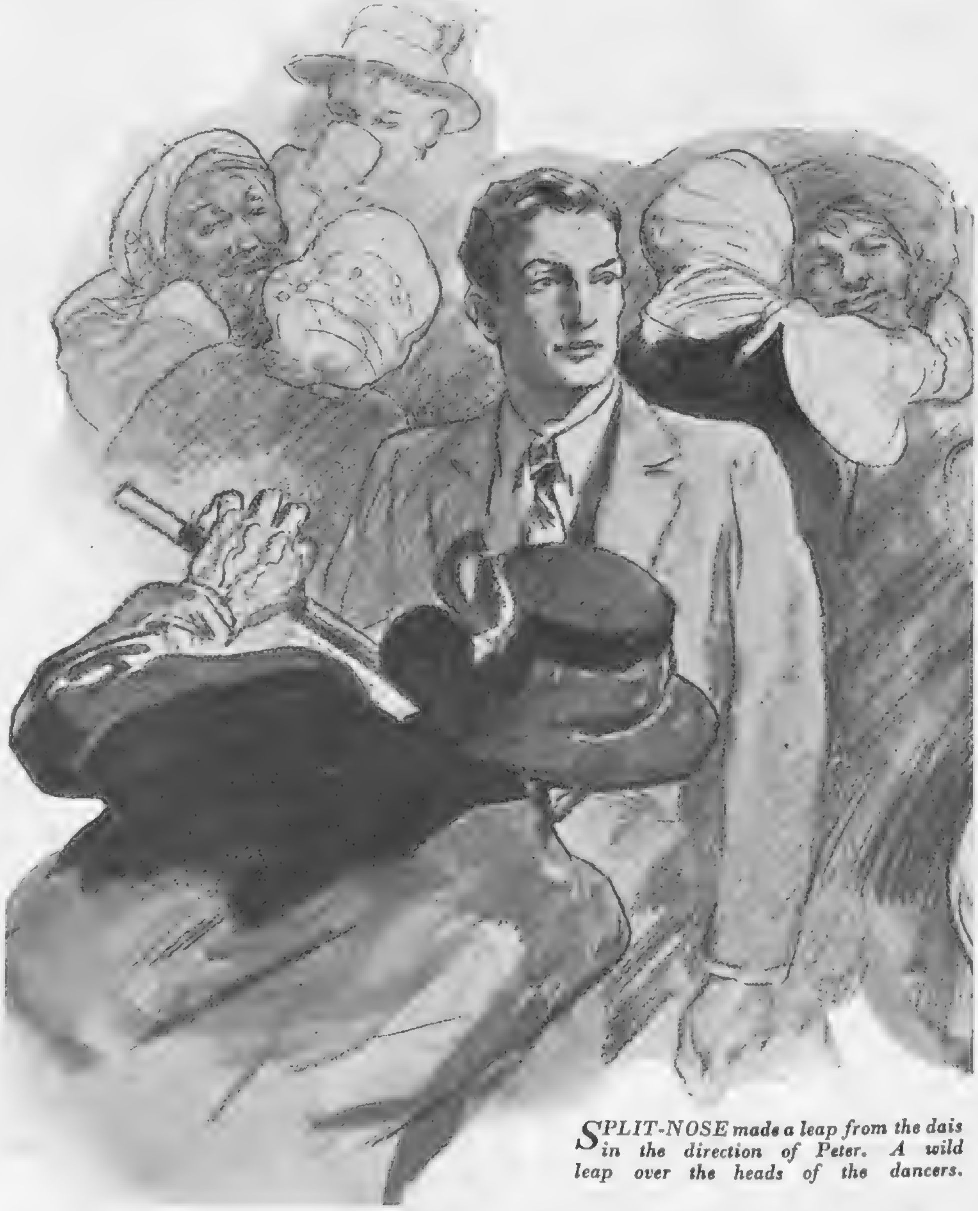
" This stench ? " said Peter, addressing the clown. "A bit thick, isn't it ? Why put the young lady so close to it ? "

" Stench ? " repeated the clown. " What is——" He grinned broadly as his brain gripped the question. " Oh, he doesn't smell anything," he cried. " He used to stinks. Just like himself."

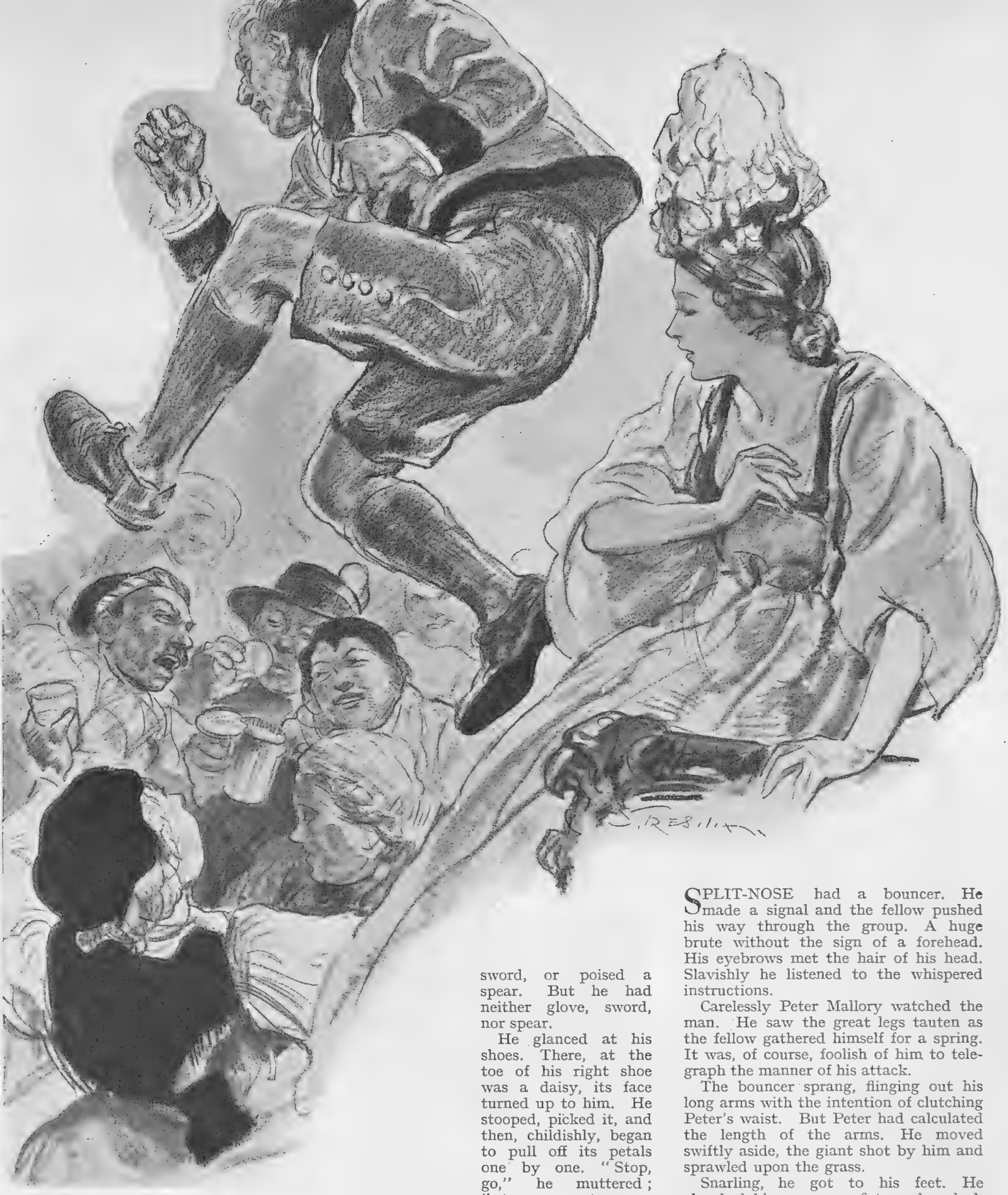
" Agreed," said Peter. " But the lady ? "

" She different," answered the clown. " Very high class. No money. Nice, beautiful, much like English womens. She——"

Split-nose interrupted the rhapsody. He spoke sharply to the clown, and the speech was relayed to Peter. " He say you go pretty damn quick" said the clown.



SPLIT-NOSE made a leap from the dais in the direction of Peter. A wild leap over the heads of the dancers.



"So," murmured Peter. In that rhyme concerning Camelot he recalled that there was a woman named Elaine. "*The lily maid Elaine*." He looked at the girl. It might be her name.

"He get angry soon," advised the clown. "Strong mans—fight like devil when angry."

Now Peter knew that he, when rehearsing this scene at Delphi, or Thebes, or Nineveh, had done something. He had tossed down a glove, drawn a sword, or poised a spear. But he had neither glove, sword, nor spear.

He glanced at his shoes. There, at the toe of his right shoe was a daisy, its face turned up to him. He stooped, picked it, and then, childishly, began to pull off its petals one by one. "Stop, go," he muttered; "stop, go; stop, go; stop go." It came out "Stop."

"Tell old Split-nose that I'm going to wait around and see the ceremony," he said, addressing the clown. "I'm interested. And tell him it's my day. Don't miss that. My special day."

Quickly Peter glanced at the girl. He thought he captured the ghost of a smile. He wasn't sure. He wished that he could tell her of the blossoming peach-tree, the champagne bath, and the white road that led him to her.

SPLIT-NOSE had a bouncer. He made a signal and the fellow pushed his way through the group. A huge brute without the sign of a forehead. His eyebrows met the hair of his head. Slavishly he listened to the whispered instructions.

Carelessly Peter Mallory watched the man. He saw the great legs tauten as the fellow gathered himself for a spring. It was, of course, foolish of him to telegraph the manner of his attack.

The bouncer sprang, flinging out his long arms with the intention of clutching Peter's waist. But Peter had calculated the length of the arms. He moved swiftly aside, the giant shot by him and sprawled upon the grass.

Snarling, he got to his feet. He clenched his enormous fists and rushed. Peter ducked under the swinging right, bobbed up as it passed and smashed a straight left into the flat face of the fellow. Another. It was so easy. Hornet stuff. In and out. At college they called Peter's left "The Pecker." It seemed to be "The Pecker's" day as well as Peter's. . . .

Some chap fought at Camelot . . . Peter tried to remember his name. *Lancelot!* That was it! Lancelot. A rather gaudy name. . . . Good fighter, though. Scraps of forgotten verse were coming back to his mind . . .

(*Continued on page* 106)

Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall

Sonia Henie

Joan Fontaine

Judy Garland

Deanna Durbin

Sigrid Gurie

Anthony Quinn and Olympe Bradna

Margaret Tallichet

The Above

A Story about the Electric-

THEY are in the Stable, with the door safely locked, and the Trainer is at work, with many million dollars as prize money. The stable happens to be any of Hollywood's film studios; the trainer may be one of any of Hollywood's film magnates; the starters on whom so much has been staked are a string of boys and girls, all of them promising, many of them destined to become supreme in their own class.

Any, or all, of the names listed above should reach the bright lights that lure audiences into cinema theatres. Some of them have achieved that state of glory already; with them the question is—can they cling to the precariously elevated position into which they have been hoisted somewhat abruptly?

To that far-sighted maestro Samuel Goldwyn belongs the credit for backing two or three newcomers with the full force of his redoubtable organisation. In twelve months' time, we shall know a great deal more about Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Sigrid Gurie, Tim Holt, and Anne Shirley than we do to-day. This will be due to the great showman who ejaculated, historically, when describing a scene in one of his own productions—"I tell you it's colossal; it's stupendous; it's magnificent; it's—it's—it's *mediocre.*" The great Goldwyn knows what makes box-office, on the screen, and he is banking on Jon Hall and Sigrid Gurie to provide something worth calling sensational, when the public gets its first glimpse of them.

Anne Shirley is getting a really big chance to romp home a winner, with the assistance of Mr. Goldwyn's miracle-workers. So is Tim Holt, son of polo-playing star Jack Holt. Dorothy Lamour, already being talked about, will leave the rest of the female field standing still, gasping—so Sam Goldwyn assured me, with desk-thumping emphasis. He had just come back to his office after watching the South Sea Island wedding breakfast scene that is one of many high spots in "The Hurricane," with Dorothy and Jon as its leading players, and the Hurricane itself as the star. And Sam, after all, should know what he is talking about.

Dorothy Lamour belongs, by contract, to Paramount. She has been borrowed by Mr. Goldwyn for "The Hurricane," and before that picture is seen she will have decorated the world's screens in "High, Wide and Handsome," and "Her Jungle Love." Apart from her work in films, Miss Lamour (every man will agree that her name should be written with an apostrophe between the first and second letters) is heard weekly in an important radio programme, as a singer of soothing melodies, of the semi-crooning variety. Does that girl work hard!

She told me that during the year she has spent in California, sky-rocketing to the dome of filmland's sky, she has never caught even a passing glimpse of Hollywood's night life, so extensively publicised. She knows the studios from sound stage to prop room; she knows the big broadcasting theatres; she knows her own simple bungalow-home near the beach. And that is all. Needing eight hours' sleep, she finds that filming, wardrobe fittings, radio rehearsals, portrait sittings, and interviews take up every available hour of every day. "When I get through 'The Hurricane' I intend to give a week—if I can stand the pace—to going round Hollywood's night spots, and staying up until two in the morning. I want to find out what there is to this supper-and-dance racket. I'd like to take a look at the places I've heard and read about so often." So says Miss Lamour.

Her nickname is "Dowie." She is 23 years old, with raven black hair falling to her waist, blue eyes, an unforgettable face, a figure to dream about. She owes her Hollywood career to another Dorothy—Dorothy Dell—who came from New Orleans, like herself, landed in Hollywood, stepped to stardom, and was killed in a motor crash just as she reached success. Remember "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming"? It was tragic Dorothy Dell who sang that song.

Dowie showed me a letter she will keep, always. "If I ever click in pictures, if I ever really get anywhere, you KNOW, Dowie, that I'm going to do all I can to get you in, too. You'd be great in pictures. Hollywood is just the place for you. Think what fun we'd have being together again, like in the old days—only

Anne Shirley

Tyrone Power

Wayne Morris

Ray Bolger

Humphrey Bogart

Leif Erickson

Alan Marshal

Tim Holt

will Arrive—
Light Names of To-morrow

By Margaret Chute

better. Don't forget, Dowie, even if you do hate running that old elevator now, *just be patient.* You'll be a star soon, I promise."

A few weeks after she received that letter, Dowie took a train to New Orleans to attend Dorothy Dell's funeral. Both Dorothys went to Hollywood, originally, as members of one of the Fanchon and Marco dancing troupes. Earning more money than they had ever seen in their lives, they proceeded to get plump—with the result that their contracts were not renewed! Dorothy Dell went back to Broadway; Dorothy Lamour went home, to win the title of "Miss New Orleans"—because Dorothy Dell sent in her name and photograph for a competition. Miss Lamour got work singing with a dance band, first in Chicago, then in New York. A Paramount scout spotted her, and the next jump took her to Hollywood. Did coincidence arrange that her contract should be with the same studio in which Dorothy Dell won the fame that was so tragically brief?

With Miss Lamour in "The Hurricane" is a young giant, Nordic in type, who will be the Gary Cooper–Robert Taylor of to-morrow. Jon Hall is cosmopolitan. He was born in Tahiti, and has lived in many European countries. He studied music and art in Paris for nearly two years. He has a good singing voice, and is a first-class athlete. Keeping fit seems to be a positive mania with him. I asked him how he found time to get any sort of exercise during the strenuous work he was doing for "The Hurricane," and he grinned as he explained that it was easy.

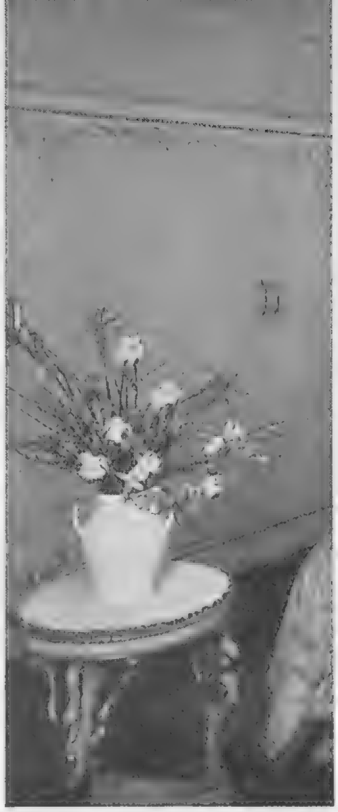
Out in the back lot at the studio is a perfect reproduction of a South Sea island, complete with lagoon. On that lagoon, Jon Hall puts in a three-mile stretch of canoe-paddling every morning before the day's work begins. To do this, he arrives at the studio half an hour in advance of the rest of the cast, picks an outrigger canoe from the fleet of 18 brought from the South Seas for the film, and starts circling the lagoon. Each lap represents approximately a quarter of a mile. Members of the cast took it into their heads to arrive early, just to watch Jon Hall in his canoe and make bets on the number of spills he would suffer. But they were wasting their time—Jon was not born in Tahiti for nothing! He took one nasty knock, however, outside his canoe. Practising high dives for a scene in the picture, he was knocked out through mistiming distance; for a week his back was so painful that every move proved agonising, but he did not miss a day's work, and very few people knew he had been injured.

Over at the mammoth studios called "20th Century-Fox" two new faces in filmland are making history. Sonia Henie, ice-skating champion, is the girl; Tyrone Power, son and grandson of an actor, is the boy. She is blonde; he is raven-haired, with laughing brown eyes. Apart from their leaps in the Popularity Stakes, Sonia and Tyrone are providing a lot of interest and conjecture on the side, for they are believed to be indulging in the kind of private-life romance that is described as hectic. At any rate, on the top of the grand piano in Tyrone's white-walled masculine Hollywood haven, I beheld with my own eyes an out-size silver-framed portrait of the Norwegian skating champion clearly signed "Darling . . . With love, Sonia."

There have been rumours concerning Mr. Power and Loretta Young; but I would guess that the Sonia Henie romance is the one that really matters. Sonia herself has given the studios something to think and talk about. On her arrival tongues flapped to the effect that she would prove just another of those muscle-bound athletes whose fame in another field brought them a chance to have a crack at the movies. She was due to start work in her first film, "One in a Million." She walked on the set smiling, an unknown studio worker

(*Continued on page 93*)

Drinking glasses should never obscure the colour of wine. If they are to combine with fine lace, they should be thin and elegant; if with linen, more substantially designed



WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE?

Many times throughout the year the housewife is obliged to put her money down, blindly, in the hope that the purchase she makes is good. Only a wizard can boast an expert judgment in everything she buys, but where a little knowledge is dangerous it can also be very helpful.

To know what to look for and what to avoid in all purchases for the home is an economy and a guarantee of satisfaction.

Here is a selection at random, necessarily brief, among the purchases made every year in every home, and a little guidance to their characters.

FURNITURE

The best-made furniture is equal to the closest scrutiny back and front, inside and out. Drawers should move smoothly and doors fit accurately. Inspect joints and hinges, for this is where inferior workmanship lies. Take note of the wood used for concealed parts and avoid extraneous decorations that conceal defects of workmanship. If you want the best oak, ask for "English."

CARPETS

Different weaves, such as Axminster, Wilton and so on, are each produced in varying qualities, but with everything equal Wilton is the best choice for tough usage, or alternatively Indian if expense is a factor. Stair carpet gets the hardest wear of all, so choose a dense, thick wool pile, and order an extra foot, to be turned under and pulled up at one end when wear begins to appear at the edges of the stair treads.

Reserve Chinese and silky texture carpets and rugs for drawing-rooms and bedrooms, where traffic is lightest.

WALLPAPER

If it is to last, let it be substantial in weight and texture. The thin ones cockle and peel under the slightest strain. Avoid stripes if the room is high, and large patterns if the room is small. For bedrooms steer clear of designs that might conceivably dazzle or tempt you to count the roses.

COOKING UTENSILS

Choose the heaviest you can afford and count it an economy. Ask for surfaces that don't chip—vitreous enamel is one. Wrought steel, if you can reach it, is tops, having all the advantages of copper without its drawbacks. Choose each utensil for a particular purpose. This way you economise. Vary the sizes. Boiling a full-size kettle for a cupful of water is asking for waste. Keep off thin aluminium unless you *like* scorched food.

COOKING STOVE

Be sure the size of the oven is suited to the size of the joints likely to be required. A huge oven is wasteful for the uses of a small family, and a small one is disastrous for the uses of a large one. Oven doors should be insulated, so that they do not become radiators of heat, and polished hot-plates diminish the heat thrown off into the kitchen. Make sure the stove has no parts of thin sheet iron or of corrosive steel.

TABLE DECORATIONS

Let your fancy go, but for the health and comfort of guests avoid using strongly or heavily scented flowers. In a heated atmosphere the perfume of hyacinths, for instance, is equal to a dose of chloroform.

A one-colour scheme is generally more restful at table than a mixture, though if contrast is preferred a staccato accent is permissible. Let arrangements be sparse and in no circumstances in the line of vision.

SUNDRIES

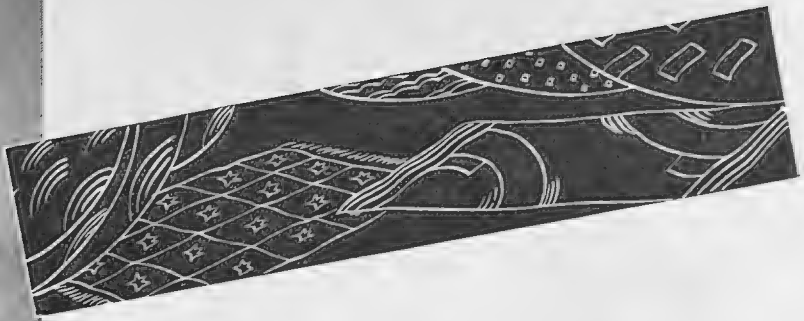
The best olive oil is light green, the next best colourless shading to golden yellow. Deep brownish yellow or dark green is definitely bad. Eggs go by size, weight and general healthiness of mien. Stale eggs are lighter than fresh ones. Hold an egg to the light, and if it's nearly transparent it's good. Tinned foods should come in perfectly shaped containers. Reject tins with bulges or dents and fly from signs of rust. If the tin emits a rush of air when opened, the contents are dangerous.

SHELLFISH

Crabs should be heavy, even though of medium size. Light ones are watery. The male crab is best and can be distinguished by the larger claws. The shell should be bright red and the eyes firm. Shrimps when fresh are stiff, firm and bright in colour. Prawns are best without spawn. The flesh of the male lobster is more delicate, but the female is sometimes preferred as the spawn makes excellent sauce.

WINES

Choose sherry with clear soup and light burgundy with thick. Chilled white wine goes with fish and chicken, but red wine with butcher's meat and game. Champagne is at its best between twelve and twenty years old, Bordeaux wines between ten and sixteen. Chablis is a wine that can be drunk young.



Comfort, durability, size. This order when you are choosing a bed. Let it be wide enough and long enough and of a design to fit happily with the architectural features of the room

(Right) Pictures should emphasise the room's character and bring out its highest colour notes. Avoid heavy pictures in small rooms

(Above) Fabrics should be in character with the furnishing of a room. Period patterns for antique effects and contemporary designs for the modern room. Tailored lines are best with heavily patterned fabrics and small patterns for frivolous effects

GLASS

For drinking purposes glasses should be chosen not only for their beauty but for the qualities which improve the contents. Glasses should never obscure the colour of the wine, nor prevent looking through it when it is held to the light. Good glass is clear and brilliant and when struck with the nail rings with a clear, bell-like tone. Wine glasses should be thin enough to permit the heat of the hand to warm the wine if desired. Thus lightly cut glass is best.

LINEN

If you are partial to damask table-cloths, avoid those with a central design. An all-over pattern allows cutting off of three inches at one side and one end, thus shifting the wear upon folds when shabbiness begins to assert itself.

Choose sheets that have a substantial texture and retain it after the fabric is crumpled in the hand.

COLOUR SCHEMES

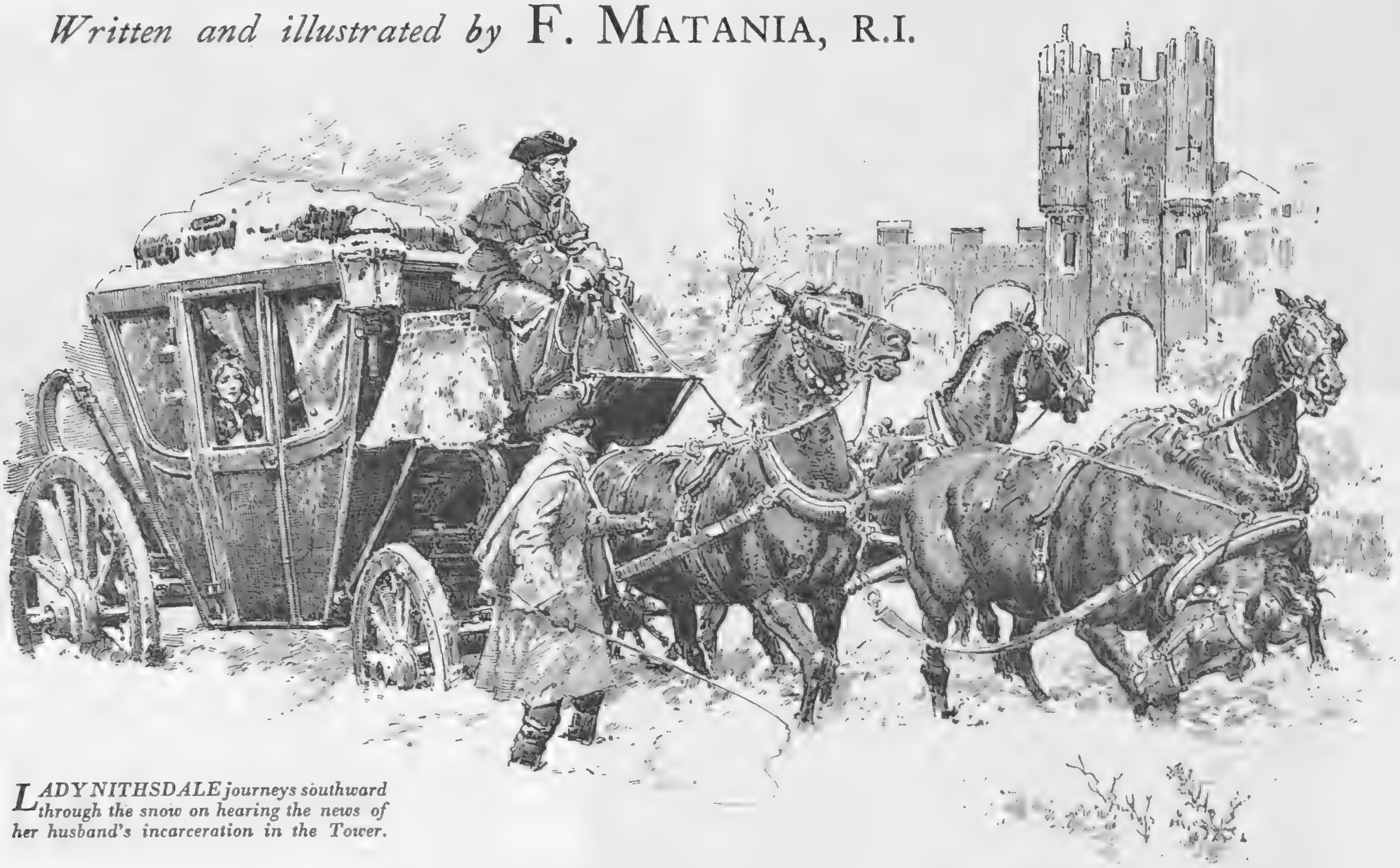
Yellows, warm shades of pink and muted reds for north facing rooms. Clear blue, off-white and fuchsia with grey in south aspects. Three colours are better than two, but contrasts are more effective when restrained. Keep darker tones at the base of the scheme and lighter ones higher up.

(Below) Choose a sink that is adapted to your own height, well lit by day and night, within easy reach of the cooking stove and supplied with storage space so that utensils are near at hand. This is a Monel Metal Sink

Old Tales Re-told

Lady Nithsdale Cheats the Gallows

Written and illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.



LADY NITHSDALE journeys southward through the snow on hearing the news of her husband's incarceration in the Tower.

MAN'S innate admiration for the adventurer, the gambler with fate who makes a last desperate bid, defying fearful odds, finds its fullest expression when a woman is the central figure, matching her wit and courage with the sterner sex and, at length, emerging triumphant. Elementary though the emotion may be, it has provided the theme for countless epics in the past, and, indeed, for the familiar newspaper story of to-day, seldom failing to capture the imagination of the romantically disposed or to cause a quickening of the pulses even among those taking pride in a certain degree of sophistication.

Such a story is found in the life of Lady Nithsdale, a woman of rare qualities and rare devotion. It has its setting in 1715–16, the first years of the reign of George I, when the Stuarts were not yet dead in the hearts of many, and in Scotland the arrival of the first Hanoverian was naturally considered an insult to tradition and everything held sacred by the Scottish people, whose discontent led them to open rebellion in the cause of the Pretender James Edward Stuart.

Long is the list of great names involved in this rebellion of the Jacobites, and many eminent men sacrificed their lives for an ideal doomed never to materialise.

Hosts of arrests were made. Spies were everywhere. Private papers were seized and carefully examined in order to pick up the slightest word that could be used as evidence against alleged rebels. Very few escaped the murderous comb, and the majority ended on the block.

It has to be remembered that the king was not only naturally disinclined to show mercy, but that those men brought to trial, however eminent or conspicuous for their birth, education or deeds, were for him—a newcomer—so many strangers. He therefore adopted the attitude: "Why waste time in trying to ingratiate the malcontents while there was still the possibility of exterminating them?"

This drastic policy was intensified in Scotland, where the Earl of Mar had already hoisted the standard of the Stuarts at Braemar, and where from various parts an army was gathering to protect the Pretender on his arrival.

The slightest progress made by the Jacobites rendered the king more incensed against those who had fallen in his grip, and when it was known that the Pretender had actually landed safely in Scotland, the rigour against the friends of the house of Stuart already in captivity surpassed any imaginable limit.

The struggle had by now become a civil war in earnest. James had been solemnly proclaimed and had made his public entry into Dundee. Even the date of his coronation had been fixed. However futile all this proved to be in the end, it was nevertheless fatal to many noble families at the time. For in Westminster Hall the dread tribunal sat, presided over by the stern Lord High Chancellor Cowper. Sentence of death for high treason was the verdict in almost every Jacobite case brought before him.

Among the more eminent lords impeached was the Earl of Nithsdale. He was thirty-nine years old, and was married to Lady Winifred Herbert, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Powis. Notwithstanding that the marriage was one of arrangement, it had proved very happy and they were obviously a most devoted couple.

Lord Nithsdale had joined Lord Derwentwater and taken an active part in the rising, leaving his wife at Terregles, in Peebleshire, where before many weeks had passed she received the news that her husband, together with several other noblemen, had been taken prisoner at Preston and, without any regard for his rank or position, had been brought to London pinioned as a common malefactor.

She also received a desperate message from him calling her to London.

At this time a heavy fall of snow had made the roads impassable, but that did not deter this bold woman from bravely facing any difficulty in order to reach her beloved. The stage-coach was compelled to stop frequently in order to clear the roads. It seemed as though nothing could persuade the exhausted animals to pull the vehicle. Under those conditions they finally reached York. There the stage stopped, for it was impossible to proceed. The snow was so high that it reached the horses' girths. This hopeless state of the country also prevented the conveyance of the mail, so that during this hazardous journey the Countess was without news, a circumstance that greatly increased her dismay. But her resolution was stronger than any obstacle, and eventually she reached London in safety.

Lady Nithsdale lost no time in joining many other distinguished women whose husbands, brothers, and fathers were all imprisoned in the Tower—a privilege allowed only to those of eminence or noble birth. She rushed to the fortress, but was told that she could see her husband only under the condition of being imprisoned with him and remaining in the Tower. Her first impulse was to accept any terms, but fortunately she curbed her generous instinct, for had she consented she would have been prevented from acting in his behalf. Determined as she was to try any possible way of snatching her husband away from the clutches of the executioner, she resisted the temptation of seeing him for the moment, and, with the excuse that her health would not allow her to endure the confinement, she withdrew, later gaining admittance, however, by some skilful bribery. At the same time, Lady Nithsdale made application to every person in authority with the hope of getting assistance, but wherever she went she received the same distressing reply, to the effect that her case was hopeless, and that the King had some private reasons of his own for making an example of her husband.

Many would have assisted the unfortunate lady, but they did not dare to for fear of angering the King against themselves. Still more dangerous was it to approach the council sitting in Westminster Hall. Every day brought fresh disillusionment until the case came to trial. It was tried very speedily, and, with the exception of the Earl of Wintoun, for whom the sentence was only postponed, all the accused were condemned to death.

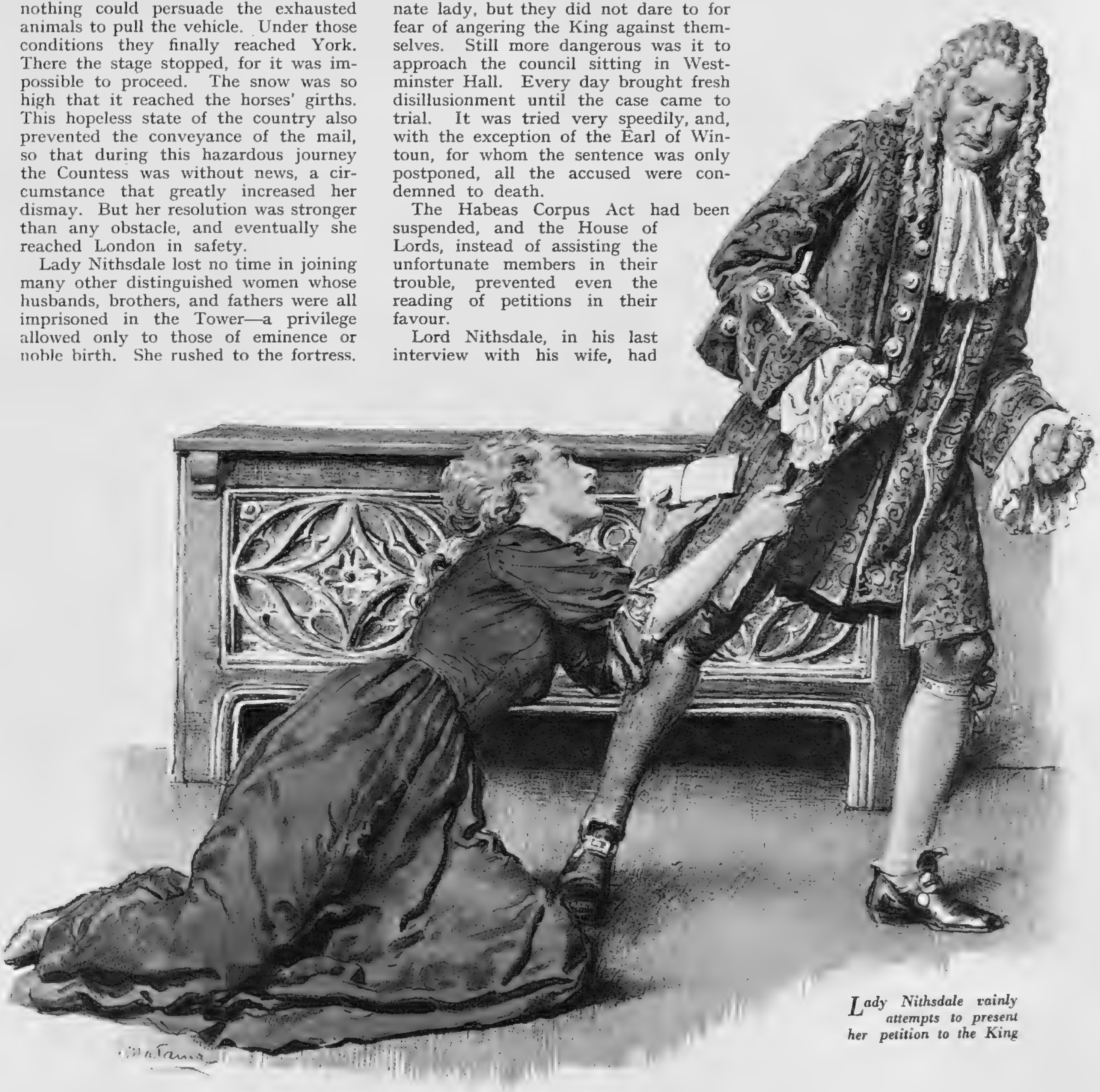
The Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended, and the House of Lords, instead of assisting the unfortunate members in their trouble, prevented even the reading of petitions in their favour.

Lord Nithsdale, in his last interview with his wife, had insisted that she should cease to bend the knee to everyone, and that if she wanted to put forward another appeal, this should be handed directly to the King. The prisoner was still ignorant of the fact that George I. had forbidden anyone to hand him any petition, or to attempt any intercession in his behalf.

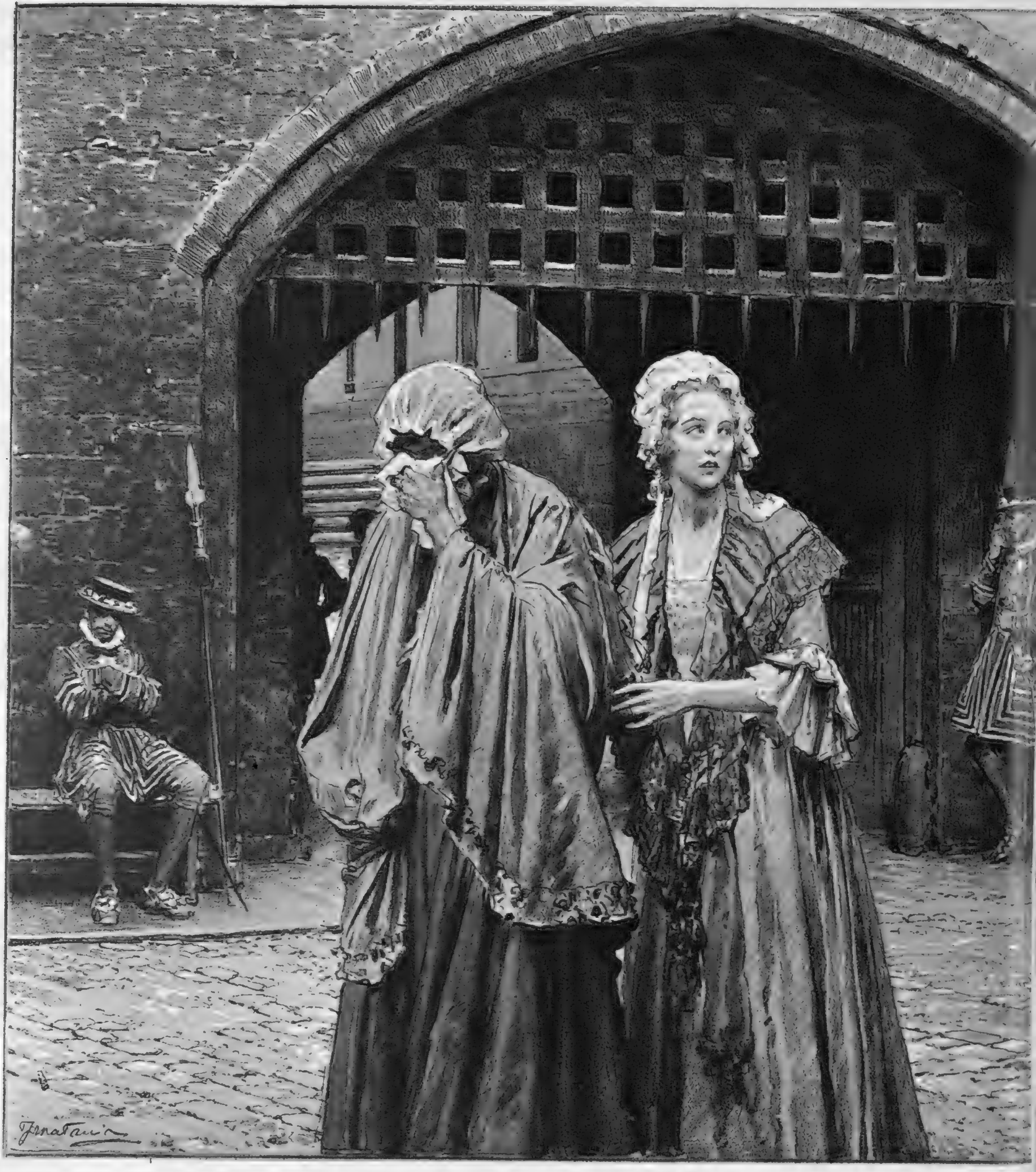
The royal *verboten* did not deter the woman from her determination. She wrote the petition and, accompanied by a lady who knew the King personally, proceeded to the Court.

At this point it may be interesting to acquaint the reader with the narrative written by the very hand of Lady Nithsdale in a letter to her sister. This is so complete and descriptive that it would be a pity not to take full advantage of this precious document, and to quote as many extracts as may be required in order to give this romantic page of history in its most authentic form.

"So the first day that I heard the King was to go to the drawing-room," wrote Lady Nithsdale, "I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and sent for Mrs. Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower); because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stayed by me, and told me when he was coming. I had another lady with me (Lady Nairn), and we remained in a room between the King's apartments and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it; and as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told, in French, that I was the

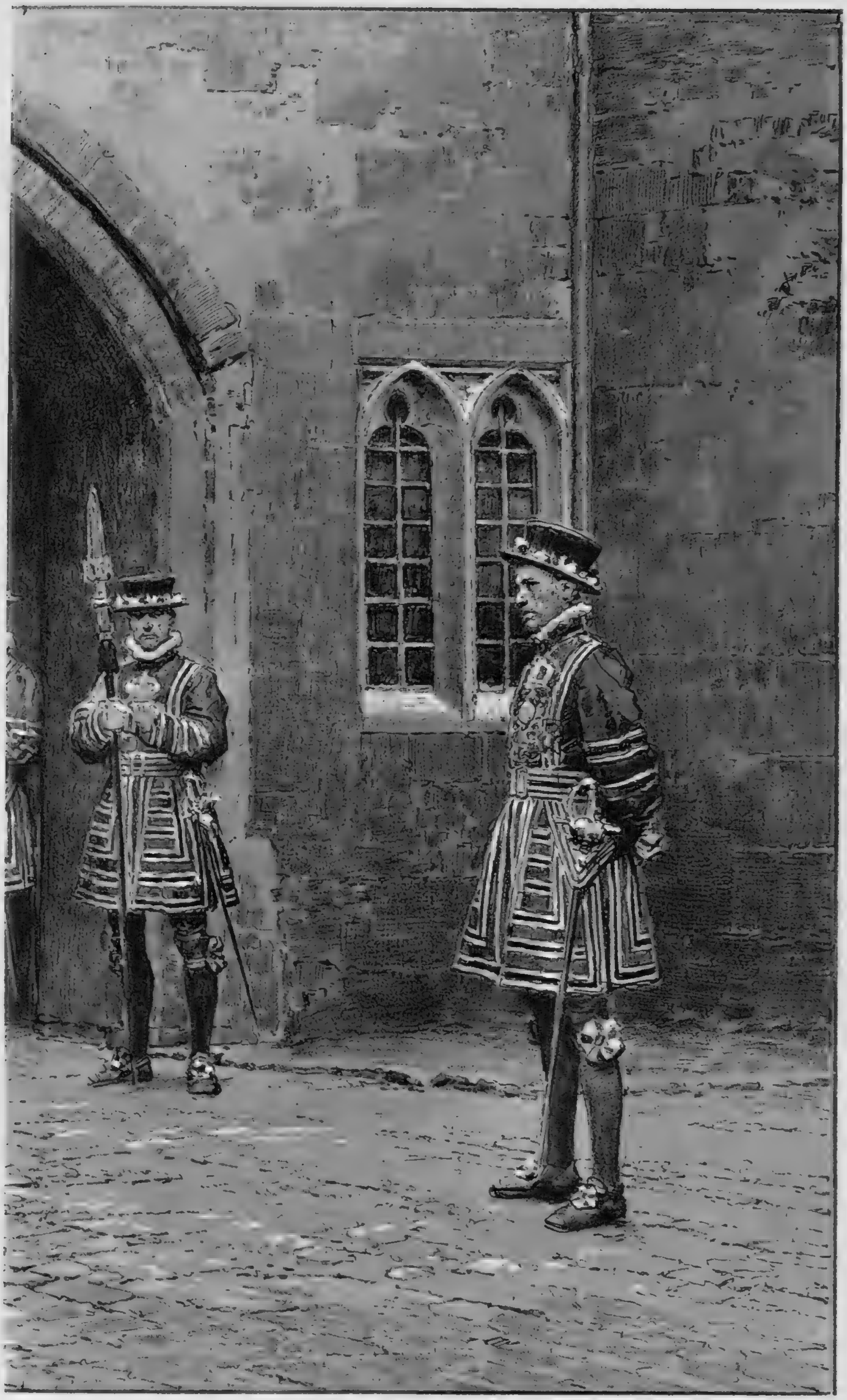


Lady Nithsdale vainly attempts to present her petition to the King



The escape from the Tower. As soon as he had him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should

unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me on my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the blue ribbons that attended his Majesty took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment. One of the gentlemen in waiting picked up the petition; and as I knew that it ought to have been given to the Lord of the Bedchamber, who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, and entreated him to do me the favour to read the petition which I had had the honour to present to his Majesty. Fortunately for me, it happened to be my Lord Dorset, with whom Mrs. Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, she went into the drawing-room and delivered him the letter, which he received very graciously. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the Prince; but as soon as ever the game was over he read it, and behaved (as I afterwards learned) with the warmest zeal for my interest, and was seconded by the Duke of Montrose, who had seen me in the ante-chamber, and wanted to speak to me. But I made



cleared the door, I made take notice of his walk

him a sign not to come near me, lest his acquaintance might thwart my designs. They read over the petition several times, but without any success; but it became the topic of their conversation the rest of the evening, and the harshness with which I had been treated soon spread abroad—not much to the honour of the King."

For days afterwards the council in Westminster Hall debated on certain technicalities of the cases. The relatives of the condemned lords were anxiously awaiting the result of the labours that every one of them had in various ways performed to save the lives of the prisoners. But it seemed as though their efforts had only hastened their downfall, for the council decided that nothing should stop the so-called normal course of justice, and that the sentences should be carried into effect without delay.

The Countess of Derwentwater, together with several other noble ladies, also appealed to the clemency of the King, but no tears, no promises of loyalty could produce the least sign of emotion on his face. His nose constantly curled as though in reaction to an unpleasant odour; he maintained that mask of indifference and inflexibility that is still visible in his portraits to-day.

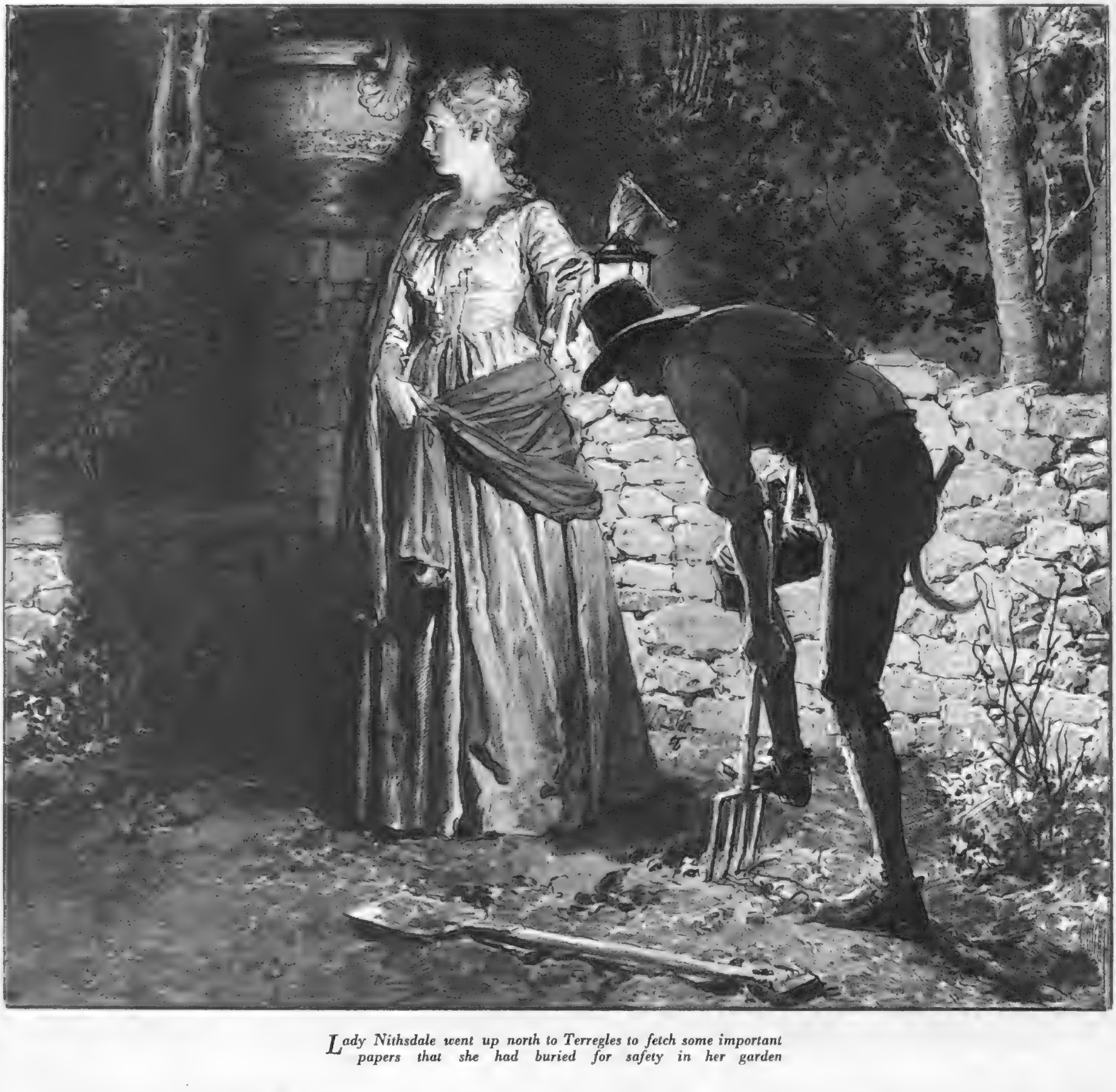
Other distressing scenes took place at the House of Lords and the House of Commons, whither these unfortunate ladies had gone as a last resort. They were about twenty in number, all of them representing many families and scores of innocent children condemned to lose their fathers, but there, too, the votes were against, and the fate of the rebels was virtually sealed.

It was then that Lady Nithsdale resolved to try her luck by putting into action a plan that, for its sheer boldness, amply testifies to the superlative sharpness of the human faculties when thoughts and actions are guided by the flame of love.

It was customary that, for seven days before the execution of a prisoner, his family was allowed to visit him freely in the Tower, provided that there were no more than two visitors at a time. Of this seven days five had already elapsed, and Lady Nithsdale had only two days left in which to do all that she had planned. In that short time she performed miracles of activity. Rather than attempt a second-hand description, let us look at another page of the narrative written by this heroine herself when her little hand guiding the quill was still trembling with emotion produced by the then recent and unforgettable memories. She starts by saying that she had just left the House of Lords, where a war debate had taken place. She had the inspiration of misrepresenting the nature of the debate to the jailer of the Tower. That was the first step that prepared the ground for the great adventure. Then she continues as follows:

"Accordingly I immediately left the House of Lords and hastened to the Tower; where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoner. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted that she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans (her maid) had introduced me—which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for

Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences.



Lady Nithsdale went up north to Terregles to fetch some important papers that she had buried for safety in her garden

" On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase; and, in going, I begged her to send in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night if she did not come immediately. I dispatched her safe, and went partly downstairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face—as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had the time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower.

" The poor guards, whom my liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so as they were persuaded, from what I told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought her. I then took her by the hand and led her out of my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable I said: ' My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door.

" When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying, as he came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the lights of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out, leading him by the hand; and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and, if ever you made dispatch in your life, do it at present. I am distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went downstairs with him, still conjuring to make all dispatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the dispatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him."

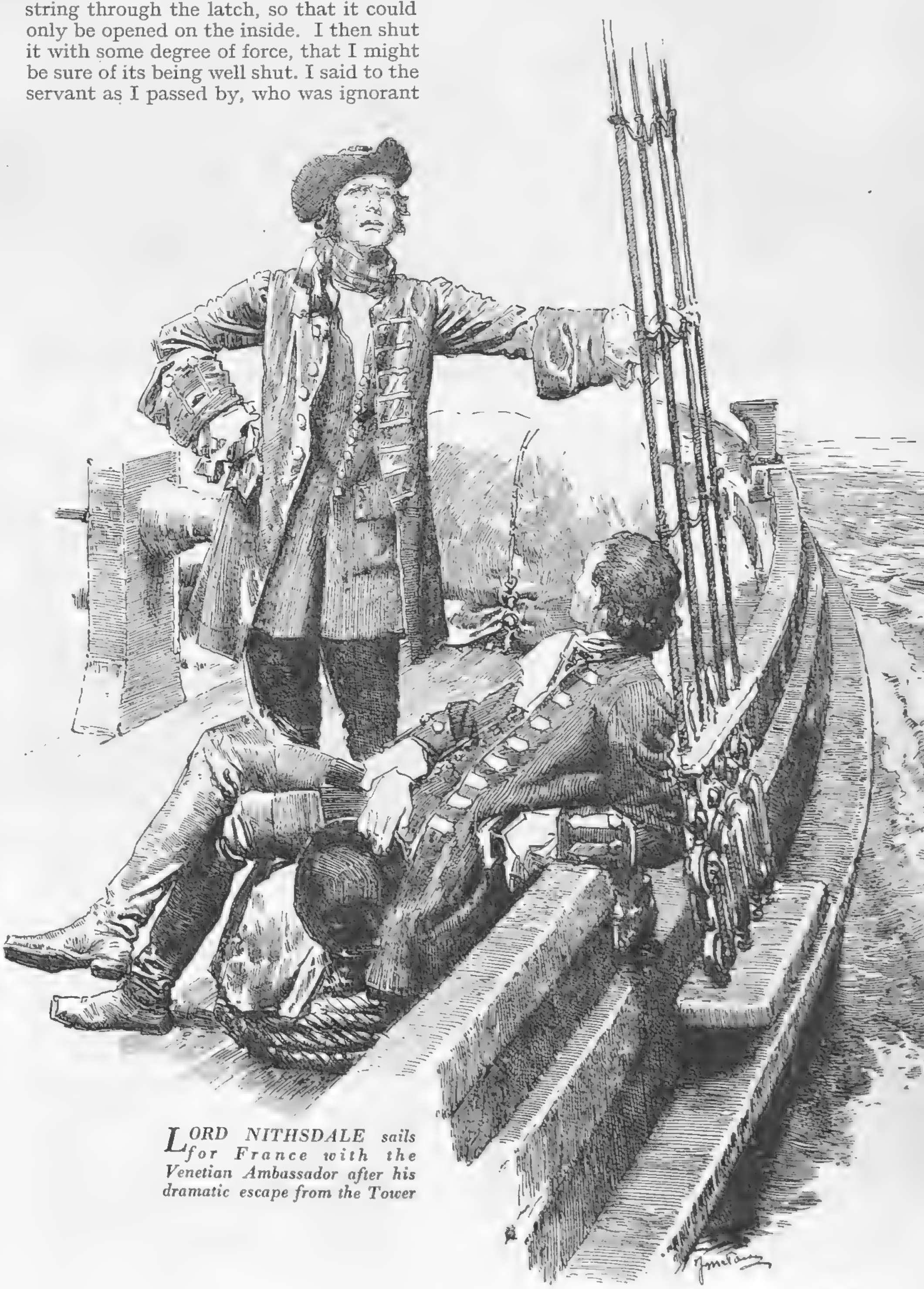
The plot had been carried out by four women, three of whom entered the prison. The fact that only women were passing in and out must have deceived the minds of the jailers to the point that they did not notice that three people went in and four people came out.

The faithful maid Evans, who had remained outside all the time, was the one who provided the first refuge for the fugitive. Strange that the only man who was brought into the plot, Mr. Mills, the husband of the woman impersonated by Lord Nithsdale, was the only person who, according to the following description, was discouraged, pessimistic and trembling with fear: "I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case he succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such consternation that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him (Lord Nithsdale) anything, lest she mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him; without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security, they conducted him to it."

Whilst all this was happening outside the Tower, the Countess was staging the second part of a farce which the slightest mistake or bad luck could have suddenly changed into a tragedy. She was still within the grip of the law, and had the difficult task of alone acting a double rôle which had to last long enough to allow the fugitive to be well clear of danger, and that even a last minute misfortune would have left her caught in the trap.

Resuming the narrative, she writes: "In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return upstairs and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present; and answered my own questions in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my lord a formal farewell for that night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifle; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that if the Tower were still open when I finished my business I would return that night; but that he might be assured that I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance to the Tower; and I flattered myself that I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled the string through the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry candles in to his master till my lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went downstairs and called a coach, as there were several on the stand. I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies."

In the original narrative there is a lengthy description of details concerning the hide and seek played between the bloodhounds of the Tower and the fugitive, but this can be skipped without detriment to our story. Let us instead focus our attention on George I, who, like everyone else, was convinced that an escape from the Tower of London was practically impossible, and who, when the news regarding Lord Nithsdale was brought to him, at first refused to believe it. Then, forgetting kingly decorum, he gave vent to (*Continued on page* 118)



LORD NITHSDALE sails for France with the Venetian Ambassador after his dramatic escape from the Tower

ANTIQUE FURNITURE IS A

The exquisite poise and elegance of eighteenth-century furniture is typified above. The centre table is Sheraton; the side table Adam, carved and gilt. The lovely gilt mirror frame and wall bracket are in Chippendale style

A mahogany Hepplewhite chair, showing the French influence very strongly in its design. A graceful and valuable addition to any collection

Contemporary tastes in furniture, as in music, run to violent partisanship. Most people either dislike all that is not modern, or abhor all that is modern.

A discerning minority find they can appreciate a bit of both. Their appreciation, as far as concerns the antique furniture, is not so purely æsthetic as might be imagined. That is where the discernment comes in. Antique furniture is a definite investment. Those who cannot bear the sight of it can console themselves with the knowledge that it is valuable.

Between modern and antique furniture comes Victorian furniture. It is necessary to discriminate between antique and Victorian because so many people vaguely and deprecatingly lump the lot together as "old-fashioned."

An antipathy for furniture of the Victorian period is excusable, although, stripped of a few superfluous pediments, knobs, finials, flutings and carved cornices, many of the monstrosities that encumbered the homes of our great-grandparents don't look at all bad. Also there is just a chance that one day some of them may become "antique," so it would be as well not to be hasty in throwing out the pediments and pieces.

Already there are a limited number of American collectors of mid-Victorian specimens—what-nots and horse-hair sofas, for instance.

English antique furniture starts in the early nineteenth century and goes back to the beginning of the sixteenth, before which time it is highly probable that even in the wealthiest houses furniture of any kind was scarce.

Despite economic vicissitudes—depressions, trade slumps, trade revivals—pieces of furniture made in those three hundred years not only maintain their high value but, as the years roll on, become more costly and rare. Why?

Because even if every piece of the output of three centuries survived intact to-day, the resulting antique assortment would not furnish half the homes of England. The present population of greater London exceeds the population of the whole of England and Wales during the greater part of those three centuries.

However, nothing like the total output of those days has survived. Most of London's Tudor-Gothic and early Jacobean furniture must have perished in the Great Fire of 1666; more has crumbled in neglect occasionally.

The moral of all this is plain. You can always count on realising at least what you paid for antique furniture which is genuine and in good condition. You can with a little patience count on selling it at a considerable profit.

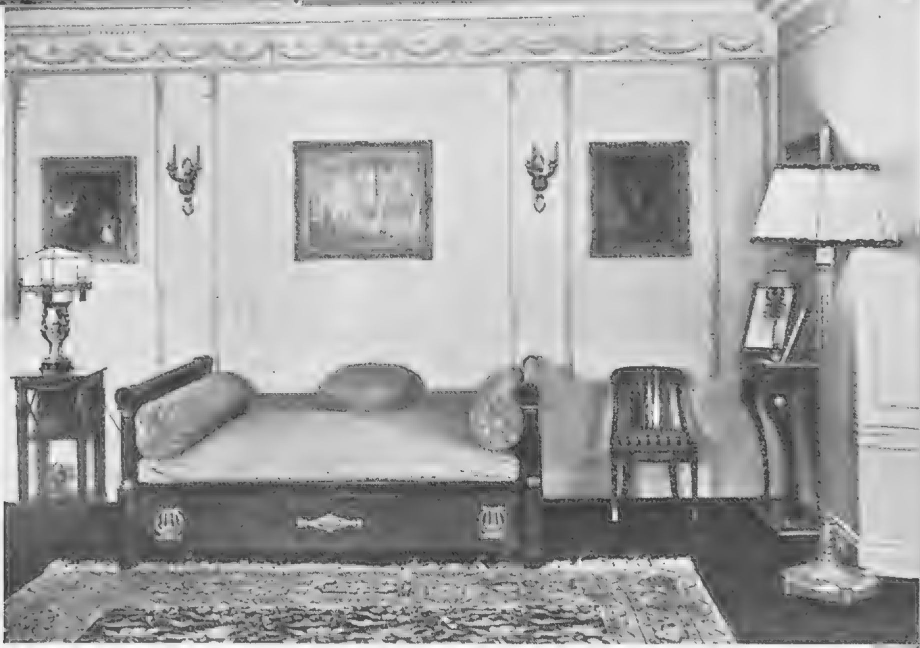
Only to become a collector in a big way is capital needed. Here is a true tale of a table. An antique furniture salesman, employed by one of the big London stores, was passing through a town in Surrey one day five years ago when he saw a Queen Anne table marked £5 outside one of the local curio shops. He immediately bought the table. The latest price which that table has realised, after changing hands several times, is £450.

The ordinary purchaser of such a table would, of course, still be polishing and

GOOD INVESTMENT

(Left) The scheme of old oak against a background of whitewash and rafters is almost conventional, yet always lovely. This mellow interior shows a charming corner cupboard, refectory table, and ladder-back chairs in the perfect setting

The oak dresser is deservedly popular for its practical as well as for its decorative qualities. This one is dated about 1720, and holds old English willow china and Chinese porcelain



(Below) This corner of a bedroom shows the Empire influence. The light panelled walls make an elegant background, and the exquisite floral Aubusson rug completes an elegant ensemble

A walnut Queen Anne card table and mirror are on the left of this picture, and the William and Mary chair and bureau are displayed against a fine early eighteenth-century tapestry

cherishing it with little thought of its potential value. People become too much attached to their household treasures to think of parting with them for any cause other than dire necessity; but when the necessity does arise, it is good to know that they are worth something.

Bargains in antique furniture, however, are not easy to find. They are there either because somebody has not realised their value, or because they are fakes and have no real value.

The novice collector should not begin to trust his own judgment till he has thoroughly studied his subject, soaked himself in the atmosphere of the period or periods in which he is interested (museums are useful for this), laboriously compared prices and gathered all the information he can from dealers.

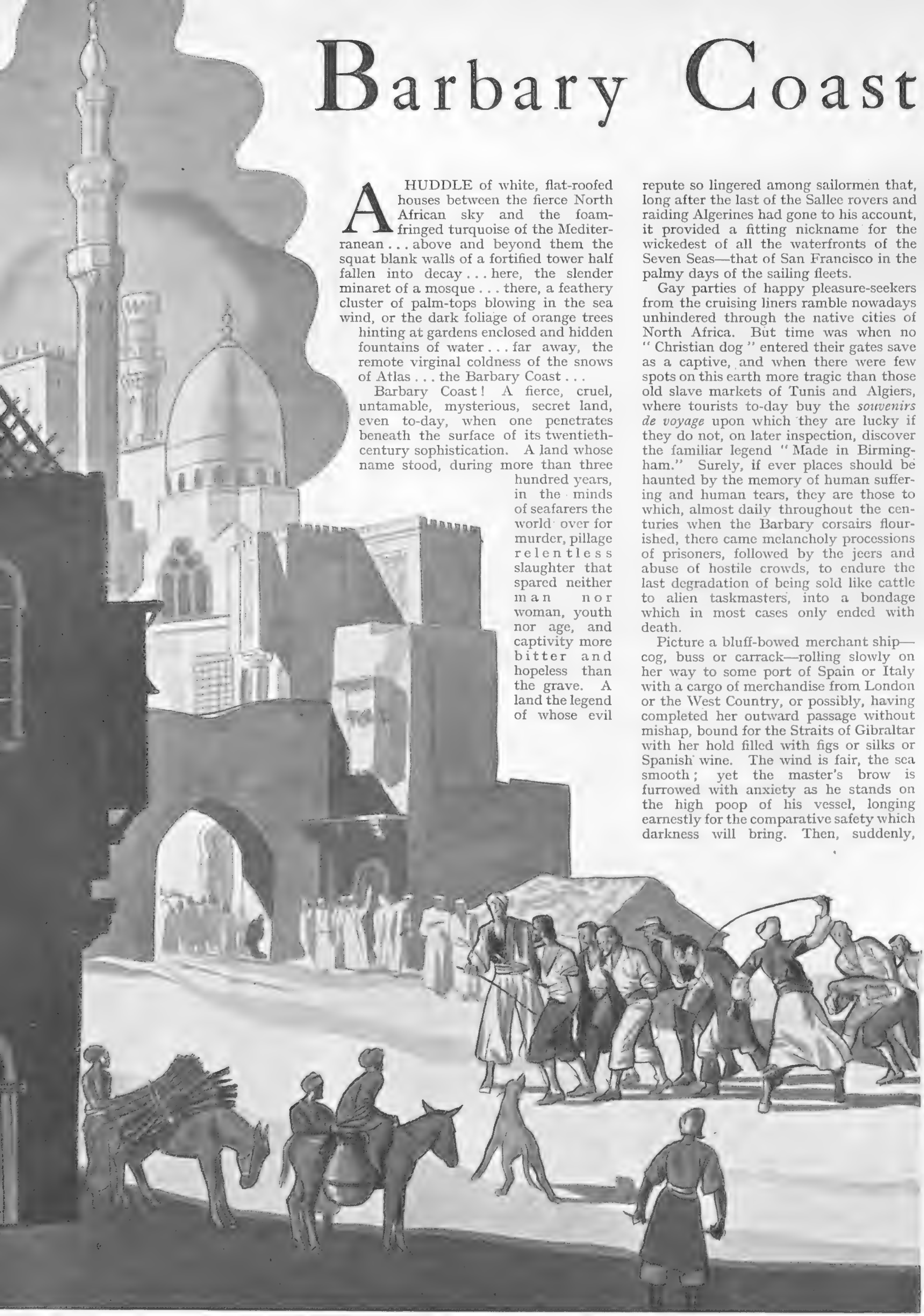
Age alone, of course, is no criterion of quality and value. The charm of an old piece of furniture is that it has atmosphere and personality, as well as technical perfection.

The masters of the crafts of joining, turning, carving, upholstering set a very high standard in the old days. Faulty workmanship was frequently scrapped.

The ruder specimens that survive are often found in the country districts in which they were

(Continued on page 84)

Barbary Coast



A HUDDLE of white, flat-roofed houses between the fierce North African sky and the foam-fringed turquoise of the Mediterranean . . . above and beyond them the squat blank walls of a fortified tower half fallen into decay . . . here, the slender minaret of a mosque . . . there, a feathery cluster of palm-tops blowing in the sea wind, or the dark foliage of orange trees hinting at gardens enclosed and hidden fountains of water . . . far away, the remote virginal coldness of the snows of Atlas . . . the Barbary Coast . . .

Barbary Coast! A fierce, cruel, untamable, mysterious, secret land, even to-day, when one penetrates beneath the surface of its twentieth-century sophistication. A land whose name stood, during more than three hundred years, in the minds of seafarers the world over for murder, pillage relentless slaughter that spared neither man nor woman, youth nor age, and captivity more bitter and hopeless than the grave. A land the legend of whose evil repute so lingered among sailormen that, long after the last of the Sallee rovers and raiding Algerines had gone to his account, it provided a fitting nickname for the wickedest of all the waterfronts of the Seven Seas—that of San Francisco in the palmy days of the sailing fleets.

Gay parties of happy pleasure-seekers from the cruising liners ramble nowadays unhindered through the native cities of North Africa. But time was when no "Christian dog" entered their gates save as a captive, and when there were few spots on this earth more tragic than those old slave markets of Tunis and Algiers, where tourists to-day buy the *souvenirs de voyage* upon which they are lucky if they do not, on later inspection, discover the familiar legend "Made in Birmingham." Surely, if ever places should be haunted by the memory of human suffering and human tears, they are those to which, almost daily throughout the centuries when the Barbary corsairs flourished, there came melancholy processions of prisoners, followed by the jeers and abuse of hostile crowds, to endure the last degradation of being sold like cattle to alien taskmasters, into a bondage which in most cases only ended with death.

Picture a bluff-bowed merchant ship—cog, buss or carrack—rolling slowly on her way to some port of Spain or Italy with a cargo of merchandise from London or the West Country, or possibly, having completed her outward passage without mishap, bound for the Straits of Gibraltar with her hold filled with figs or silks or Spanish wine. The wind is fair, the sea smooth; yet the master's brow is furrowed with anxiety as he stands on the high poop of his vessel, longing earnestly for the comparative safety which darkness will bring. Then, suddenly,

Tales of the Pirate-galleys of the North Coast of Africa

By C. Fox Smith

from the shelter of a tree-hung islet there dart out two long, black, sinister-looking craft which he recognises only too well for what they are.

Barbary pirates! The words strike a chill to every heart. Hastily such resources as the menaced ship can muster are brought into action to defend her and her company from capture. Her brass gun is trained on the nearer of her assailants, and the crew are ranged along the bulwarks in readiness to repel the boarders. Even the cook stands prepared with a cauldron of boiling water to discharge on the attackers. As for escape, that is out of the question. The merchant ship, with her bluff bows, full underwater lines, unwieldy yards and sails, and higher freeboard, cannot hope to outmanœuvre these lean, slinky rowing galleys, now being driven through the water in great bounds by the frenzied rowers straining at their oars. Nearer they draw and nearer, and the fetid smell of the sweating humanity packed on the rowing benches comes to the nostrils of those on board the merchantman, while the crack of the boatswains' long hide whips is plainly heard as they descend on the naked heaving shoulders of the chained slaves. What wonder that the courage of the stoutest is shaken by the realisation that very soon just such a fate may await all who survive the coming struggle?

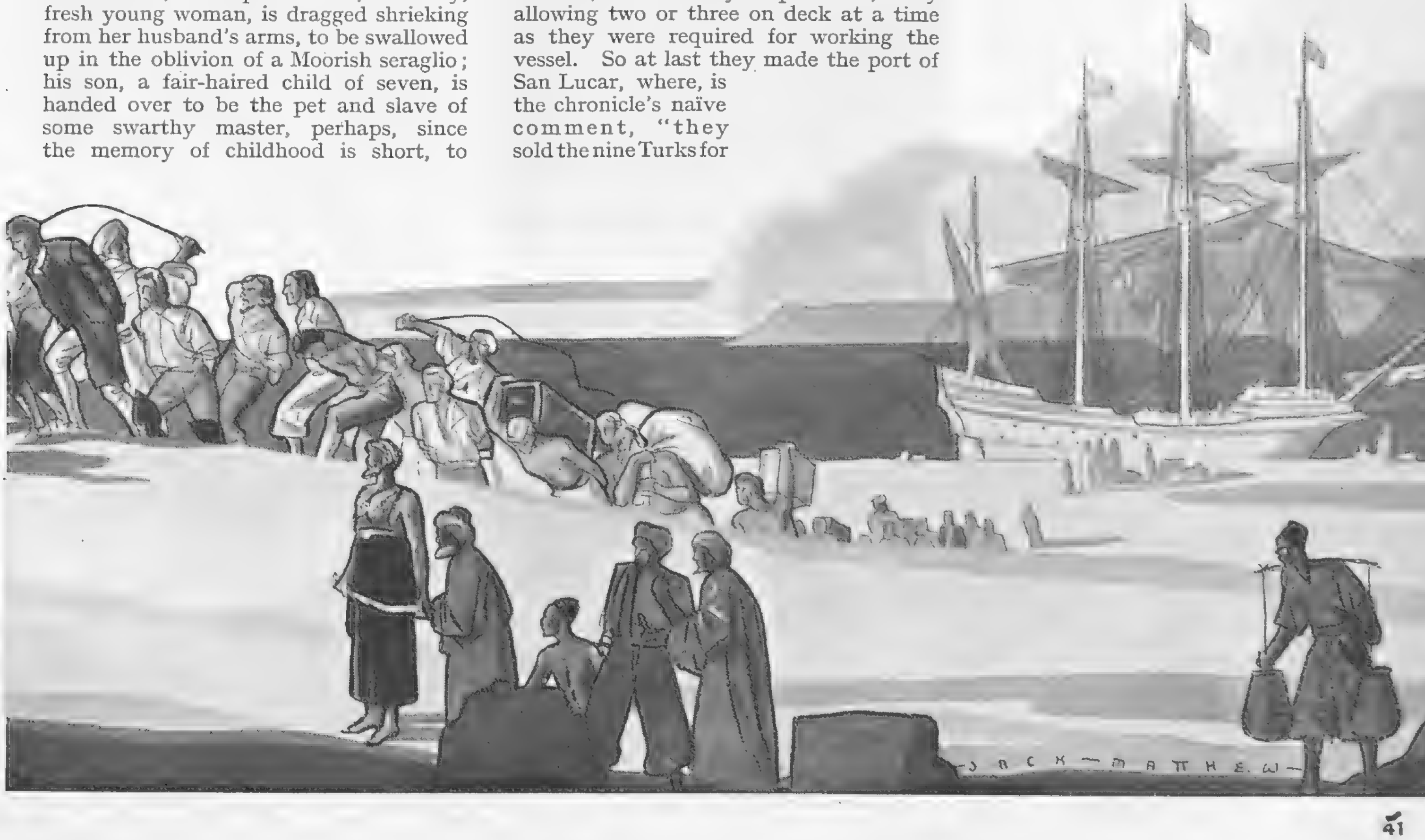
The fight is a short and sharp one. Twice the dusky swarms gain a footing, and twice they are driven back. But sheer weight of numbers at last prevails. Ship and company are taken into port in triumph; the men are compelled to carry their own cargo to the pirates' storehouses; the captain's wife, a comely, fresh young woman, is dragged shrieking from her husband's arms, to be swallowed up in the oblivion of a Moorish seraglio; his son, a fair-haired child of seven, is handed over to be the pet and slave of some swarthy master, perhaps, since the memory of childhood is short, to forget his parents, and become in time the "Reis," or captain, of a Barbary galley.

NOW and then, however, such stories had a different ending, as witness the adventure of the good ship *Jacob* of Bristol, which in October, 1671, was "met and set upon by pirates of Argier at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar" and carried off as a prize, all her crew, with the exception of four boys, having been taken out of her, and replaced by thirteen of the Algerines, one of whom, "a strong, able, stern and resolute fellow," was appointed captain.

The four English lads never ceased to watch for a chance of escape, and sure enough, after five days, their opportunity came. A fierce gale had sprung up in the night, and as John Cooke and William Ling were struggling with the sail, the Turkish captain came over to help them. In the confusion of the storm, Ling saw and seized a chance of giving the Turk "such a palt on the pate with the pump handle as made his brains forsake possession of his head, after which he fell into the sea." The boys then secured a couple of swords from the captain's cabin, and, thus armed, fell on the Turks, wounded some and drove one overboard, and soon had the rest under hatches, where they kept them, only allowing two or three on deck at a time as they were required for working the vessel. So at last they made the port of San Lucar, where, is the chronicle's naïve comment, "they sold the nine Turks for galley slaves for a good sum of money, and, as I think, a great deal more than they were worth."

THE first of that long succession of Christian "renegadoes" who earned a disgraceful notoriety on the Barbary Coast were the two famous corsairs known as the Barbarossas, a nickname derived, as in the case of the great Emperor Frederick, from the size and colour of their beards. They it was who, in the early years of the sixteenth century, laid the foundations of the three Barbary States of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers, the last at once the most infamous and the most powerful, which were to be the scourge of the Mediterranean until their power finally crumbled before the guns of Exmouth and Preble. They were the sons of an Albanian renegade, himself a seaman, by his Christian wife Catalina, and at an early age Uruj, the elder of the brothers, started as a pirate in a modest way. He was still little more than a boy when he was captured by one of the galleys of the Knights of Rhodes, who waged constant war on the corsairs in vessels which, like their enemies', were propelled by man-power. If it had not been for a fault in the construction of the irons with which young Uruj was secured, he would probably have ended his days chained to an oar, and the history of the Mediterranean might have been, in part at least, different. As it was, he got out of his fetters and overboard, and, being a strong swimmer, succeeded in getting ashore, to begin his marauding career anew.

(*Continued on page* 94)


JACK—MATHEW—

The Rescue

A Knight Errant in Strange Waters

I HAVE always envied Bill his gift of mimicry. Why it is that thick-headed fellows like him can mimic people to perfection, calling up with a gesture or an intonation the complete portrait of a speaker is more than I can understand.

"It was a woman's voice," said Bill, "a very sweet, soft voice, and, to be quite frank, I wasn't sure at first what language it was she was speaking, because her accent was so pronounced. Then I grasped that all she was saying was asking if it was me at the telephone. 'Is zat Mr. 'Arrison?' she said. 'Yes,' I said, 'this is Harrison speaking.' 'The Mr. 'Arrison with ze motor boat?' 'Yes,' I said.

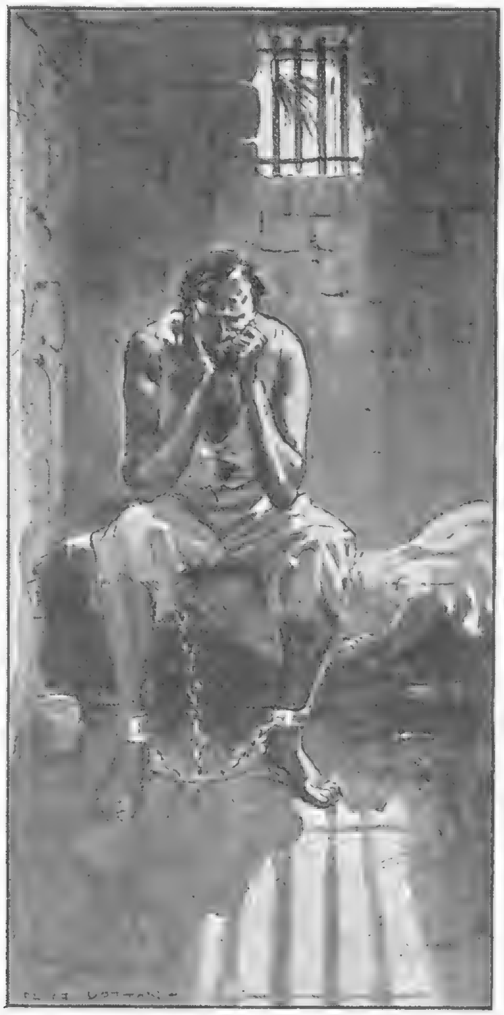
"You see, it wasn't half an hour since I had walked off the pier after the *Scarlet Rocket* had won the open-sea race. 'Very good,' said the voice. 'I have somezing to ask you, Mr. 'Arrison. Vill you come and see me? I am in ze zame hotel. Room 75.'"

"You don't mean to tell me," I said to Bill, "that you accepted an invitation of that sort? I should have suspected the crudest kind of blackmail."

"It never occurred to me," said Bill. "I just hung up the telephone and walked round to Room 75."

"And what did you find there?" I asked.

"It was just an ordinary hotel room," said Bill, "the same as mine, except that it was full of flowers—expensive ones—and she'd had a fire lighted."



"But what was the girl like, you slow-coach?" I asked.

Bill hesitated very perceptibly before he proceeded with his description. It seemed as if the memory was a little painful to him.

"It wasn't a girl," he said slowly; "it was a woman. About my age, I suppose. Married, because I saw the ring. And she was very beautiful indeed. The loveliest woman I have ever seen in my life."

"Expensively dressed?" I asked.

"I suppose so," said Bill. "I really didn't notice. But I had the impression of enormous wealth. 'Zis is kind of you, Mr. 'Arrison,' she said, shaking hands with me. 'Vill you please sit down? Vill you smoke?'

"She had me sitting down and smoking and quite at my ease in two shakes of a lamb's tail. She smoked too, holding the cigarette in long, thin, white fingers and looking at me with her eyelids a little closed."

"Vamping you?" I asked, and Bill indignantly repudiated the suggestion.

"No!" he blazed. "Of course not. She never thought of vamping me. She was measuring me up. 'Vill you give me a promise, Mr. 'Arrison?' she said to me. 'Of course I will,' I said."

"It sounds a bit rash," I said, "to go round making promises to strange women in strange hotel bedrooms. One of these days you'll land yourself into trouble. Or perhaps that's what it is you're going to tell me about?"

"It wasn't that sort of trouble at all," said Bill bitterly. "I wish it had been—now. But if you want to hear this story, don't keep on interrupting me."

"All right, I won't," I said apologetically, and Bill went on with his story.

"The promise I had to make," he said, "was not to tell anybody about the interview—that doesn't apply now, of course. I had to promise it very solemnly indeed, but I didn't mind that, naturally. 'Very good, Mr. 'Arrison,' she said, when I had promised. 'Now I vould like to know

if you vould consider an offer for ze 'ire of your services and zose off your boat —ze *Scarlet Rocket*, isn't it ?' 'I should be very interested,' I said. I'd blued all my spare cash on the re-designing of that boat, and I was just about as hard up as I could possibly be. 'Very good,' she said to me—I don't know where she'd learnt to say 'Very good,' but she used it pretty nearly in every sentence. I liked the way she said it. 'Very good. I am ready to pay you two zousand pounds to do somezing for me.'

"That staggered me more than anything else had up to the moment. Two thousand quid is the devil of a lot of money to go splashing about. My first idea was that she wanted to use the *Scarlet Rocket* for smuggling, but I guessed next that that wasn't right, because nothing the *Scarlet Rocket* could smuggle could possibly bring in two thousand quid. I didn't know quite how to put it, but I made a shot at it.

"'Something legal?' I said, and she shrugged her shoulders. 'Quite legal,' she answered, 'by your laws. But you would go to prison in my country if zey catch you.' 'I don't mind chancing that,' I said. 'What's the idea?' 'I vant you to fetch a man from an island,' she said. 'And what's the island?' I asked. 'Espinosa,' she answered.

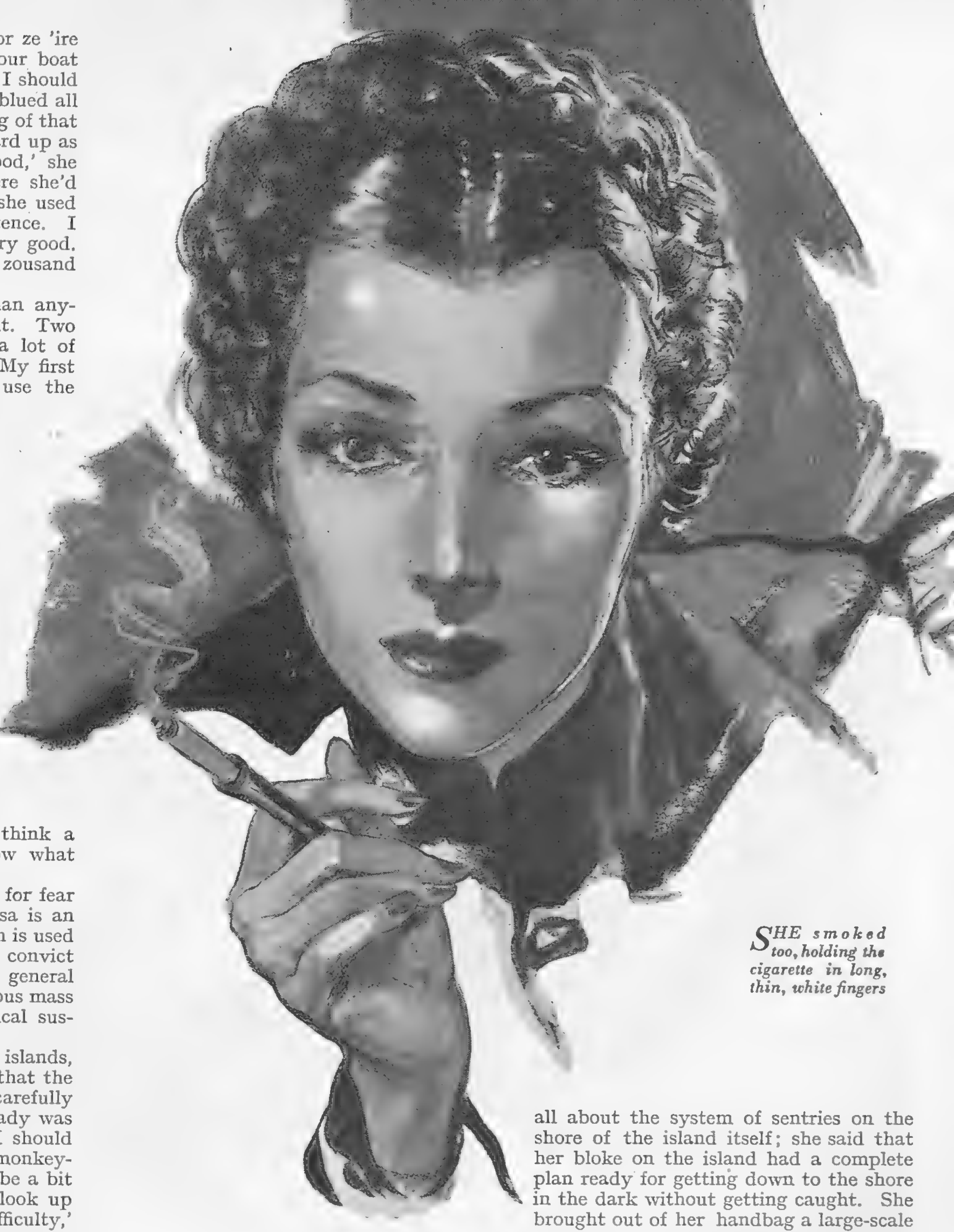
"That made me stop and think a minute," said Bill. "You know what Espinosa is?"

I nodded, not daring to speak for fear of breaking the thread. Espinosa is an island in the Mediterranean which is used by a powerful government as a convict settlement—at least, that is the general name for it; actually it is a hideous mass of rocky desolation where political suspects are confined.

"I'd heard a bit about those islands, of course," said Bill. "I knew that the waters round them were very carefully patrolled, and I knew that the lady was dead right when she said that I should go to quod if anybody caught me monkeying round near Espinosa. 'It'll be a bit difficult,' I said. 'I'll have to look up a lot about it first.' 'For ze difficulty,' said the lady, 'I am offering you two zousand pounds. And I can tell you now everyzing zere is to be told about Espinosa.'

"She could too. She had the whole thing cut and dried in her mind. She knew just how far it was to Espinosa from the nearest point of the French coast, which happens to be Nice. Fifty-two miles she said it was, and there was something in her manner as she said it which told me that I needn't look it up for myself. She told me about the patrol round the island. There were two destroyers—torpedo ships, she called them—which continually made the round of the island at a radius of ten miles. She knew all about the system of sentries on the shore of the island itself; she said that her bloke on the island had a complete plan ready for getting down to the shore in the dark without getting caught. She brought out of her handbag a large-scale chart of the island with soundings and all, and she showed me on it the little bay where I should have to pick this bird up.

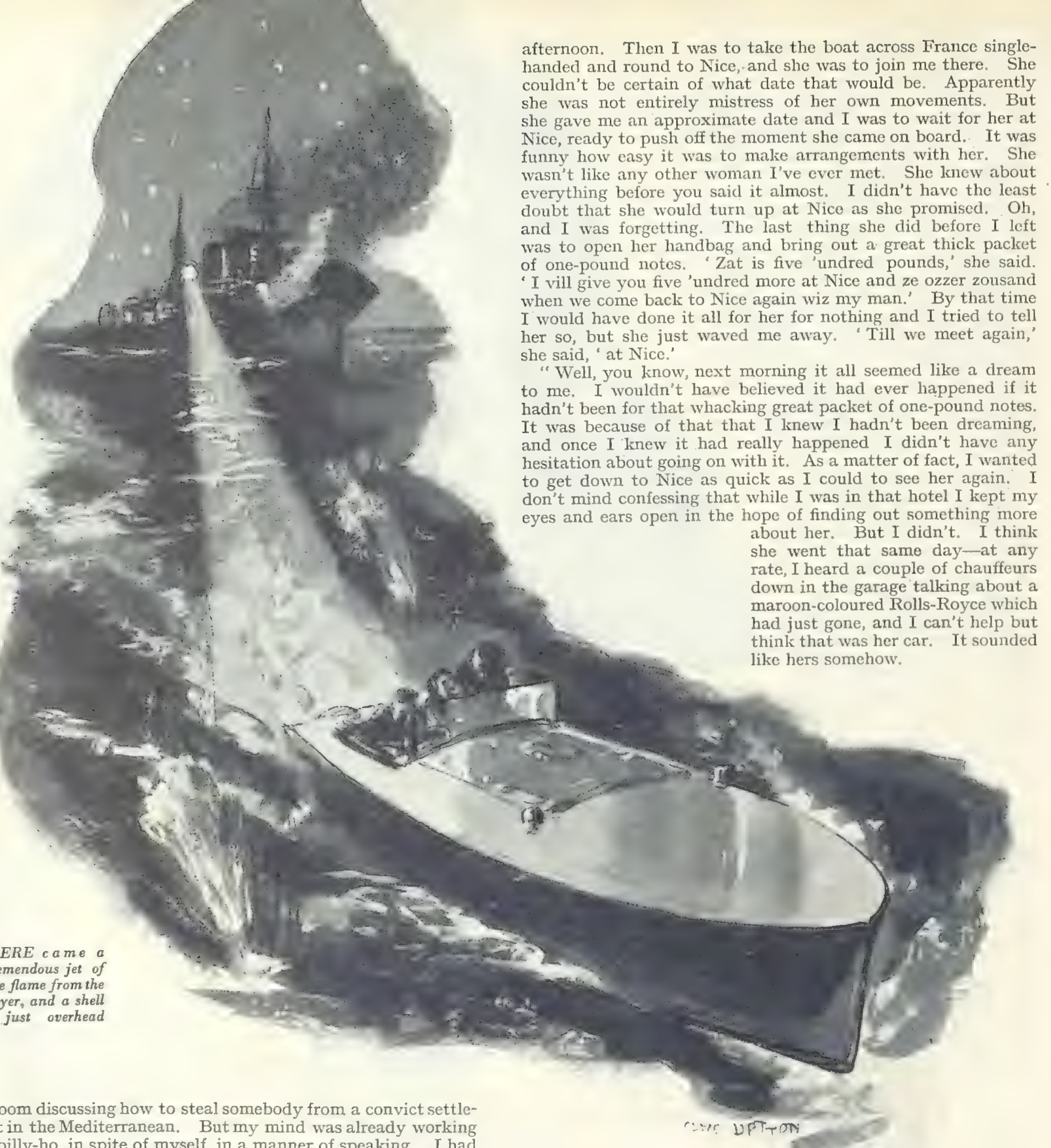
"'It sounds all right as far as it goes,' I said. To tell you the truth, I was a bit bewildered. Dash it all, it wasn't two hours ago that I was bringing the old *Scarlet Rocket* in over the finishing line, and here I was in an overheated hotel



SHE smoked too, holding the cigarette in long, thin, white fingers

By C. S. Forester

Illustrated by Clive Uptton



THERE came a tremendous jet of orange flame from the destroyer, and a shell went just overhead

bedroom discussing how to steal somebody from a convict settlement in the Mediterranean. But my mind was already working like billy-ho, in spite of myself, in a manner of speaking. I had already worked out that I could take the old *Scarlet Rocket* across France by river and canal down to Marseilles, and from there I could coast along to Nice, and from there it was only fifty miles of sea to Espinosa. But she had been thinking about details too.

"'Your little ship, Mr. 'Arrison,' she said, 'it makes a great deal of noise.' 'That's so,' I said—you know how, with all twelve cylinders going and an open exhaust, the *Scarlet Rocket* does make a bit of a row. 'But I can see to that all right. I can silence that exhaust, and use a cut-out when we want full speed. I'd better creep in on one engine, because the *Scarlet Rocket's* petrol consumption's a bit heavy, you know, and she'll only just have enough for a full-speed run from Nice to Espinosa and back without any reserve for accidents.' 'Very good,' she said, when I had explained the meaning of some of the words I had used—she was all right on technicalities, the same as she was right on everything else, but she had to grasp the meaning of them first in her own language.

"'So you vill come wiz me, Mr. 'Arrison?' she said, and staggered me again. 'I'll go all right,' I said, 'but I wasn't expecting you to come with me.' 'But I will,' she said.

"I expect it sounds funny to you, but we got the whole thing settled that afternoon. I was to get a silencer and cut-out fitted to the *Scarlet Rocket*, and see that her compass was properly adjusted, because it had been playing me tricks that afternoon. Then I was to take the boat across France single-handed and round to Nice, and she was to join me there. She couldn't be certain of what date that would be. Apparently she was not entirely mistress of her own movements. But she gave me an approximate date and I was to wait for her at Nice, ready to push off the moment she came on board. It was funny how easy it was to make arrangements with her. She wasn't like any other woman I've ever met. She knew about everything before you said it almost. I didn't have the least doubt that she would turn up at Nice as she promised. Oh, and I was forgetting. The last thing she did before I left was to open her handbag and bring out a great thick packet of one-pound notes. 'Zat is five 'undred pounds,' she said. 'I vill give you five 'undred more at Nice and ze ozzer zousand when we come back to Nice again wiz my man.' By that time I would have done it all for her for nothing and I tried to tell her so, but she just waved me away. 'Till we meet again,' she said, 'at Nice.'

"Well, you know, next morning it all seemed like a dream to me. I wouldn't have believed it had ever happened if it hadn't been for that whacking great packet of one-pound notes. It was because of that that I knew I hadn't been dreaming, and once I knew it had really happened I didn't have any hesitation about going on with it. As a matter of fact, I wanted to get down to Nice as quick as I could to see her again. I don't mind confessing that while I was in that hotel I kept my eyes and ears open in the hope of finding out something more about her. But I didn't. I think she went that same day—at any rate, I heard a couple of chauffeurs down in the garage talking about a maroon-coloured Rolls-Royce which had just gone, and I can't help but think that was her car. It sounded like hers somehow.

"I didn't have much trouble fitting up the *Scarlet Rocket* for that trip. The silencer and cut-out were easy, of course. I had a slow-running propeller fitted for the river journey and took a couple of racing ones with me. That five hundred quid was jolly useful as it turned out. Selwin, Cobbett and Co. were startled out of their lives when I paid the bill I owed them, and when I paid for the new repairs on the spot. And it needs a fair amount of money, too, to import a motor boat into France. There are deposits and that sort of thing to pay.

"I got through France all right. It was a bit funny sometimes, because I never have been able to speak any language except English, and I damned near starved once or twice when the fools of shopkeepers wouldn't understand what it was I was trying to buy. And one bright lad played a tremendous joke on me one day by selling me paraffin instead of petrol—how the hell was I to know that if you ask for petrol in France you get paraffin? As a matter of fact, I don't remember very much about that trip across France. I can remember going through about a million locks, and seeing a bit of Paris on the Seine, and there was a fool of a pilot whom I had to engage to take me down the Rhone. It was all very vague though. I don't want to be poetical or anything, but about the best way

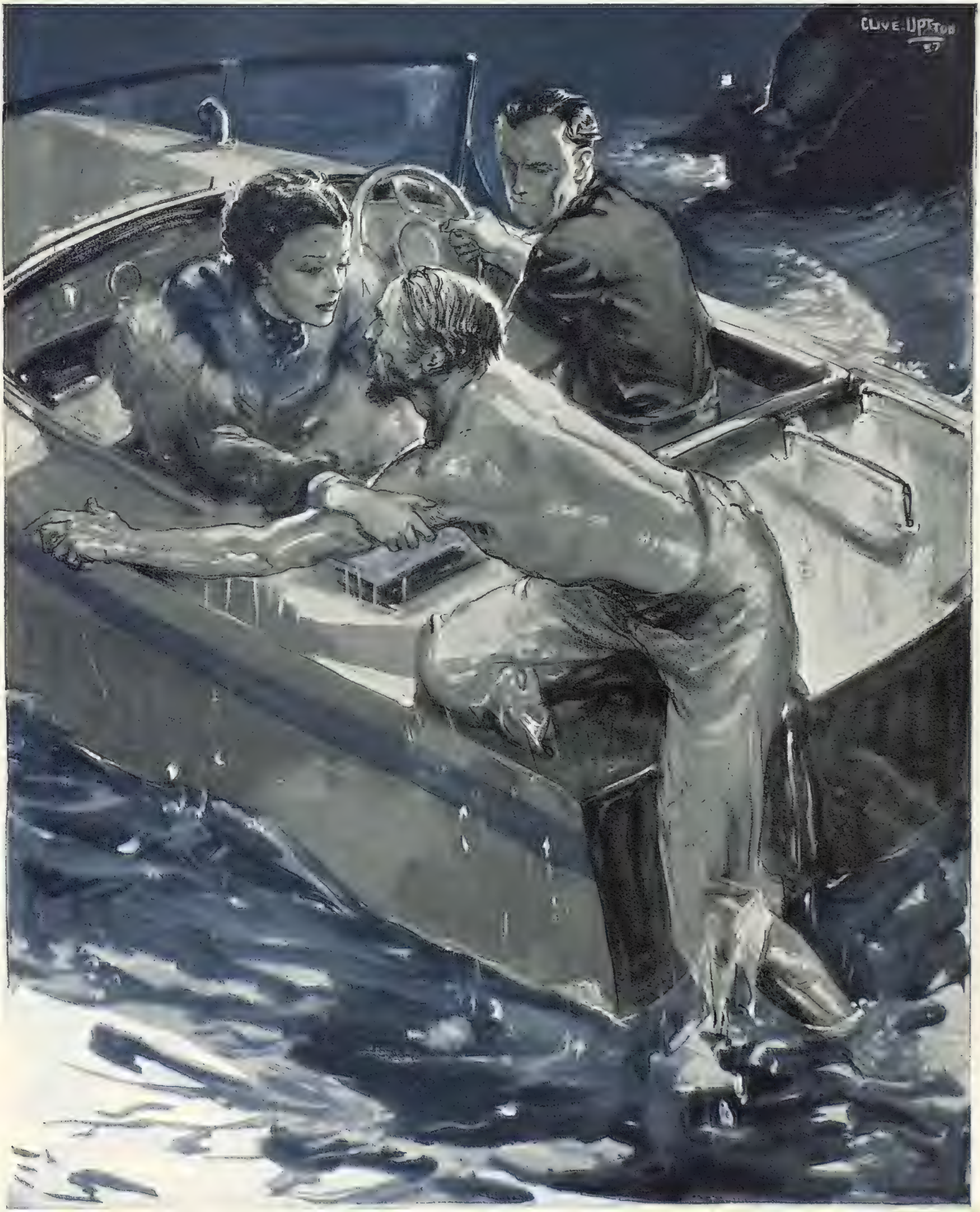
I can describe it is to say that I was in a state of suspended animation until I got round to Nice and tied up in the harbour there.

"IT wasn't too easy at Nice. There were a good many English yachts in the port and lots of English people all over the place whom I had met at some time or other, so that all the time I was there I had to lie low and not put my nose on shore, because I didn't want questions asked about what I was doing there. I thought it was best to be careful, you see. You know what the old *Scarlet Rocket's* like. Seven-eighths of her hull is just engine, and I only had the six-foot cockpit with a tarpaulin over it to live in, but I managed all right. I found myself thinking what it would be like with the lady on board, but of course that wouldn't matter, as it would only be, even running slow, two hours to Espinosa to pick up her husband and then two hours back again. I had the racing props fitted, and I kept every inch of the tanks filled with petrol, and I got in eight spare cans, just in case of emergency, which was all there was room for.

"She came all right. Just after dark one evening I heard her walking very softly along the quay. I knew it was her long before I saw her. I was standing up ready to hand her in to the cockpit as she came alongside. I cast off and we ran

(*Continued on page* 102)

HE came climbing in over the side, breathing very heavily and obviously very exhausted



ROOMS IN

By WINIFRED

The narrow hall takes a new spaciousness when open rails are substituted for the conventional banister

Treatment for a " box " bedroom designed by Doris Howard Robertson. Spaciousness and symmetry are achieved with the rounded end of the wardrobe, the well-balanced curtain treatment and furniture to match the walls

Floodlighting, concealed above the horizontal curtain treatment, distracts the eye from the sloping wall in this attic bedroom. Off-white walls and fitted furniture with scarlet chintz. Doris Howard Robertson

An ugly house, like an ugly face, is something you come by when your particular constellation of stars is unfriendly.

The timid among us are content to let the stars have their way, but the more rebellious spirits get busy doing something about it.

Disguising imperfections of face and form is really very simple, so many systems have been perfected. Disguising an ugly house is simple too, but fewer people know how to set about it.

Optical illusions are constantly created by decorators to disguise ugly architectural features or deficiencies of size. Most of them are simple and all of them are worth knowing of.

Windows often call for treatment. They may be too high, too low, too wide or too narrow. Whichever it is, it can be handled.

If you find yourself burdened with a lanky window that gives your room too much emphasis in one direction—upwards—it is only necessary to fix a pelmet across the top, extending it a foot beyond the frame on each side of the window. Hang the curtains with their *inner* edge just touching the outside edge of the window frame, and leave all the glass exposed. Don't forget to make the curtains full enough to draw across at night and still hang in folds.

On the other hand, if you are afflicted with a squatty window, give it height and dignity by arranging the pelmet so that the lower edge of it reaches the top edge of the window frame. Carry the curtains down to the floor, and if you want more width as well try the widening tactics as above.

Long narrow rooms, small shapeless ones and rooms with awkward bulges are all amenable to treatment—if it's the right treatment.

If you have a room so long and narrow that it resembles a corridor, keep the furniture near to the walls on the long sides, and group it at both ends so that it encroaches on the floor space and cuts short the impression of length.

Keep a very watchful eye on your lighting arrangements if the contours of the room are less than perfect. A lamp to emphasise the presence of good points will also distract attention from poor ones if strategically placed. Never, never expect an ugly room to be anything but ugly while you cling to the central lighting unit.

Mirrors work miracles in the camouflage of bad points. A mirror on a side wall of a long narrow room will increase its width. Mirror panelling around the fireplace of a small square one will increase its apparent size by half.

Fitted carpets make small rooms seem larger so long as they

DISGUISE

LEWIS

Mirrors work miracles in adding spaciousness to the small room. This mirror panelling set between two cupboards gives an importance to a small fire and depth to a very shallow room

Absolute severity was the only choice for this diminutive bedroom. The built-in wardrobe is made low to give more "head room" and the divan bed flanked with low cupboards on either side. The Japanese print gives contrasting height and balance

This is a small window, but the curtain treatment has made it into the dominating feature of the room

are plain in colour, and a room that is large and unfriendly can be made more cosy by substituting a flowered wall covering for a plain one. This only applies if the design is well balanced and the colouring intimate.

High ceilings are comparatively rare in the modern house, but they are still familiar features of older ones, and very unpleasant at times. This defect can be rectified by tinting the ceiling a shade darker than the walls.

At the same time in nearly all but the most exceptional small rooms, a ceiling darker than the walls is fatal to balance and cheerfulness.

The familiar system of arranging large pieces of furniture across the corners of the room is absolutely without virtue, whether a room is architecturally imperfect or not.

This kind of arrangement destroys the symmetry of a room and gives an impression of awkward angles wherever the eye turns. Restfulness and balance are best served by arranging straight-line pieces either parallel or at right angles to the walls.

Rugs, too, should lie at right angles to the furniture—never diagonally.

The "box" bedroom crops up in most homes. To make it attractive and as little as possible like a "dump" is everybody's problem at some time.

First choose a scheme that is light in colour and plain as to surfaces. Make the draperies of light textured fabrics (heavier textures give a choked feeling to a room) and, if you can, let the furniture be painted exactly to match the walls. This way it merges into the background and the eye is conscious of a restful unity.

A bed with high ends will make the room seem smaller than one with low ends or no ends at all. If you object to a divan, a headboard painted to match the walls is a safe choice and attractive.

Colour contrasts may appear in the carpet, chair seats and curtain if the window is large, but *not* in the bedcover.

Rounded corners are often more pleasing in the really small space. An example of this is shown in the picture of the narrow "box" bedroom where the wardrobe has a rounded corner.

If your own home presents a special difficulty, if you wish to rectify some defect, write and tell us about it. We shall be happy to help. Address enquiries to Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

A Matter of Pride

And How it Worked Out in a City where Second-rate Tricksters need First-rate Wits

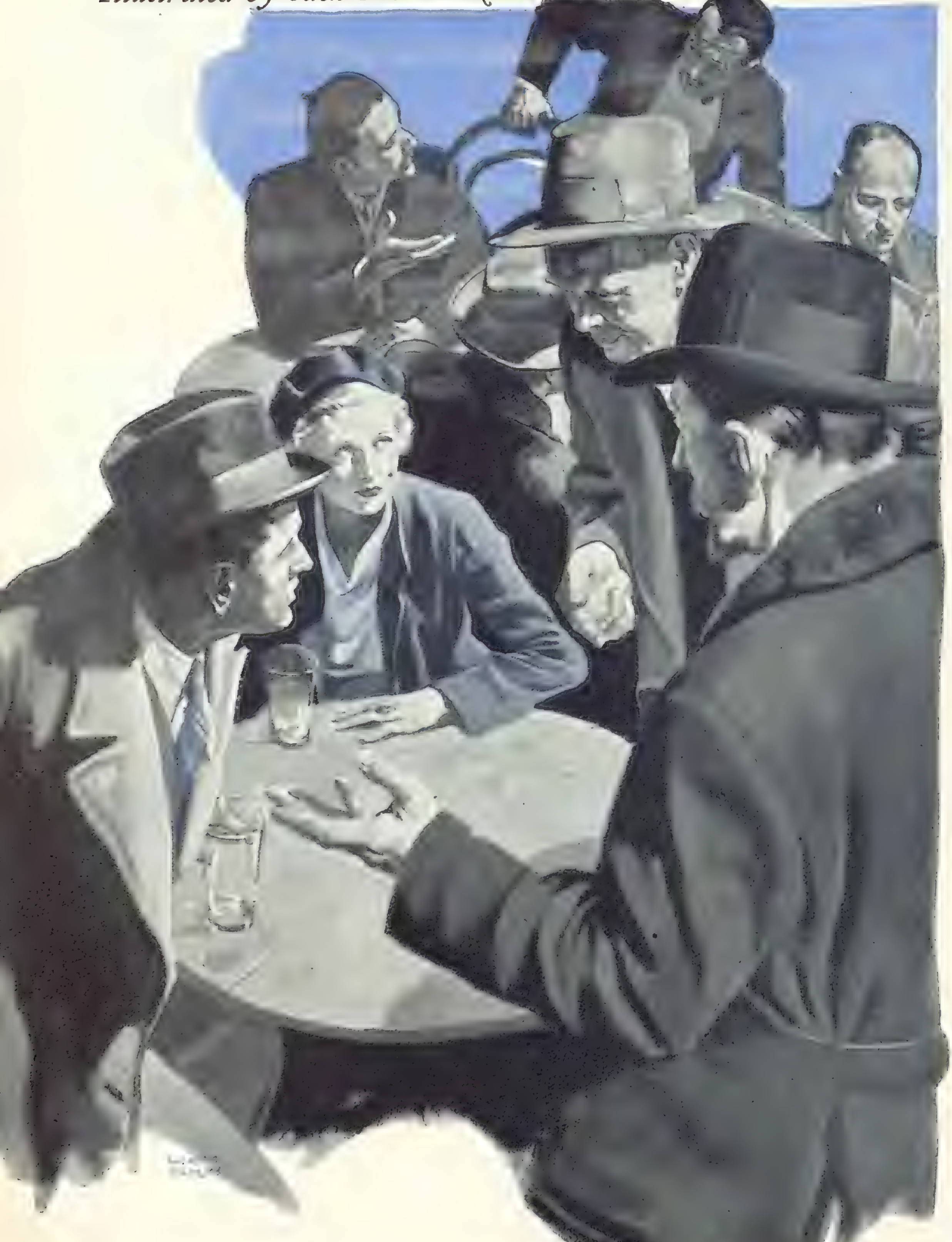
By William C. White

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

AT noon on a warm Friday last January, Ingraham Steward II stepped out of an office building on Kochstrasse, in Berlin. The smile on his face, which passers-by noticed, was more than the expression of a man glad that it was lunch-time; it was a proud smile, with some inner meaning, and it broadened and deepened as he walked along. His whole manner, the way he carried his broad shoulders, the way he flourished his cane, was that of a happy man. At precisely twelve-twenty, he would have broken a record, an all-time record for himself, of having worked steadily at one job for three months.

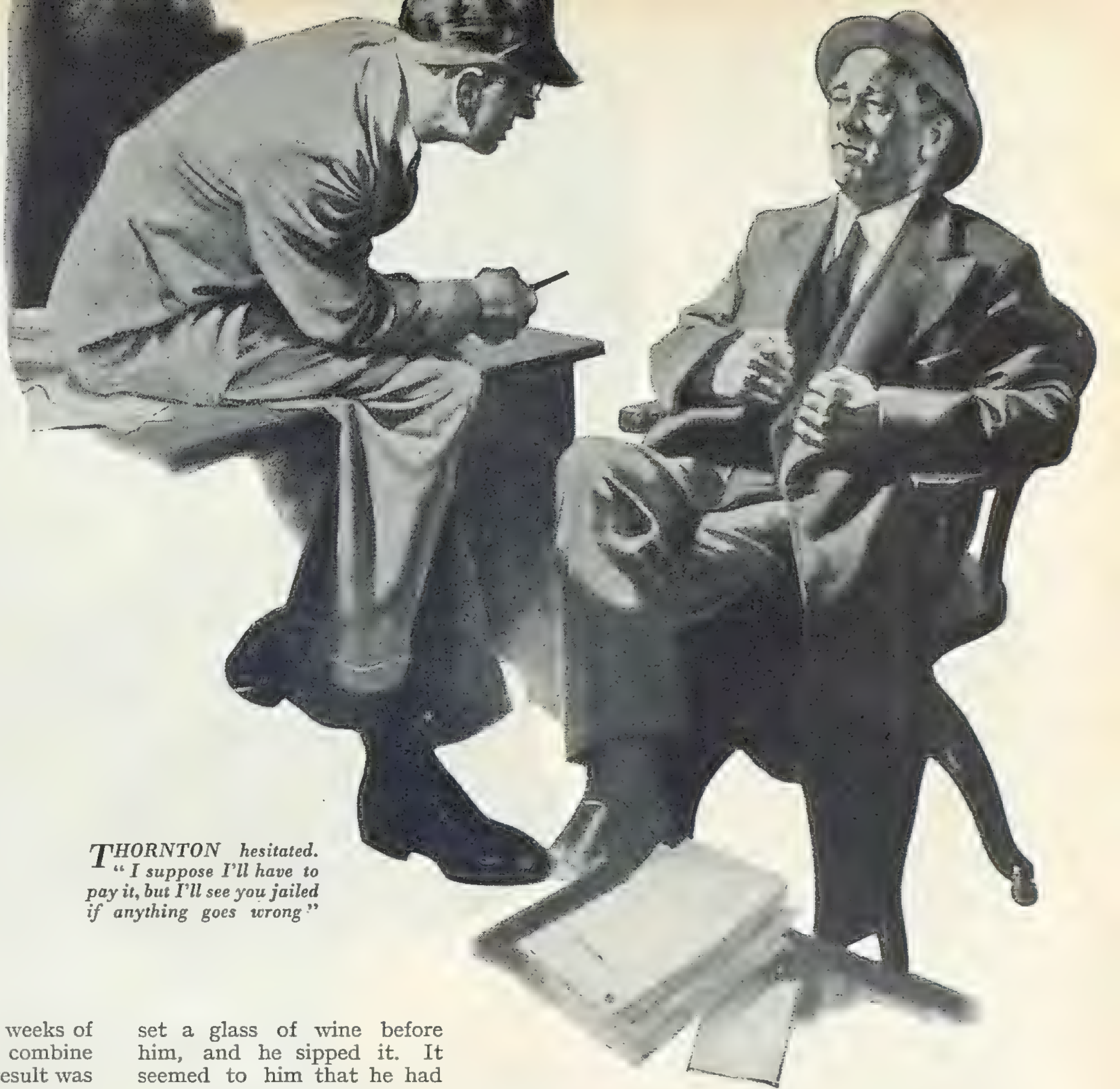
Not once in those months had he failed to report to the Merck Publishing Company for duty as translator; not once in that time, in consequence—and he had to admit that it was pleasant—had he been without money. Not once for three months had any member of the American colony in Berlin been forced to listen to a shoddy story of misfortune, told, of course, in an impressive voice, as a prelude to a request for a few marks. Nor had he had to try any of the three hundred and nineteen other ways a gentleman down on his luck in a European city can get by, particularly when he is a man of fifty, dignified, with an imposing smile, an honest glance, a trustworthy face, and a Manner.

He could be proud of his



WITH greatest courtesy, Steward bowed. "I believe I saw Mr. Foreman lunching at the Adlon to-day?"

record, but even greater pride came from the knowledge that not once for three months had he had to try any of his old tricks of selling American tourists, and particularly newspapermen, "confidential" information or " stolen " documents, or any of the other sundries that sooner or later bring a knock at the door, a few inquisitive visitors, and a one-way ride in a Secret Police car.



THORNTON hesitated. " I suppose I'll have to pay it, but I'll see you jailed if anything goes wrong "

Steward walked to Frederichstrasse, to all appearances the imposing figure of the head of a great firm taking a noonday stroll. A clock ahead marked twelve-twenty. The three-month record was intact, and in his pocket was his pay for the week—sixty marks, eighteen dollars. He thought now of those three months and what they had meant: they had forced him to forgo certain simple pleasures — the pleasure of hanging around the large hotels to see if he could pick up a free meal, a free drink, and possibly a morsel of gossip that might be saleable, and the pleasure of afternoons in little cafés where men gather to talk loudly of politics and softly of rumours of politics. It was impossible to fit the flexible hours of these pursuits to the tight routine of a publishing company; several times in his first weeks of employment he had tried to combine pleasure with business, but the result was a series of threats from Merck, his employer, about " The next time you're late——! "

He reached the little restaurant where he usually dined. It was twelve-twenty-five, and his record was three months and five minutes old. The thought of a heavy midday meal was suddenly unattractive; as an American, stranded in Berlin ten years before, he had never really become accustomed to dinner at lunch time. The thought of a light lunch, with something in aspic, something in salad, and a little cheese, was far more attractive; in a way, he felt that he deserved to celebrate this day. If he were a little late at the office, even Merck would understand what a three-month-old record meant. Before any thought could discourage him, he took a cab and started to the Adlon Hotel.

He entered the hotel, for the first time in three months, feeling even stronger his new pride. It was so easy to recall the times he had entered this hotel without a pfennig, and, by scraping acquaintance with some tourist, had got drink and often food. Now he was in a position to buy his own and to eat without wondering, to the detriment of his appetite, how he could make sure that he would not have to pick up the check. It was a pleasant feeling, like that of a man permitted to stand up at last, permitted to break braces that had gripped his shoulders.

He decided to take a glass of sherry at the bar. The attendant knew him. " You haven't been here for some time, Mr. Steward."

" I have been frightfully busy," he explained.

He sat at one of the little tables, his sense of pleasure increasing. The waiter set a glass of wine before him, and he sipped it. It seemed to him that he had never tasted such sherry.

Then, suddenly, he was conscious of an American alone at the next table. He was the type who, three months and a day before, Steward would have prayed to meet: a young man, alert, well-dressed, obviously a man of wealth, and, from the way he looked at the highball before him, slightly lonely in a foreign city, eager for someone to talk with. Even as he sat here he was probably worrying about his hardware business in Erie, Pennsylvania, or about the difficulties of retailing in Fresno, California. Here was the type of man, Steward knew, from whom it would be child's-play to get a free meal.

It was a temptation. Here was a chance to lunch, if not by invitation, then by any one of a dozen simple schemes. He felt himself the judge between two sets of pleas, punctuating each one solemnly with a sip of wine. On one hand, here was a tempting prospect, a shame to miss; on the other, it might mean that he would be too late at the office. On one hand, his job might not last for ever, anyway, and he had better keep in the practice of cultivating tourists; on the other hand, if he was so proud of a three-month record, he would be prouder of four. From time to time he looked casually at the young man and saw him return the glance. Then Steward heard himself ask, " Just passing through Berlin ? " Such a casual question was so polite.

The young man nodded. " My name's Foreman—from Chicago."

" A charming city." Steward moved to the next table. " I know it well."

Foreman seemed shy. " I wonder, and excuse me, I wonder if you know of any particularly interesting things a tourist can do here."

As a guide to Berlin, there was no one better than Steward. Three months and a day ago Mr. Foreman would have been a gold-mine. Now he felt he could afford a non-commercial interest in the traveller. Knowing that what most lone tourists miss abroad is a chance to talk, Steward let him talk. In ten minutes he knew that Foreman was in the grain business, that he was in Berlin for the first time in his life, that he knew no one in the city, and that he counted himself fortunate in having met with Ingraham Steward II.

" Are you having lunch ? " Foreman asked.

" I was hoping," Steward said with extreme politeness, " that you would be my guest."

" No, no, I insist," Foreman protested. " You probably entertain so many tourists."

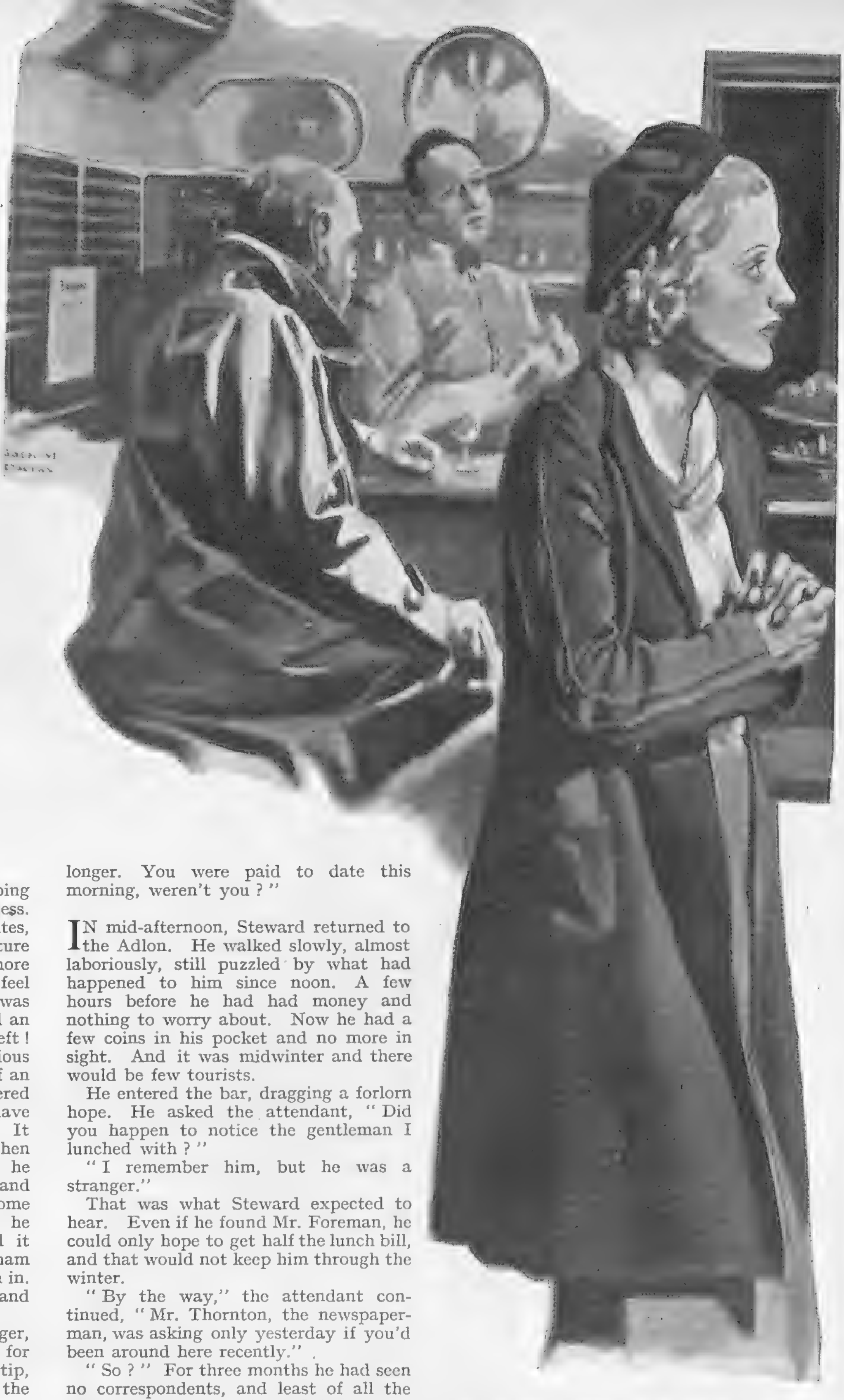
Steward bowed gracefully to stronger insistence, and they went to the dining-room. This was even better than he had dared to hope, and he scoffed at the part of him that had urged no entanglements. Almost subconsciously, at the first sight of Foreman, he had planned how he would get a free meal: he would first suggest lunching together, then he would converse pleasantly until dessert—he never cared enough for dessert anyway—then he would remember a telephone call that had to be made, and he would leave the table and forget to return. That always worked on tourists. Now, as Foreman's guest, any such trickery would be unnecessary; and, better, he would have his celebration lunch and his sixty marks would be intact.

With Foreman doing the ordering, Steward's plan for a light repast vanished. A little soup, a little venison cutlet, with *Preiselbeeren*, "and a bottle of Rudeshimer, 1929 ?" Foreman was asking. "A very fine wine."

For a moment Steward let himself think of his work, but he insisted that he could explain his lateness to Merck. In fact, a substantial lunch would reinforce his courage. "A very fine wine," he agreed. Not for many months, it seemed, had he enjoyed himself so much. As the lunch went on, he told stories of his friends in Berlin, of his contacts with European politics. The drudgery of translating other men's stories was far away. And Foreman added to his pleasure by being properly impressed and properly responsive.

Just before dessert Foreman said, "Will you excuse me for a moment ?"

"Certainly," Steward nodded. He watched the young man leave the room, then lit a cigar, one of the best cigars he had ever smoked. He must see Foreman as often as possible in the next days—any man who could order such a lunch. He sat back in his chair, relaxed, and considered his discontent with a job that paid him so little each week, that cruelly kept him from such simple pleasures as a charming luncheon, pleasant conversation, and a fine cigar.



Then he felt the relaxation slipping away, leaving bare an increasing tautness. Foreman had been gone ten minutes, then fifteen. In an impatient gesture Steward put out his cigar. Five more slow minutes passed, and he began to feel certain that the pleasant young man was not going to return. To have cadged an invitation to lunch and then to be left! In a flurry of panic he became conscious of the time—he was three-quarters of an hour late already—then he remembered the size of the bill; he was a fool to have agreed to such an elaborate lunch. It would be a pity to pay the bill and then to have Foreman reappear. This, he told himself angrily, was retribution, and he remembered the times he had left some host in a like manner. But then, he fancied himself a judge of men, and it hurt his pride to think that he, Ingraham Steward II, of all men, had been taken in. Foreman had such an honest face, and a manner——!

He could not chance waiting any longer, and he called for the bill. It was for fifty marks. He paid it, left a tip, walked away, and made his exit in the grand manner.

Twenty minutes later he entered his office and hurried to his desk. He felt it really beneath his dignity to hurry, but if he did not—— As he was about to sit down, he heard Merck's voice behind him. "I have been wondering when you would deign to return."

"I have had a most unusual experience," Steward began, hoping to make an impression, then feeling dully that nothing could impress Merck.

"You are about to have another one. Your services aren't needed here any longer. You were paid to date this morning, weren't you ?"

In mid-afternoon, Steward returned to the Adlon. He walked slowly, almost laboriously, still puzzled by what had happened to him since noon. A few hours before he had had money and nothing to worry about. Now he had a few coins in his pocket and no more in sight. And it was midwinter and there would be few tourists.

He entered the bar, dragging a forlorn hope. He asked the attendant, "Did you happen to notice the gentleman I lunched with ?"

"I remember him, but he was a stranger."

That was what Steward expected to hear. Even if he found Mr. Foreman, he could only hope to get half the lunch bill, and that would not keep him through the winter.

"By the way," the attendant continued, "Mr. Thornton, the newspaperman, was asking only yesterday if you'd been around here recently."

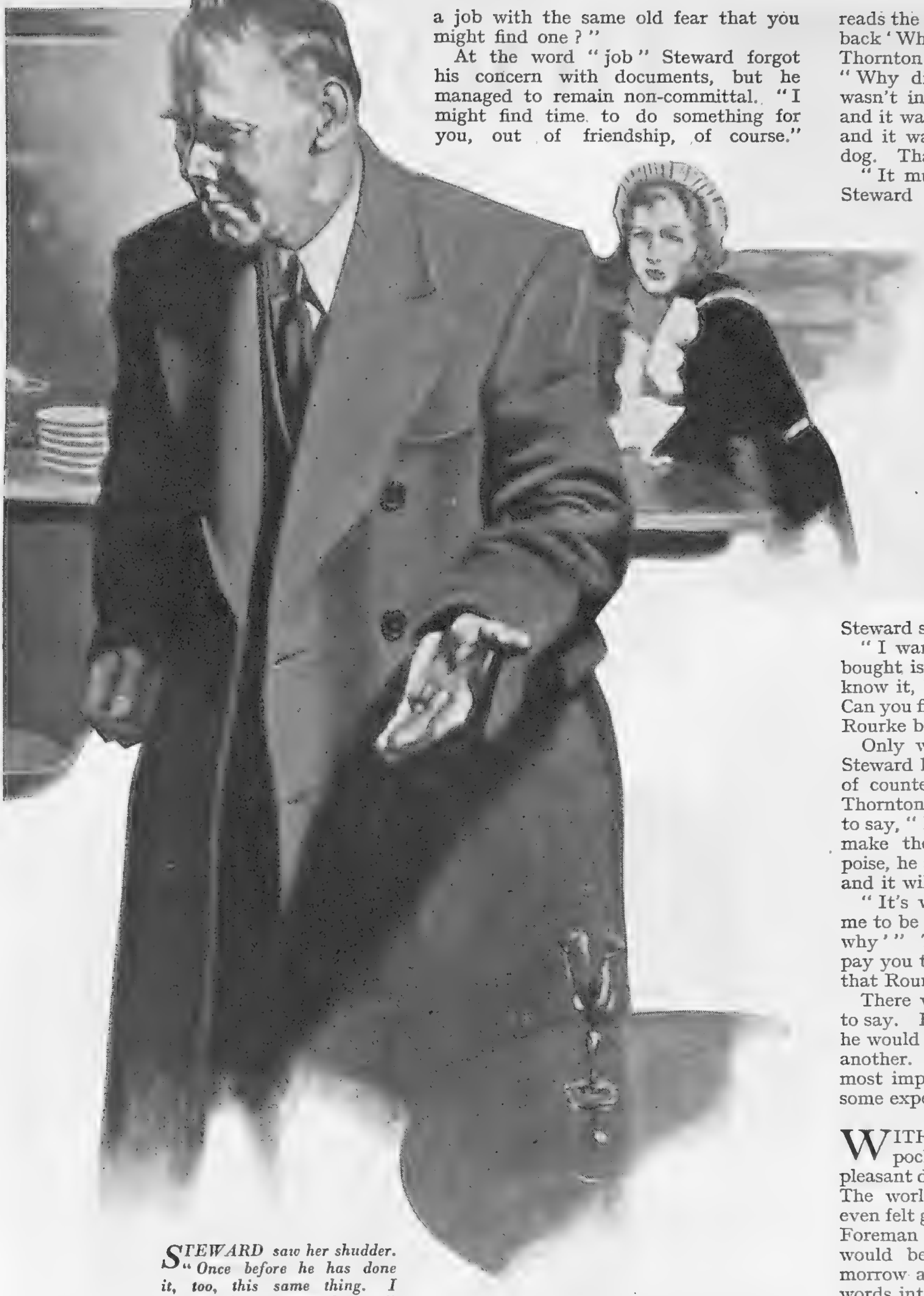
"So ?" For three months he had seen no correspondents, and least of all the alert Mr. Thornton of the Chicago *Post*. Why he should ask for him, Steward could not imagine; their occasional meetings sometimes produced a ten-mark loan, usually given with the pointed inference, "You're a liar, Steward, and I know it." Such meetings were bad for self-esteem, and Steward avoided them except when he needed ten marks more than he needed his esteem. At this moment, he wasted no time calling Thornton.

"He is at the Bristol," a secretary said.

Steward walked slowly up the Linden. Once he would have hurried eagerly, sure of his ability to impress any correspondent by sheer manner. But he had found Thornton a very clever young man, not as gullible as his youth, his unkempt hair, and his studious heavy glasses seemed to indicate. He, Steward decided judicially, had no idea how to treat a man with dignity. He needed a lesson.

Thornton was alone at a table. "I've not seen you for a long time," he said pleasantly. "Been in jail ?"

The young man could use a lesson in manners as well, but this was not the time.



STEWARD saw her shudder. "Once before he has done it, too, this same thing. I can tell from the way he acts"

to give it. "I have been engaged in important business," Steward answered.

Thornton nodded. "That's what I wanted to ask you. It didn't happen to concern some so-called Soviet military papers which Rourke, of the Chicago *Journal*, bought here a month ago?"

Steward shook his head. "I know nothing about that."

"Do you happen to know who does?"

Again Steward shook his head. He was far more concerned with the thought that someone else in Berlin was invading his own special field and supplying counterfeited documents to travelling journalists.

"I thought you might know about it," Thornton said. "You look so prosperous. Are you by any chance looking for a job with the same old fear that you might find one?"

At the word "job" Steward forgot his concern with documents, but he managed to remain non-committal. "I might find time to do something for you, out of friendship, of course."

"Of course," Thornton agreed solemnly. He took a paper from his pocket. "I got this cable the other day." In what seemed gibberish, he continued, "I'm sick of it: why, why, why, why—all the time why." He read the cable. "'Rourke bought them. Why?'" Then he turned to Steward. "Do you happen to know what that 'why' means?"

"I am afraid I do not."

"My managing editor cables it to me every other day or so, and I'm sick of it." Thornton got excited. "It's a reflection on my activity and my common sense." Very simply he explained, "'Why' means 'Where the hell are you?' or 'Are you asleep?' For instance, a week ago Marden, of the *Courier*, cables to his paper, 'Mother in Bavaria has five babies.' I knew the truth about that story and didn't cable it, so my editor reads the *Courier*, gets bothered, and fires back 'Why?' at me at triple press rates." Thornton gestured with a cigarette. "Why didn't I cable it? Because it wasn't in Bavaria—it was in Hamburg; and it wasn't five babies—it was sixteen; and it wasn't a woman—it was a police dog. That's why!"

"It must be very annoying to you," Steward sympathised, trying to see where the "why" concerned him.

"And now this cable about Rourke! I knew he bought some phony Soviet documents when he was here. He takes them home; his paper announces them as a great exclusive story—and I get this cable asking me why I didn't buy them!" Once again Thornton looked sternly at Steward. "You're sure you weren't mixed up in this?"

Steward was positive. "I had nothing to do with it."

Thornton settled back in his chair. "I have to chance that—you are the only person who can help me."

"You mentioned a job," Steward said delicately.

"I want proof that the stuff Rourke bought is phony. I know it is, and you know it, but my editor doesn't seem to. Can you find me the same documents that Rourke bought?"

Only with extreme self-control could Steward hide his elation. To find a set of counterfeit documents and to have Thornton buy them! He was about to say, "I'll get them for you if I have to make them myself." With considered poise, he answered, "It may be difficult, and it will cost you money."

"It's worth three hundred dollars to me to be able to cable my editor 'That's why'" Thornton said bluntly. "I'll pay you that for a look at the same stuff that Rourke picked up."

There was a lot that Steward wanted to say. He wanted to ask Thornton how he would tell one set of counterfeits from another. He contented himself with the most important sentence, "I shall need some expense money immediately."

WITH a hundred marks in his pocket, Steward let himself enjoy a pleasant dinner at an old wine restaurant. The world was good, he decided. He even felt genial toward his memory of Mr. Foreman; but for that gentleman, he would be looking forward to one tomorrow after another of setting English words into German words. Now he was being paid for doing something far more to his taste. He thought over some of the counterfeit papers that had passed through his hands, usually as middleman, in ten years; confidential Reichsbank reports, German plans for infiltration into Czechoslovakia, a series of French military secrets—all of them with one thing in common: they all looked genuine. As he recalled these things, he felt slow anger at the thought of someone entering a field he had always considered uniquely his own. The three hundred dollars from Thornton would be welcome, but no less important, as a matter of pride, was the discovery of the identity of his professional rival. He thought over possible candidates: one of them, he knew, was in South Africa; another was in a Warsaw jail. After due consideration he decided that (*Continued on page 110*)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Arnold Palmer

CECIL ROBERTS, whose novel "Victoria Four-Thirty" will be found exceptionally readable

THERE was a time, in the not very distant past, when novels were seldom less than 288 pages and seldom more than 320 pages in length. During the last year or two it has become the fashion for novels to be twice as long—but as you, dear reader, must have noticed, not necessarily twice as good, or even half as good. While there are obvious reasons why a dramatic piece should play for about two and a half hours, there are no valid reasons why a novel should be of any particular length, and anyone who has given even a little thought to the novelist's art must have wondered why there is such a thing as a normal length for a novel and why the publishers' attitude is so inelastic. If a woman has an interesting experience in the course of the day, she probably relates it to her husband in the evening, and she will enjoy telling the story as well as she can. But, whatever pains she takes, it is safe to say that she will never hamper herself with the reflection that she must take not less than 450 or more than 600 words. Why should she?

Let us salute, therefore, the author and the publisher of a work of fiction called *Gentleman Overboard*, by Herbert Clyde Lewis (Gollancz, 6s.). It contains about one-quarter of the words found in an average novel (and I cannot help wishing it had been possible to issue it at a lower price). But its brevity is no more recommendation than the length of *David Copperfield* or of *Anna Karenina*. The point is that a story has its own innate limits, and that one of the virtues of a good writer is his ability to recognise the scale. Mr. Lewis has found a vivid theme—nothing less than a man's tremendous, unexpected and final experience—and the beauty of his work of creation is precisely this, that the frame fits the content. It seems possible that he has made a study of the methods of Mr. Thornton Wilder; at least, he possesses many of the virtues, and the weaknesses as well, of an author whom he frequently recalls. But I do not propose to explore his origins any more than I wish to describe his plot. The interesting thing, to me, is that he has told, with unusual skill and intensity, a story which ninety-nine writers in a hundred would have ruined by expanding into a full-length novel or compressing to the requirements of a magazine editor.

MR. ARTHUR MILLS has also written a short work of fiction, but whereas *Gentleman Overboard* can only be described as a *conte* (the fact that we haven't got a word for it sufficiently justifies the complaints in my opening paragraph), a book like *French Girl* (Collins, 6s.) is clearly a novel. Mr. Mills is best known as a mystery-monger, but he here shows himself a true novelist both by the resolution with which he has rescued himself from standardisation and by the charm and freshness of his story of young lovers in Paris. I do not know that there is any foundation for his belief that a liaison with a French "adventuress" inevitably results in a man growing careless about his personal appearance; indeed, a girl like Jasmine, a practical and typical Parisian, might be expected to have the opposite effect on a stodgy young Englishman such as Tony. Apart from this underlying doubt, however, I derived great pleasure from Mr. Mills's simple, lyrical little tale. His knowledge of Paris produced a pleasant nostalgia in me, and

Assorted

BERTRAM THOMAS

"Spanish Circus": *by Martin Armstrong*

(Collins, 15s.)

A WELL-WRITTEN account of the careers of King Carlos IV of Spain and Queen Maria Luisa, and of Napoleon's treatment of the Spanish Bourbons, from which ensued the Peninsular War. Mr. Armstrong provides a chapter of history with which most English readers are unacquainted. It well repays study.

"Hotel in Spain": *by Nancy Johnstone*

(Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.)

WITH little money, next to no knowledge of Spain, and no experience whatever of the hotel-keeping business, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone one day decided to build an hotel at Tossa, near Barcelona. This book is not a novel, but an account of an enterprise which was actually carried through and brought to success. Mrs. Johnstone writes so engagingly that her hotel will henceforward, no doubt, be more successful than ever. What the original clients, who fondly believed that they had "discovered" the place, will have to say about it all is another matter. They, like all of us, prefer an hotel to deserve success rather than to obtain it. The managerial view is different. It is pleasant to be able to add that the Johnstones are seeing the war through, and that business is picking up again.

"Quest for Sheba": *by N. S. Pearn and Vernon Barlow*

(Nicholson and Watson, 12s. 6d.)

MR. PEARN undertook, and Mr. Barlow has written the record of, a remarkable journey through South-West Arabia, in search of traces of the Queen who, no less lovely than Helen and Cleopatra, is perhaps the most famed of all women of the East. The photographs are delightful, and possess an unusual air of authenticity.

"The Arabs": *by Bertram Thomas*

(Thornton Butterworth, 21s.)

BY the author of *Arabia Felix*, here is a history of Arabia and the Arabs, a fascinating book replete with the knowledge of a man who has given his life to the mastery of his subject. Mr. Thomas, "the only white man who has served as Prime Minister of an independent Arab State," describes contemporary as well as bygone conditions, King Ibn Sa'ud and King Feisal as well as Muhammad.

I like a man who can tell a love-story (and nothing but a love-story) without sentimentality. The economy of his method suggests that the thriller may be a good school for a writer, if he does not stay there too long.

A little longer, but still short, is Miss Eugenia Wake's *Musical Chains* (Constable, 7s. 6d.). This is the story of a famous violinist who befriends a little boy at a sanatorium and turns him into a great pianist. The plot is extremely slight, and at times (not always intentionally) it becomes ridiculous; but it is wholeheartedly musical, and it transports the reader to a world not very often found between cardboard covers.

AT last we come to a long novel, or what once would have been considered a long novel. There are 409 pages in Mr. Cecil Roberts's *Victoria Four-Thirty* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). The plan of this book is simple, but rather uncommon. Mr. Roberts has invented a peculiarly dramatic boat-train, in which he has placed a number of people, or groups of people, whose fortunes, at first disconnected but tending to merge, he invites us to follow. This has necessitated him, in practice, writing thirteen short stories, each of them broken into two parts. A good deal of ingenuity is demanded by such a scheme, and in some of the stories the fusion is incomplete. But Mr. Roberts has captured the air of romance surrounding all boat-trains, and his novel will be found exceptionally readable.

THE author of *At Last the Island* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) is Miss Margaret Lane, whose previous novel, *Faith, Hope, No Charity*, won for her the Femina Vie Heureuse prize, as well as much admiration. Her new story is about a literary man, a selfish and difficult creature who, having married his housekeeper, transfers his family to a small and inaccessible island in the Mediterranean. It seems to me a conscientious rather than an entirely satisfactory piece of work, and I cannot help wondering if Miss Lane herself was ever quite happy about it. Perhaps the theme is by now a trifle shop-soiled; perhaps it demands higher and more riotous spirits than Miss Lane, with her quiet sense of humour, is endowed with. Whatever the explanation, I am left with the conviction that I have met a good novelist in circumstances which prevented her from appearing at her best. I do not feel at my best either. There is a quality in her work which compels the application of high standards, and I have never discovered a way of indicating that some people's not altogether successful efforts may be much more interesting than the best work of some other people.

At this point in my reading I noticed what you, (*Continued on page* 90)

Ill-Assorted

"The Mansion House": *by Lady Knill*

(Stanley Paul, 15s.)

THE foundation stone of the Mansion House was laid one hundred and ninety-eight years ago, and for 184 years it has been the home of successive Lord Mayors of London. Lady Knill does not always tell us the things we want to know, but it must be admitted that she has restricted her volume to a convenient size, and she imparts without oppressiveness a great deal of useful and interesting information. There are numerous photographs of the apartments.

"More of Us": *by Gilbert Frankau*

(Hutchinson, 6s.)

ONE OF US, a novel in verse which at once borrowed from and parodied Byron's *Don Juan*, must have been almost the first of Mr. Frankau's successes. Certainly there will be many readers who can recall nothing earlier of his. Now, after a long interval, he continues both experiment and story. He is as ingenious and dashing as ever—but some of us, alas, are older! We had not realised how much older.

"Hollywood Through The Back Door": *by E. Nils Holstius*

(Bles, 10s. 6d.)

FOR reasons which may be left to the reader to discover, the author of this book decided to enter Hollywood without his own name, and without any of the introductions of which he might have availed himself. His adventures make excellent reading. Sometimes we seem to detect the practised hand of the novelist arranging his material more neatly than Fate's clumsy fingers are wont to do. Sometimes, too, his story is vitiated by a sentimentality which must have stood him in good stead when at last he got to Beverly Hills. But his vivid and informative pages have more than entertainment value; they help us to understand why the films are as they are.

"An Encyclopædia of Pacifism": *Edited by Aldous Huxley*

(Chatto and Windus, 6d.)

A SUMMARY of, and pointers to, the Pacifist arguments, arranged under alphabetical headings. Presumably designed for the assistance of public speakers, the little book is worth anyone's time. Some of the opinions are less axiomatic than their originators suppose, and would be the better for support. But one cannot say everything in 128 pages. Mr. Huxley has collected enough, heaven knows, to scare the stoutest.

E. NILS HOLSTIUS

MISS N. BRYSSON MORRISON, author of "When the Wind Blows," the scene of which is laid in Scotland, a hundred years ago

MISS MARGARET LANE, whose latest novel, "At Last the Island," a conscientious rather than an entirely satisfactory piece of work

ARE YOU AN ACID PERSON?

There Are Life-Juices That Will Cure You

I expect Bernard Shaw is one of the very few unacid people. And that is because, although he is 81, he has lived on a simple light diet all his life, with a fair quota of fresh air and exercise, and no nicotine and alcohol.

No, I am not saying that you should live like it, because few of us are born ascetics; and very few of us could write plays or books on sociology without a quiet puff or a cheering drink or so.

But every other person I meet is either

Acid by heredity;
Acid through overwork;
Acid because their life is sedentary;
Acid because they have too little to do.

If this sounds unsympathetic, I strongly suspect it is because I'm a very, very acid person too.

Now to tackle the problem. If you are suffering from acidity, shown in one of its many forms as indigestion, lassitude, rheumatism (gout and similar ailments), heartburn, thick skin, obesity, rashes, or scurfy scalp, the first step towards a cure is to discover what is generating the poison.

Call on your dentist and have an X-ray of your teeth. Remember that bad teeth will cause acidity and acidity bad teeth, all in a vicious circle. Anyway, a visit to the dentist first is essential.

Next consider your family history. If your forbears drank or worked too hard, you are sure to have been born acid. The first will show in gout or rheumatism, also rashes; the second in an easily upset digestion.

There is no doubt that "family acidity" is the hardest to cure, particularly in the case of rheumatism. It demands a systematically and rigidly controlled diet, and the absolute avoidance of provocative foods.

Are you bolting your food and feeding at irregular intervals? Do try to keep to a definite meal-time and eat very little if you are in a hurry. Don't bolt. Food that is not chewed forms acidity.

Are you over-eating? Unless you are taking tremendous physical exercise, the following is ample for any man or woman a day: 5 oz. meat (or 8 oz. fish—fresh fish, not salt), 3 pints milk, 2 lb. vegetables (not including potatoes), 1 lb. fruit, half a loaf bread, 2 oz. butter, 3 oz. cream or other cheese, 1 egg and at least 3 pints of water.

Over-eating leads to acidity.

Breakfast should be light, and preferably of fruit. Lunch should be light, if you are the breadwinner and can only snatch a half-hour or so. Dinner, when work is behind you, should be the heaviest meal of the day.

What is your ration of fresh air and exercise? It should be at least one hour a day. And that is not counting running for buses on the way to the office, or standing in tube jams; but running on a tennis court, swimming, rowing, or walking over the heath. Even gardening doesn't count in exercise, unless you are mowing a lawn, for it is unrhythmic and too slow.

Cultivate a healthy regard for draughts; and do air your sheets, especially now that Autumn is coming. Damp and draughts foster colds—in the joints, in a nerve, in the head or in the stomach. Colds engender acids.

Lastly, worry and strain make more acid than all the rest put together, but no one can tell you how to settle that but yourself. Just remember that, however bad the situation, making yourself ill won't do any good.

Now for a royal cure to all ills.

Well, if you follow the very simple rules I have laid out above—for it is no use taking a remedy unless you also stop creating the poison—I think one of the following Life-juices will cure you, or perhaps combining two will do the trick. They are German; the cost amounts to about 5d. a day; one bottle will last five doses, or five days, and must not last longer than that, for the juice decomposes. Only one dose is taken daily, just before the principal meal, either neat or very slightly diluted with water, or water and honey.

These juices are pure plant or tree juices, expressed direct from the plant, freshly gathered, into the bottle, without contamination from the air, or sterilisation by heat, or alcoholic or chemical preservatives. That is why, once opened, the bottle must be finished or thrown out within five days, as these juices are—as near as is possible—*still living*.

Work the juices well round the mouth so as to start the process of digestion before they are swallowed. They can do no good unless they are masticated, as it were, for they are concentrated foods.

Juice of Birch is strongly alkaline and swiftly neutralises uric and other crystalline

(*Continued on page* 117)

see your dentist

take long walks

BACK TO NORMAL SKINS

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Dazzlingly painted by the Sun, Ozone, and Fun, a woman's face exceeds all expectation the first week she is back from holiday. Friends cry: " Why, you look splendid!" Strangers wish to become her friends at once. She reigns supreme in her circle.

But the second week . . . something goes behind the brilliance, and the lovely sun-tan health effect begins to look harsh—like seaweed out of water—cracks appear, patches, lustre has gone, and the terrifying back-to-normal process is on.

Is on for the woman who doesn't mind looking off colour. But the woman who keeps a perfect front knows how to manage her resources. Changes, but keeps radiant changing. Acknowledges no in-between stages.

And here are some of the latest tricks. Let us first examine the principles behind them. To do that, remember that tan is not only a process of pigmentation, but also a process of burn. Directly the pigmentation disappears, the burn is well to the fore. So *feeding* is the first primciple.

Feed the skin well, and it does not matter how pigmentation goes, because the top surface is vital and has bloom, instead of being impoverished and lifeless.

Feed well, and no tell-tale cracks will appear. And there is every danger after a summer holiday that any cockling-up of eyes or other sun grimaces will leave thread marks that become permanent wrinkles.

Against this, and for really unbeatable skin-renewing, there is a food—I cannot call it anything else, although it is in the form of a cream—extracted from skin-forming glands.

First, the extracts are conducted, as it were, on a very penetrative agent, so that the cream is quickly absorbed and carries the food straight into the blood stream. Secondly, these extracts are not from what we will call the life-reproducing glands, but from the glands that directly govern the *renewal of skin and skin-growing*. I have proved it to be good.

This, then, for bedtime. Pat it in, a smear at first, and then rather a lavish helping.

For day, a very liquid but instantly drying cream can be used under the make-up foundation. Delicious isn't the word. The only trouble is this balm is so pleasant that unless you take a firm hold on yourself you will be inclined to use half the pot at a time.

In dips the finger, on goes the cream and vanishes, with a most cooling sensation. The cheek is like a rose-petal after it, and it produces a most whitening, smoothening appearance, instantly youthifying—a luxury.

There is no stickiness left whatever. Apply it generously to the brow, for a fair brow is becoming and gives a lift to the face. And if you are fastidious and extravagant, apply it to the hands. The cream is vitamin-charged and carries on the good work of feeding.

On top of this apply a wash, that is really a liquid powder, but that flows on over the skin as though it were transforming it to silk. It will tint you any colour you wish. I believe there are sixty-six shades.

It is absolutely even; and again you will have the sensation of coolth and of having nothing on. It holds the top powder perfectly and is, in every sense, an elixir. Powders, of course, you will choose as you bleach.

But with the treatment described above there is no fear of patchiness or that fading look; the skin will be resilient, fine-textured, and smooth-lit at every curve. And by applying one of these shell washes you can either keep your tan to its highest pitch, if it suits the weather and your clothes, or you can revert to ivory, blush rose or lily, as you choose.

White In A Week

If you want to bleach right down to pre-summer fairness in a week, a firm of famous beauty specialists have devised a preparation which empties the skin-pores of pigmentation while it acts as an emollient.

The complexion is bleached and nourished at one and the same time.

This preparation is painted over the face and can be left on at night.

It acts as a make-up foundation during the day; is antiseptic, soothing and beautifying.

WOMAN'S TALK: By JEAN BURNUP

Fashion notes gate-crash this page this month, because there is no room for them in their own section.

Your new hat first. It must be high, with a swept-up brim in front or at the side. Please don't say you can't wear it, because you can. Little nonsense hats, I agree, are for the few, but these new hats look good on any shape of face and head. Everything is up. Even the turn-down parts of large berets turn sharply up.

The coat rage is a bulky . . . that is, a hip-length, boxy, chunky jacket. It is the coat of a suit with a straight, tight skirt. It is a separate coat over a slim dress. It is an overcoat to a tweed suit.

Country and travel coats also hang loose, unbelted, full. Mostly, they are seven-eighths length. You can go the limit in plaids for these, in every colour imaginable, and plaids a foot square.

All tweed colours are gay and bright, mixing experimentally like new cocktails. As . . . a plum heathery short jacket over a slate-blue skirt and mahogany blouse, a navy long coat and skirt and vivid violet waistcoat; plum and green, purple and green, a green and yellow check coat over a brown skirt; oxblood brown with bright blue or dull red plaid.

All the time, it is check or plaid coat over plain skirt, plain coat over plaid skirt, vivid colour contrast for coat and skirt.

Jackets are a little longer than last season, revers high, shoulders still square. Skirts are straight and tight, or slightly swinging, or with the usual careful box, knife or inverted pleats strategically placed.

Digby Morton does four box pleats centre front and back. Glenny makes a gem of a grey suiting skirt with a straight back and a trouser front, only you wouldn't know it. It is worn with a beigey tweed coat, the idea being to copy a man's grey bags and sports coat.

A better piece of man-copying is the waistcoat which abounds on tweed outfits, in the same or a contrast colour, usually with a satin or taffeta back.

Day frocks have a high bust line—separate gathers beneath each breast—then a smooth diaphragm, then a normal waist (easier to wear than it sounds). The skirts go gently to hem fullness from slim hips. Colours . . . mulberrys, cherrys, navy, black, rich mahoganys and oxbloods, queer greens—all the shades from cyclamen into violet.

The big evening dress sensation is the shorter in front line. This is no longer a try-out, as on some full skirts last spring but a definite fashion for the slender, draped type of dress.

I had always thought that dressmakers adored to work for slim or semi-slim women. That we showed off their clothes better, were easier to work for. My dressmaker says not. It is the fat women she likes to make for, the fat women who give the least trouble. We are the bores who insist on perfect cut and fit. Fat women are so grateful, if you make them look at all possible, that half an inch or so out here and there doesn't worry them at all.

Just the point of view of a little woman around the Grosvenor Street corner. I don't expect Mainbocher would agree.

Jaeger's have come along with a saucy new knitting wool trick that takes all the bother out of the preliminary stages of knitting, and is full of other advantages too.

It is a bumper ball of wool, cellophane wrapped, in one continuous thread, and in various weights. You buy a ball containing enough wool for the garment to be knitted, so there is no waste, no winding, no joins, and the assurance of uniform colour.

One of life's smaller shocks is the sight of a woman, *soignée*, obviously fastidious in detail, taking up an elegant powder-box and powdering her nose with a disreputable little piece of passé swansdown.

The reason is that most women believe swansdown puffs are a nuisance when new, and only stop shedding themselves about the face, hair and clothes when they are mature and broken in.

That is not the fact. You can easily season a new swansdown puff yourself, this way. Smear some cream on the palm of your hand and rub the puff lightly in it, all over. Dip it in some powder, and shake out sharply.

Credit for this piece of intelligence to Miss Whittaker, attractive, supple-fingered masseuse at the Cyclax salon.

At the left of this photograph, you will see a stocking which, apart from its quality, perfect fashioning, translucent texture, has something new to say, and says it very wittily indeed. The foot and heel reinforcement is black, a black thread is woven into the back seam, the rest is the usual beigey tan.

The effect is startlingly good. At first sight you appear to be wearing the sheerest black silk stockings—only if they were black, your ankles would not look so nude, as there would be a gunmetal tinge.

At first and second and every sight your ankles and legs are unbelievably slimmed by the contrast of dark heel patch, back seam and nude leg.

Furthermore, these stockings are grand wearers. They come also in brown and navy, cost eight and eleven, answer to the name of "Trotteur," and are starred in the Elbeo stockings range.

The other stocking is the Elbeo "Ultra," a one-thread evening stocking of gossamer fineness. Most of the sheer stockings we know are made in two thread. So you can imagine these. (The thread number in stockings is like the ply in wool.) They aren't stockings, in fact. They are cobwebs.

With careful putting on and taking off and washing, they are not really extravagant at 12s. 6d. a pair.

Elbeo also make an everyday stocking called "Crown" at six and eleven, which combines fine gauge with lasting qualities, which is as near stocking heaven as any woman can hope for.

HOUSEWIVES' HERITAGE

Vital discoveries are not always acclaimed with trumpets. This is especially true of discoveries in the domestic sphere.

For years inventive brains have been piling up ways and means of reducing the drudgery and increasing the fun of keeping house. So much so, that drudgery is now a myth, or should be, if you are abreast of the times. The problem is keeping abreast . . . getting the low-down. Here it is, a legacy of comfort and ease. Housewives, help yourselves.

Heading the procession of good tidings is news about bamboo furniture. Yes, it is the same bamboo they used for plant-tables and overmantels in Victorian drawing-rooms, and it is still the strongest, the most amenable, and the lightest of woods for making some kinds of furniture.

To-day, they are moulding it into modern shapes. Easy chairs of the hammock persuasion, superbly sprung—lighter than feathers; elegantly modelled trolleys; tables. Take a look at it; it is cheap.

Get visions of rusty iron gates out of your mind and think of graceful, gaily-coloured chairs and tables that seem almost too elegant for the lawn. That is the new wrought-iron furniture.

First, they twist it into graceful forms, then they cast some spell upon it that makes it superbly comfortable, and after that they cellulose-paint it to make it rustless as well as pretty, and just because it *is* wrought iron, you can leave it out of doors in all weathers. That means English weather.

Blankets are near the head of this list of inheritances, because the blankets I am telling you about come under several vital headings. Comfort, hygiene, health—and so on.

The newest process for making blankets out of fleece preserves the natural medical properties of the wool. Perhaps you thought wool had not any medical properties. Well, it has.

The blankets prepared by this new system are so light you hardly realise they are blankets at all. They are porous, too, and you sleep under a light covering and still get all the warmth and ventilation that is going.

Just to make solid virtues more attractive, they make these blankets in various nice colours, and give them a smooth, silky texture.

Inheritance for the kitchen is vitreous enamelled cast-steel ovenware; it sounds simpler if you call it coloured steel. Looking at casseroles, pie-dishes, plates and ramekins, you would never guess they were not china or earthenware. The inside is dazzling white, the outside coloured and glazed. Underneath the colours are all the solid qualities of cast steel. Food won't scorch in these receptacles, and you can't break them.

If you do not own a fitted kitchen cabinet—and plenty do not—you will be glad to hear of the fitment called a Cereal Rack, which disposes once and for all with that hotch-potch of jars in the larder.

This coloured metal fitment can be fixed to the wall, and has a row of glass drawers each designed to contain a supply of cereal in hygienic, damp-proof and yet visible condition. If your kitchen is too small for a fitted cabinet, this fitment will prove a boon.

For people who prefer to make their own mayonnaise and hate the trouble it always takes to make it smooth, there is news in a mixer that is cheap and absolutely reliable.

The whole art of good mayonnaise is in the steadiness with which the oil is added to the other ingredients. This mixer allows the flow of oil to be controlled. Hence good mayonnaise.

Here is one of the latest and best electrical devices for lightening the domestic task. An electric cooker that enables you to prepare grills and other simple dishes right at the table. For people who take hurried breakfasts or bachelor women who want meals without trouble, it solves many cookery problems.

The cooker is like an inverted frying-pan. You first put the bacon and eggs, chops, sausages, fish or savoury on to a plate, cover it with the cooker as you might with a dish-cover, and switch on. In no time the dish is prepared, and you remove the cover and eat.

You can plug-in to any lighting- or heating-point, and you are using only half a unit of current per hour. You can use the cooker as a water-heater, toaster, plate-warmer, and, with the additional aid of the casserole, which costs extra, cook small joints.

Domestics with St. Vitus's Dance, and just ordinary people with fingers that china slips out of, are surely to be thanked for the discovery of a sticky stuff that really does stick.

Probably the inventor got so weary of hearing "it just slipped out of my hand, ma'am," that he invented it in sheer self-defence. Anyway, you can now stick china and you can stick glass. You can stick on knife-handles and tiles that have come loose. In short, you can stick practically anything that wants sticking—and plenty of things do.

Sticking is not so far removed from cleaning when you consider; and here is a cleaning-powder for the home that will do good things to your temper, and even better ones to your bill at the cleaners.

First get grease off the chair-covers, fruit-stains off the

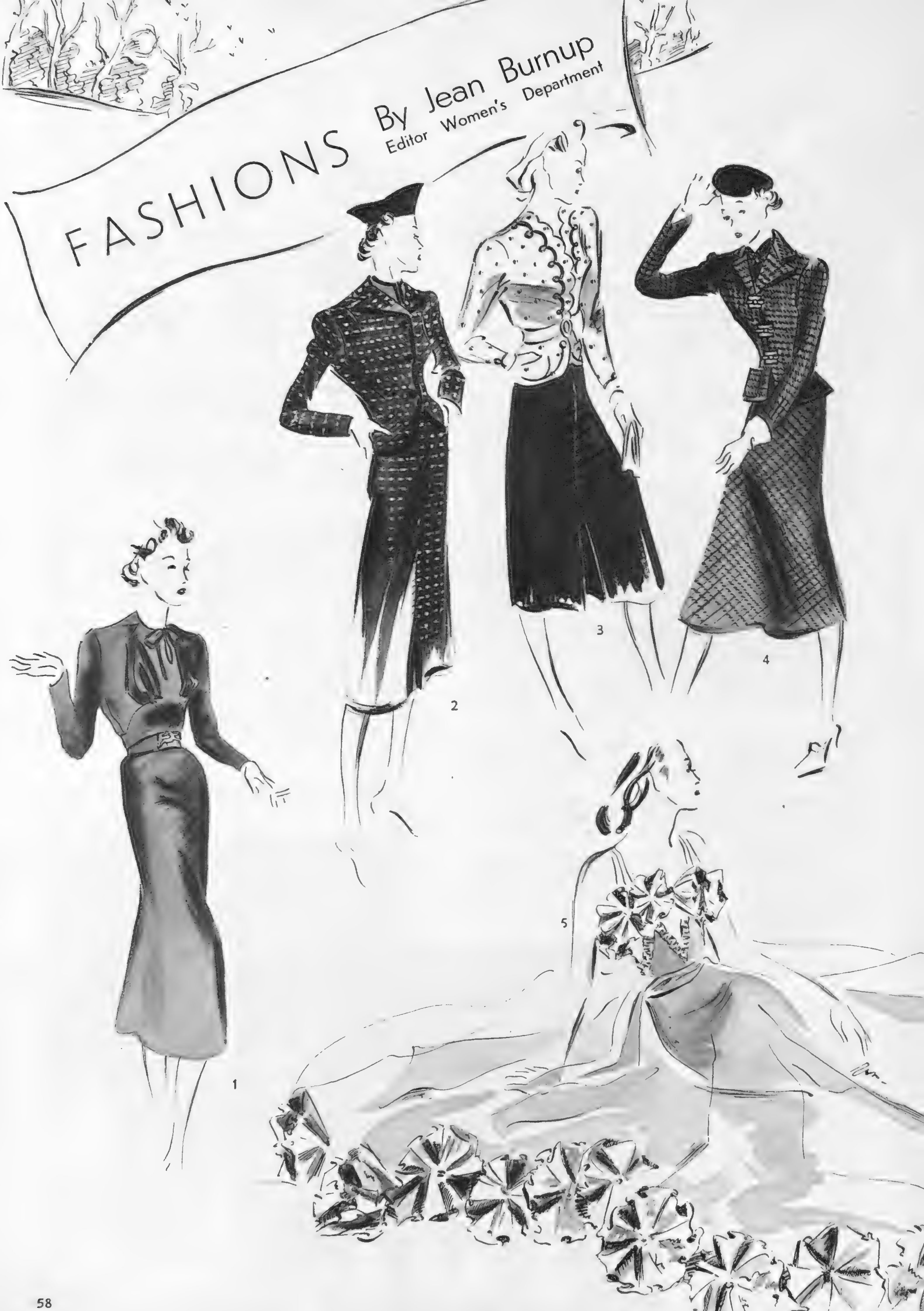
(*Contd. on page* 86)

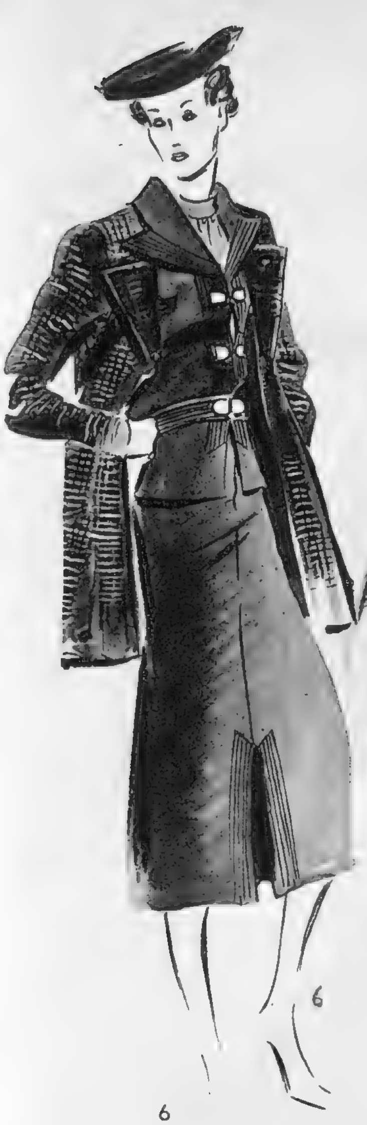
Further details of any of the things mentioned, on application to Editor, Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Department





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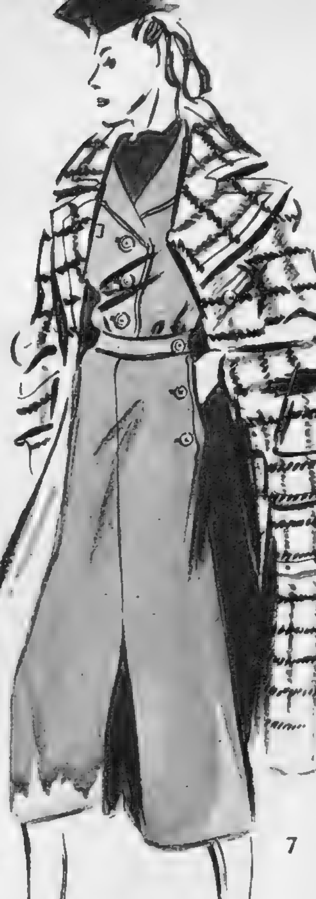

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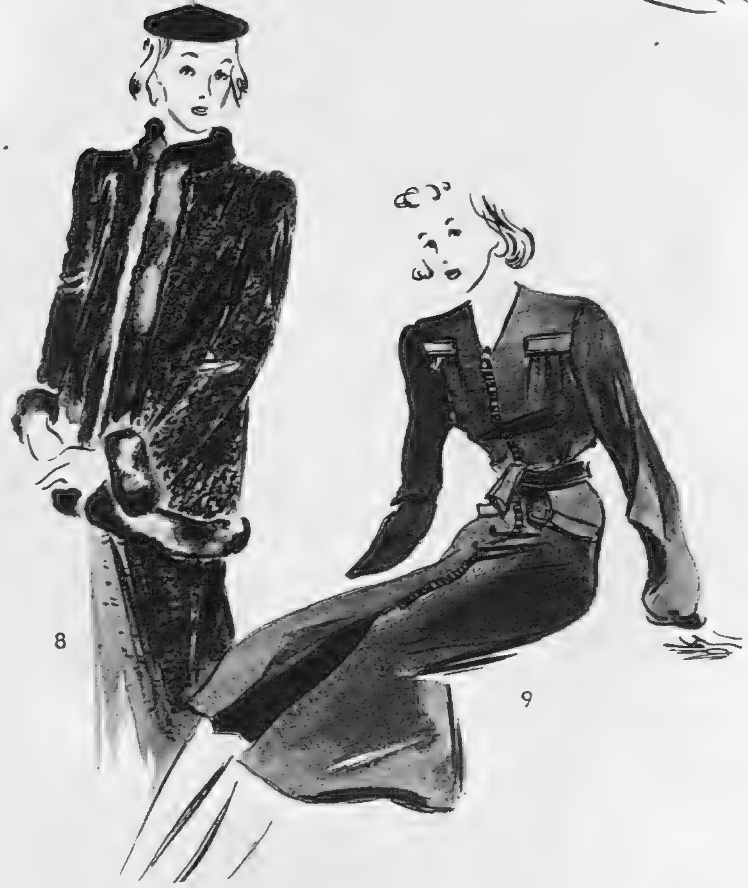

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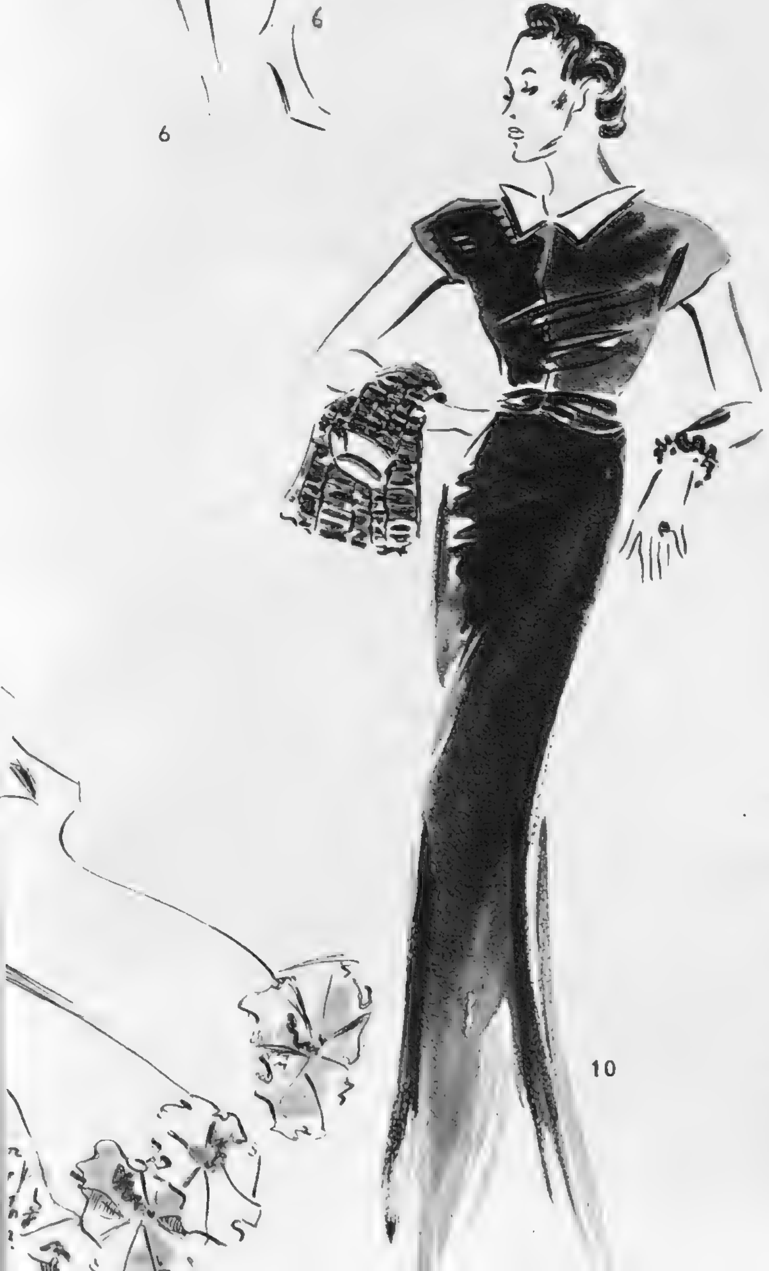


10

1. The gathered fulness of this high bust line slenders diaphragm, waist, hips. At the back, bodice fulness is focussed at the centre waist beneath a crossed-over belt. The fabric, in a new dull green, is cashmera wool, which fits and hangs angelically. *Spectator Model.*

2. A plain black bind gives distinctiveness to a black and white striped tweed suit. Its high-neck blouse, also black bound at the edges, is mustard-yellow velour. *Dorville Model.*

3. The scalloped fronts of a green angora jacket are followed with a twist motif of black braiding. Black angora skirt. *Wolsey Model.*

4. A tweed suit which has a quick something . . in its colour—ox-blood checked with royal blue and brown—in its skirt movement, the high revers of the jacket, the blue leather fastenings. The tight fitting blouse is cashmera wool again, with a twist at the neck. *Spectator Model.*

5. White chiffon for the brown skin you brought back with you, and because it is high in favour just now, and because it is always gorgeous. The wide swirling skirt rustles and moves importantly by reason of the big taffeta ruchings, echoed on the bodice. *Liberty.*

6. The crêpy boxy coat makes its bow in yellow and emerald check on a mahogany ground, the jacket and skirt are mahogany tweed trimmed with attached straps, and dull gold double hook fastenings. The gathered vest is emerald silk jersey. *Matita Model.*

7. One of the new big checks makes a swinging, unbelted overcoat in shades of mushroom, chartreuse, grey, scarlet. The dress is mushroom wool, piped with chartreuse, with burnt-clay buttons. *Matita Model.*

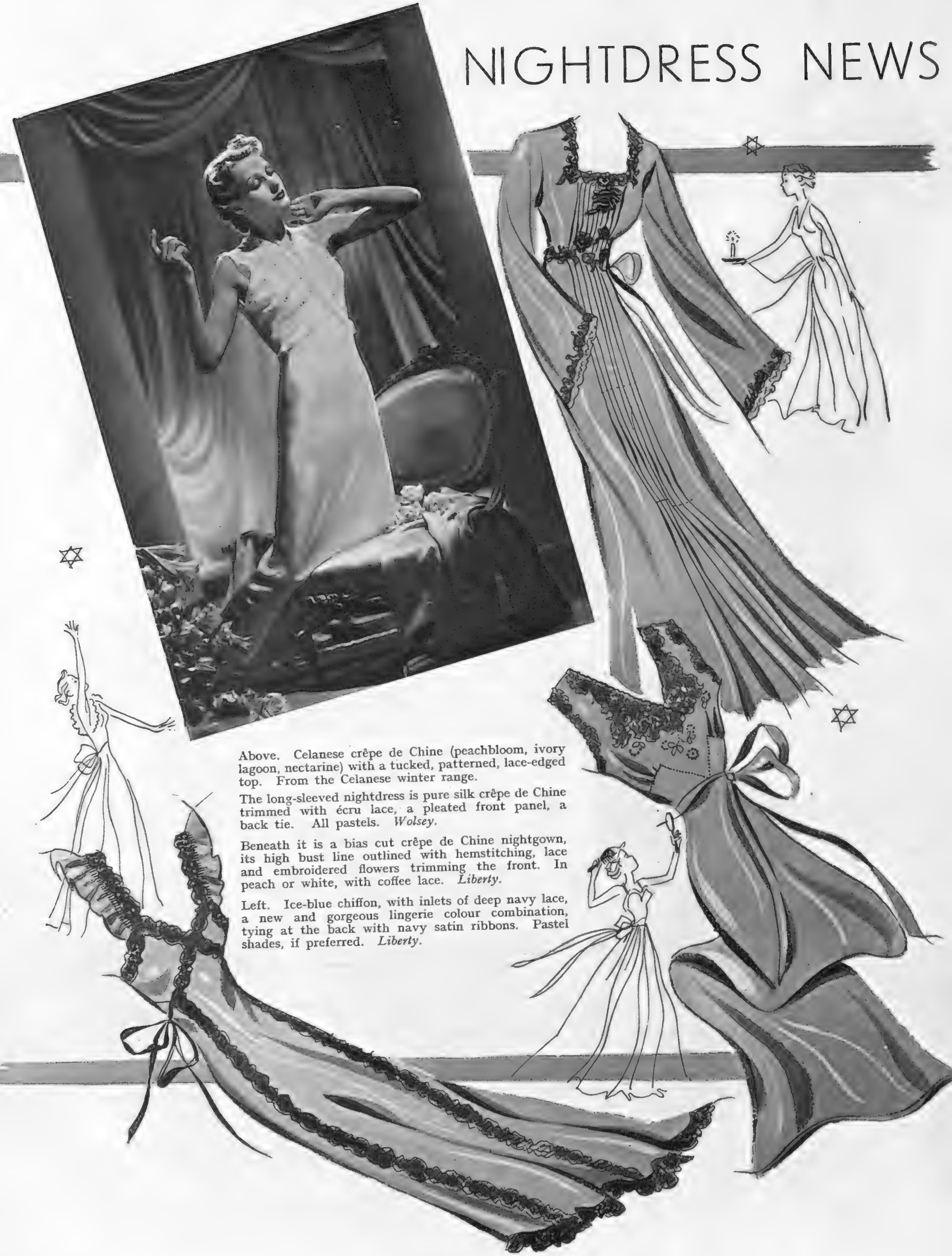
8. The boxy jacket again in rough ox-blood bouclé, made towny with beaver edgings. The skirt is straight, slender. *Jaeger.*

9. The perfect casual dress in rust wool, with a royal blue zip coming down to a pleat at the knees. The back of the bodice has a yoke with slightly pouched fulness to the waist. *Jaeger.*

10. Black heavy crêpe dinner dress with a low V back, and piqué over the little half collars. The accompanying ruched bolero has piqué cuffs. *Rose Taylor.*

Wolsey, Spectator, Dorville and Matita models can be bought at most good shops. They are not expensive. The Wolsey model, for instance, costs £3.3.0. Jaeger and Liberty, whose individuality in clothes rates as high as their deserved prestige, are almost next door to each other in Regent Street. Rose Taylor has a beautiful shop in Grosvenor Street. The American Department is commended to you.

NIGHTDRESS NEWS



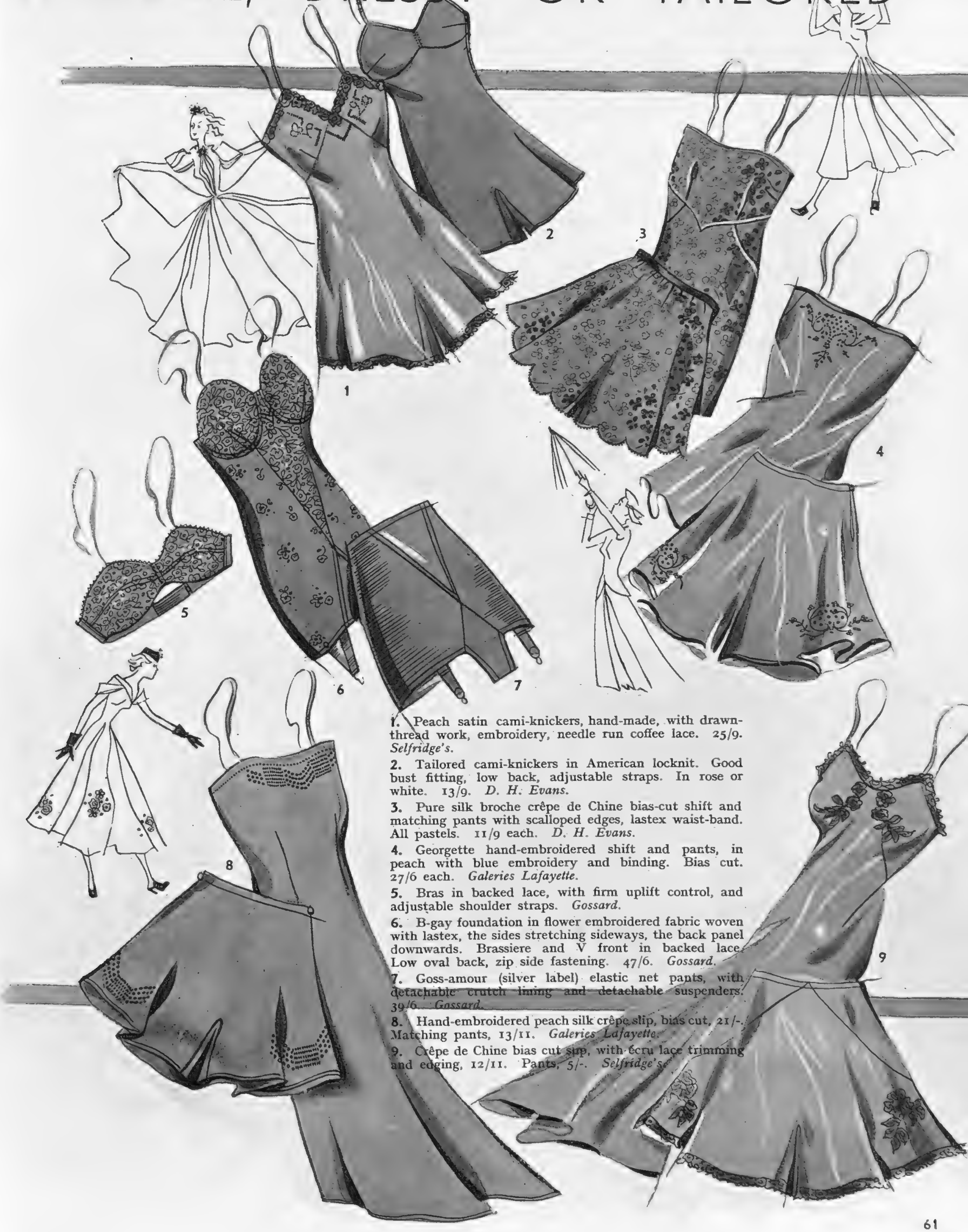
Above. Celanese crêpe de Chine (peachbloom, ivory lagoon, nectarine) with a tucked, patterned, lace-edged top. From the Celanese winter range.

The long-sleeved nightdress is pure silk crêpe de Chine trimmed with écru lace, a pleated front panel, a back tie. All pastels. *Wolsey.*

Beneath it is a bias cut crêpe de Chine nightgown, its high bust line outlined with hemstitching, lace and embroidered flowers trimming the front. In peach or white, with coffee lace. *Liberty.*

Left. Ice-blue chiffon, with inlets of deep navy lace, a new and gorgeous lingerie colour combination, tying at the back with navy satin ribbons. Pastel shades, if preferred. *Liberty.*

LINGERIE, DRESSY OR TAILORED



1. Peach satin cami-knickers, hand-made, with drawn-thread work, embroidery, needle run coffee lace. 25/9. *Selfridge's.*

2. Tailored cami-knickers in American locknit. Good bust fitting, low back, adjustable straps. In rose or white. 13/9. *D. H. Evans.*

3. Pure silk broche crêpe de Chine bias-cut shift and matching pants with scalloped edges, lastex waist-band. All pastels. 11/9 each. *D. H. Evans.*

4. Georgette hand-embroidered shift and pants, in peach with blue embroidery and binding. Bias cut. 27/6 each. *Galeries Lafayette.*

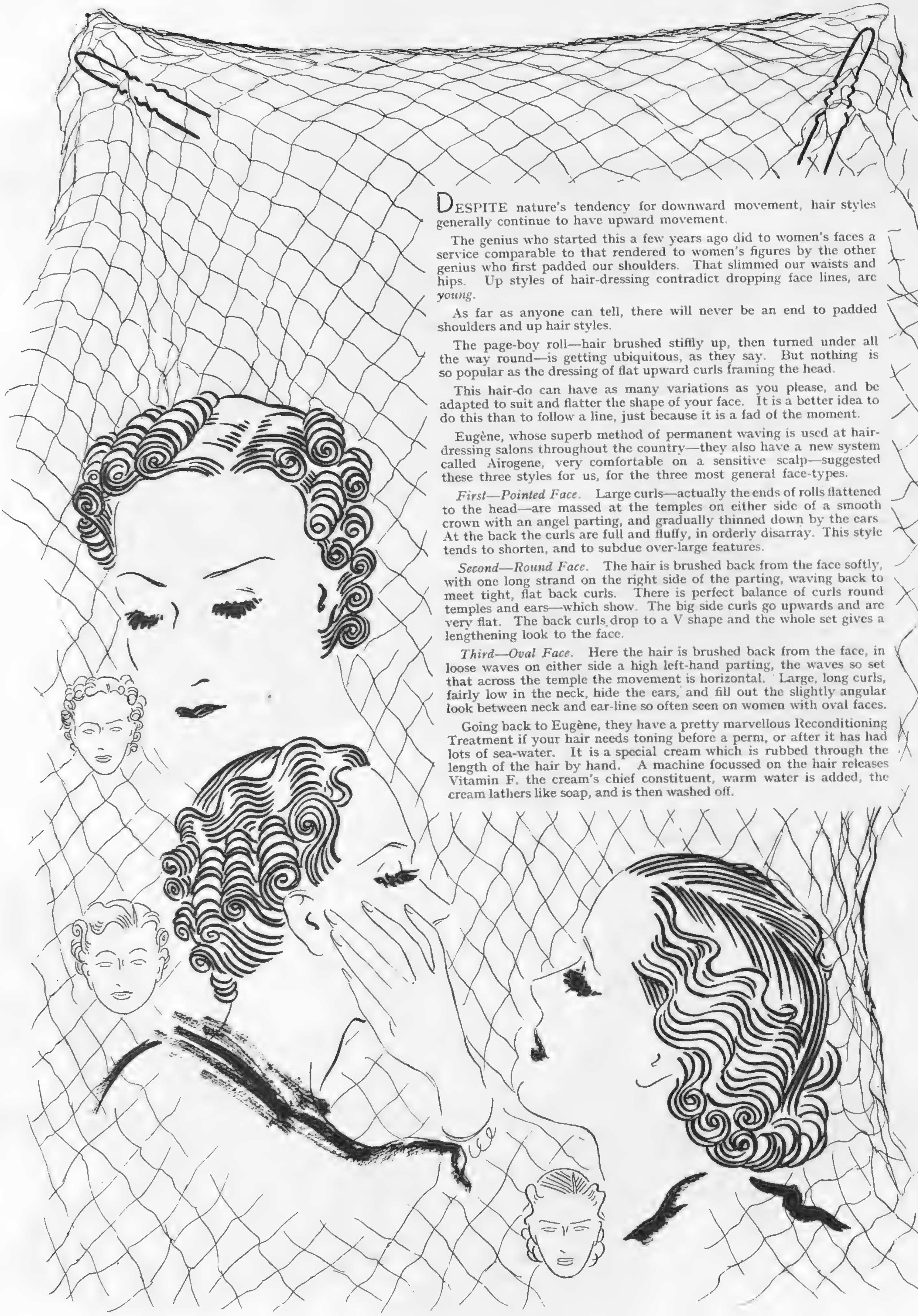
5. Bras in backed lace, with firm uplift control, and adjustable shoulder straps. *Gossard.*

6. B-gay foundation in flower embroidered fabric woven with lastex, the sides stretching sideways, the back panel downwards. Brassiere and V front in backed lace. Low oval back, zip side fastening. 47/6. *Gossard.*

7. Goss-amour (silver label) elastic net pants, with detachable crutch lining and detachable suspenders. 39/6. *Gossard.*

8. Hand-embroidered peach silk crêpe slip, bias cut, 21/-. Matching pants, 13/11. *Galeries Lafayette.*

9. Crêpe de Chine bias cut slip, with écru lace trimming and edging, 12/11. Pants, 5/-. *Selfridge's.*



DESPITE nature's tendency for downward movement, hair styles generally continue to have upward movement.

The genius who started this a few years ago did to women's faces a service comparable to that rendered to women's figures by the other genius who first padded our shoulders. That slimmed our waists and hips. Up styles of hair-dressing contradict dropping face lines, are *young*.

As far as anyone can tell, there will never be an end to padded shoulders and up hair styles.

The page-boy roll—hair brushed stiffly up, then turned under all the way round—is getting ubiquitous, as they say. But nothing is so popular as the dressing of flat upward curls framing the head.

This hair-do can have as many variations as you please, and be adapted to suit and flatter the shape of your face. It is a better idea to do this than to follow a line, just because it is a fad of the moment.

Eugène, whose superb method of permanent waving is used at hairdressing salons throughout the country—they also have a new system called Airogene, very comfortable on a sensitive scalp—suggested these three styles for us, for the three most general face-types.

First—Pointed Face. Large curls—actually the ends of rolls flattened to the head—are massed at the temples on either side of a smooth crown with an angel parting, and gradually thinned down by the ears At the back the curls are full and fluffy, in orderly disarray. This style tends to shorten, and to subdue over-large features.

Second—Round Face. The hair is brushed back from the face softly, with one long strand on the right side of the parting, waving back to meet tight, flat back curls. There is perfect balance of curls round temples and ears—which show. The big side curls go upwards and are very flat. The back curls drop to a V shape and the whole set gives a lengthening look to the face.

Third—Oval Face. Here the hair is brushed back from the face, in loose waves on either side a high left-hand parting, the waves so set that across the temple the movement is horizontal. Large, long curls, fairly low in the neck, hide the ears, and fill out the slightly angular look between neck and ear-line so often seen on women with oval faces.

Going back to Eugène, they have a pretty marvellous Reconditioning Treatment if your hair needs toning before a perm, or after it has had lots of sea-water. It is a special cream which is rubbed through the length of the hair by hand. A machine focussed on the hair releases Vitamin F, the cream's chief constituent, warm water is added, the cream lathers like soap, and is then washed off.

SHOPPERS GO TO SCHOOL

Give the best place to shop for special handbags, gloves with a difference, heavenly flower bits and pieces.

Make out the address where you can get honest to goodness sheer American stockings with sandal feet that will really wear, for 4s. 11½d.

Describe the fascinating interior of an antique shop where you can get lovely old lamp bases for as little as 5s.

Faced with a mending emergency, where would you take those shirts, socks and alteration oddments ?

To which House would you go for a grandly tailored suit, unusual blouses, scarfs, belts and clips to match ?

Name the present-giving haunt which has everything for every occasion, and will end the " what can I give " question.

Cite the best example of a store with a special department where you can get beautifully styled clothes with a Paris feeling, for as little as 30s.

Where would you get a cupboard or table designed for an exact fit or an answer to every practical decoration question ?

If you have a longing for distinctive jewellery at very ordinary prices, at which shop could you browse for hours along the glittering counters ?

How would you go about getting a reliable domestic ? Do you know how one agency will cope with the transport troubles of foreign servants ?

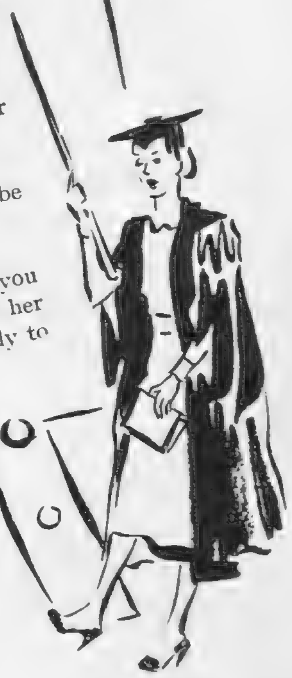
Where would you go for the advice of a good corset fitter where you could try on a variety of foundation garments ?

For whose catalogue would you send to plan a cruising kit or order a new wardrobe if you lived near the equator and the seasons were all wrong over here ?

In quest of a perfect match, at which store would you have your materials dyed the exact shade ?

Solve the problem of your stocking ladders. Say where they can be beautifully and invisibly mended.

Write down the number of eye-catching buttons or fastenings you require. State the name and address of someone who is famous for her unusual fastenings, belts, handbags, and will make anything especially to order.



If you cannot answer the questions in this examination, we can. Write to The Editor, Women's Department, " Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

UPS and DOWNS

IT IS NOT THE BIG, BUT THE LITTLE, EVERYDAY TROUBLES OF A BABY'S FIRST YEAR THAT ARE OFTEN HARD TO UNDERSTAND. THIS ARTICLE MAY HELP THE YOUNG MOTHER TO COPE WITH THEM.

Through all the stages of childhood, from earliest babyhood to robust adolescence, there can hardly be a stage more perplexing, more fraught with fears for the young mother, than that of the first months.

The helpless little creature that, for no apparent reason, bursts into paroxysms of screaming, or suddenly wastes and loses condition, in spite of every care, is often a baffling problem to the woman still only groping her way in the experiment of motherhood.

These ups and downs, often trifling enough in their way, give rise to more real anxiety than major complaints.

Sometimes the lowered vitality of the mother herself is a contributing factor. Trifling ailments are distorted beyond their real significance by her nervous imagining, and the baby, still one with her in the physical unity which exists between the mother and the nursing baby, reflects many of her moods and fears.

All the same, most mothers can claim a fair share of common sense, and fortify themselves against the anxieties of the first year by a study of the minor ailments to which a child is subject in its first tremulous year.

The psychological effect upon the child of a cool head and a firm hand are incalculable in everyday complaints. Add to this a little working knowledge of what to do in minor emergencies, and the way is smooth.

One of the most frequent and often most baffling causes of restlessness and sudden screaming in the young baby is wind.

It is not food alone which leads to this, but also the manner in which the child is fed. Too rapid feeding, an uncomfortable feeding position, and too much movement immediately after, bring on attacks of wind.

It is even so with the breast-fed baby, and with the bottle-fed child the danger is greater still.

The feeding-bottle should always be inclined at such an angle that the teat is constantly filled. Never let the child draw air. Each feed should take at least fifteen or twenty minutes, and if the child sucks strongly the opening in the teat should be adjusted to retard his efforts. The size of the opening controls the rate at which he feeds.

After the feed, and occasionally during it, the baby should be lifted vertically over one shoulder and allowed to bring up wind. Afterwards, lay him on his right side in the cot.

It is asking for trouble to give a baby its feed from a bottle supported on the pillow in its cot. He is certain to draw a large percentage of air, and colic will follow.

For restlessness due to wind or some slight gastric irritation, boiled warm water to which a small pinch of bicarbonate of soda and a mild flavouring of aniseed has been added can be given from the bottle. Most babies take eagerly to this mild corrective, and water is always beneficial.

The root causes of flatulence and more severe gastric disorders in the young baby are too many to deal with here.

The breast-fed child may suffer from an excess of richness in its food, or the opposite. It may also contract nervous symptoms directly communicable from the mother. These things come under the more serious heading of fundamental complaints and should be dealt with at once by the doctor.

The bottle-fed baby often finds it difficult to adapt himself to a particular variety of food. During this time many little anxieties crop up, but in making the choice between the many artificial foods available, it is wise to select one that in its constituents is as approximate to natural food as possible—Cow and Gate milk is outstanding among these.

An habitually overloaded stomach sometimes leads to the stretching of the intestinal muscles beyond their normal capacity. This, in turn, leads to sluggishness in their action.

The bottle-fed child reared on a food that is perhaps not sufficiently strong in muscle-building material may suffer from this flaccidity of the intestinal muscles. Hence constipation and delayed motions.

Plenty of unsweetened boiled water, a change of diet, and, in some cases, abdominal massage, will put the trouble right.

Diarrhœa is hardly in the category of mild complaints, but there are degrees of seriousness, and the milder forms of this prevalent complaint are easily dealt with. In all such attacks, irritating foods such as fruit or vegetables should be omitted (*Continued on page 90*)

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

Figure reduction (and guaranteed, at that) without doing anything about it yourself, sounds like one of those dreams from which you awake to find the fingers of the bathroom scales pointing their usual accusation, and the same old roll of fat above the belt.

I have discovered that it is not a dream, but a system of reducing that has been going on in a quiet way in London for over twelve years.

The woman who has slimmed many a royal figure and the well-known lovelies of two generations, showed me her reference files. Here I saw proof bearing famous names. A week's treatment, for example, brought these results :—

Bust	..	35½ reduced to	33
Waist	..	28 ,,	,, 26
Abdomen	..	36 ,,	,, 33½
Hips	..	37 ,,	,, 35
Thighs	..	36½ ,,	,, 34

And this, without drugs, dieting, or the boredom of doing that dreary dozen.

It is done by manipulation. A team of assistants works on you in relays. All that is asked of you is to remain an inert mass. Reduction of at least four inches is guaranteed. Fees, based on weight, original measurements and general health of the client, are fixed in advance, regardless of the number of the treatments required.

" But does it last ? " was my, and of course will be your, inevitable question. For answer, I was shown the reference files of a Very Famous American Film Star Indeed. She had come, ten years after her original treatment, to be limbered up before her next film. Comparison of her measurements on the ten-year-old file and the one of this year, showed them to be the same to within half an inch.

Half the women I see about just now seem to have returned home with owlish white rings round their eyes where they have been carefully shutting out the sun. To look like an owl takes the glamour out of the most spectacular tan, but the likeness to the bird can be erased pretty effectively by covering the white skin with a film of bronze.

You can get a large tube of this useful beauty aid for 2s. 6d. Being semi-liquid and quick drying, it is easy to apply, and is handy for little jobs like this and for shoulder-strap marks, as well as giving an elegant tan to the legs and arms that is indistinguishable from the expensive Riviera variety.

When a girl is not wearing stockings of an evening, how to keep her roll-on, or corset, or what has she, in its proper place, *is* a problem, you will agree. Even if her belt does not ruck up and finish the evening round the waist, there is nothing quite so uncomfortably active as an unemployed suspender.

Except, of course, six unemployed suspenders.

Did I pat myself on the back, then, when I found a neat pink satin contrivance that holds all six of my suspenders in place and keeps my roll-on down as well. And another pat for the price. One shilling a pair.

Nine minutes once, or at most twice, a week, is not excessive for a full home beauty treatment. I admit, until I had tried it out for myself, that I did not think it could be done and give results. Having tried it, I was completely sold on plastic oil.

The absolute simplicity of this beauty treatment appealed to me as it must appeal to every woman to whom time is a consideration. This is the idea :

The skin is washed with warm water and carefully dried. Then the face is covered with the plastic oil. At this stage you look like something done up in aspic, only not so appetising. However, you needn't look ; in fact, it is better to close your eyes and keep quiet for the two or three minutes that the oil mask must stay on.

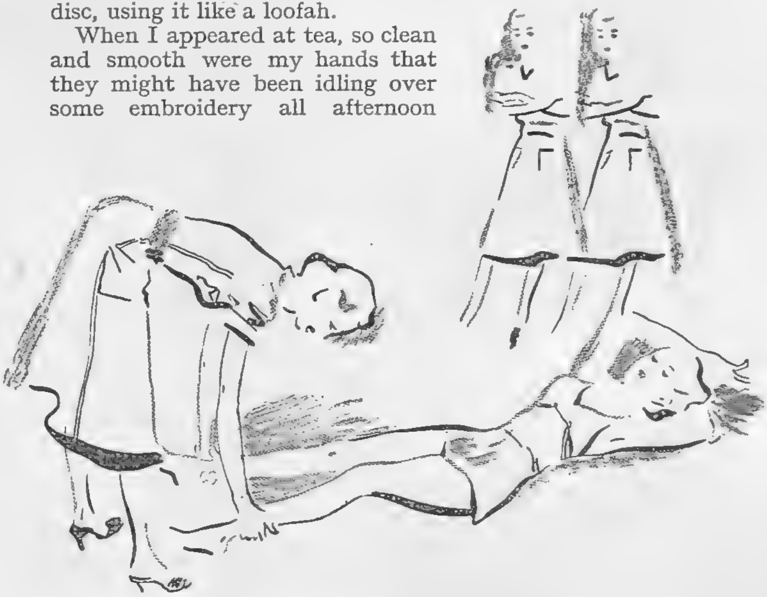
The oil is removed with a damp face cloth, and the face is then massaged with skin food and finished off as usual before making-up. *Après*, your skin feels and looks simply marvellous, rejuvenated.

Talking of beauty " quickies," there is a little wonder worker for hands and feet.

After a day's work in a friend's garden, I found that a scrub with soap and water still left my hands unfit for circulation among polite people.

My hostess handed me a small spongy disc about the size of my hand and told me to get busy with that, dear. I soaped the disc along the edges and rubbed it over my knuckles and along my gardener's tramlines. Then I washed my hands all over with the disc, using it like a loofah.

When I appeared at tea, so clean and smooth were my hands that they might have been idling over some embroidery all afternoon instead of having hoed a hard row and done death to a bed full of weeds.



The disc is good for the feet, too. Callouses and hard skin are removed simply by rubbing the dry disc gently over the affected surfaces.

Six thousand feet up a Tyrolean mountain to your own bathroom here in England, is a long way to travel and keep fresh. But when you mix up a jug of Latschen Foam ready to pour into the bath, the room is filled with the tangy scent of the mountains, enough to make confirmed bathroom vocalists take up yodelling instead of singing.

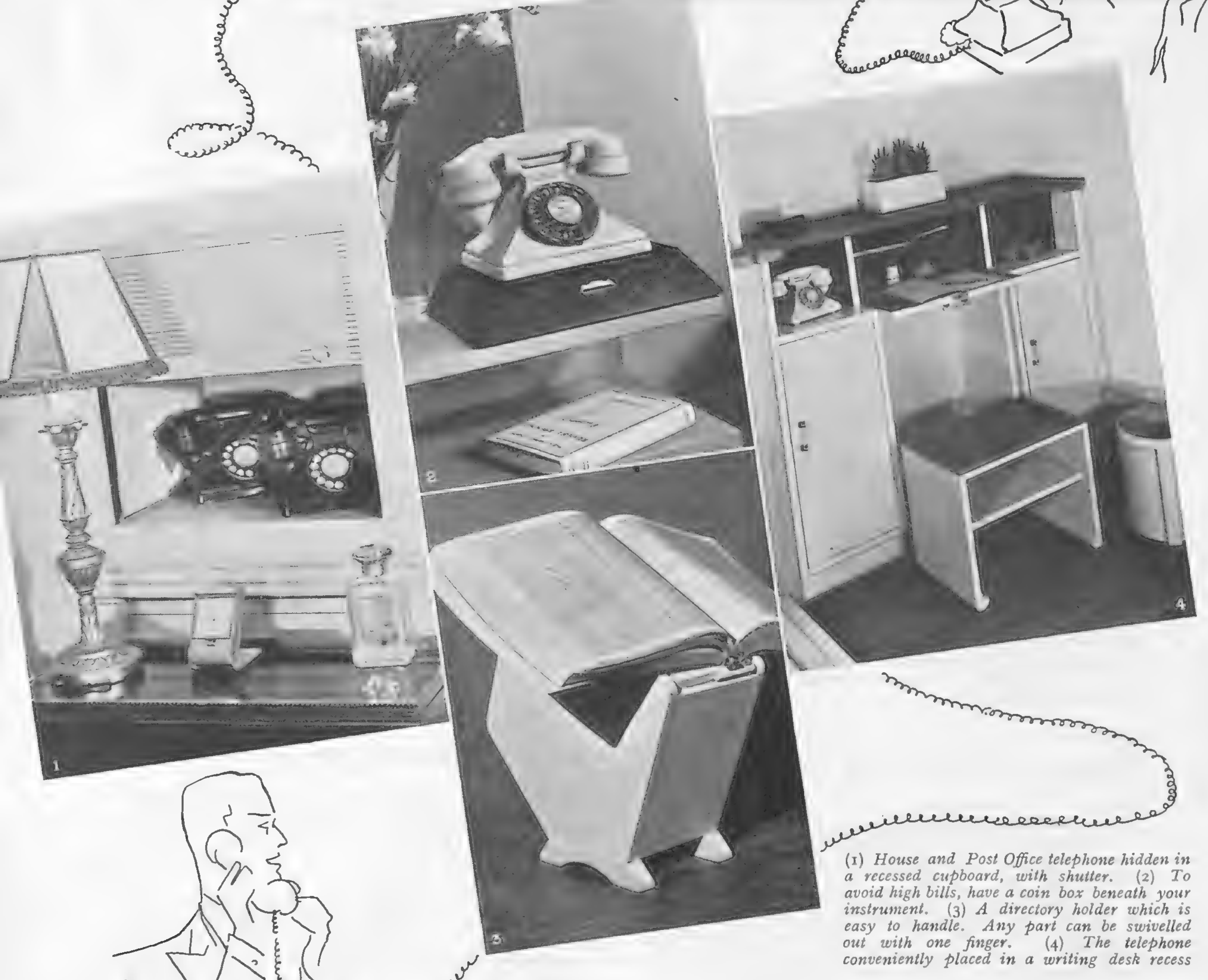
But altering our domestic habits is the least thing that these Latschen Foam baths can do for us. They relieve rheumatism and catarrh, for instance ; soothe away nerve complaints, and are invaluable for sleeplessness.

Do they slim, too ? Yes. Of course. For during the twenty minutes in which you are immersed you perspire like mad ; and there is no quicker way of taking off the ounces than that. So here, in one small bottle you have a breath of mountain air, a spa cure and a slimming treatment. And the price (for two baths) is 1s. 6d.

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems write to me at Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4

TELEPHONE TECHNIQUE



(1) *House and Post Office telephone hidden in a recessed cupboard, with shutter.* (2) *To avoid high bills, have a coin box beneath your instrument.* (3) *A directory holder which is easy to handle. Any part can be swivelled out with one finger.* (4) *The telephone conveniently placed in a writing desk recess*

So much business, domestic and social activity is arranged by telephone now that the instrument is continually in use in the average home. It therefore seems a pity to put the only telephone in the house in a draughty hall, or in the living-room where everyone has to hush each time the telephone rings. Yet these are the two places where the telephone lives in nine out of every ten homes.

In a many-storied house it is well worth considering having an instrument installed on each floor. The extra cost is surprisingly little for the tremendous amount of running about it saves.

House telephones are another luxury which are not commonly enjoyed in this country, but they make a great difference to the smooth running of the home.

If none of these comforts is forthcoming, and it is impracticable to devote space for a small centrally placed box or telephone room, see that a screen is placed round the telephone if it is in a passage or hall.

The Post Office will supply extra long cords, and these will sometimes solve a difficulty, enabling the telephone to be brought to you rather than you to it.

There is on the market a little wire coil made to prevent the cord from becoming entangled, a circumstance which enrages the most even-tempered people.

Directories are often a source of untidiness, and are liable to be missing at critical moments, so that a good directory holder is well worth buying.

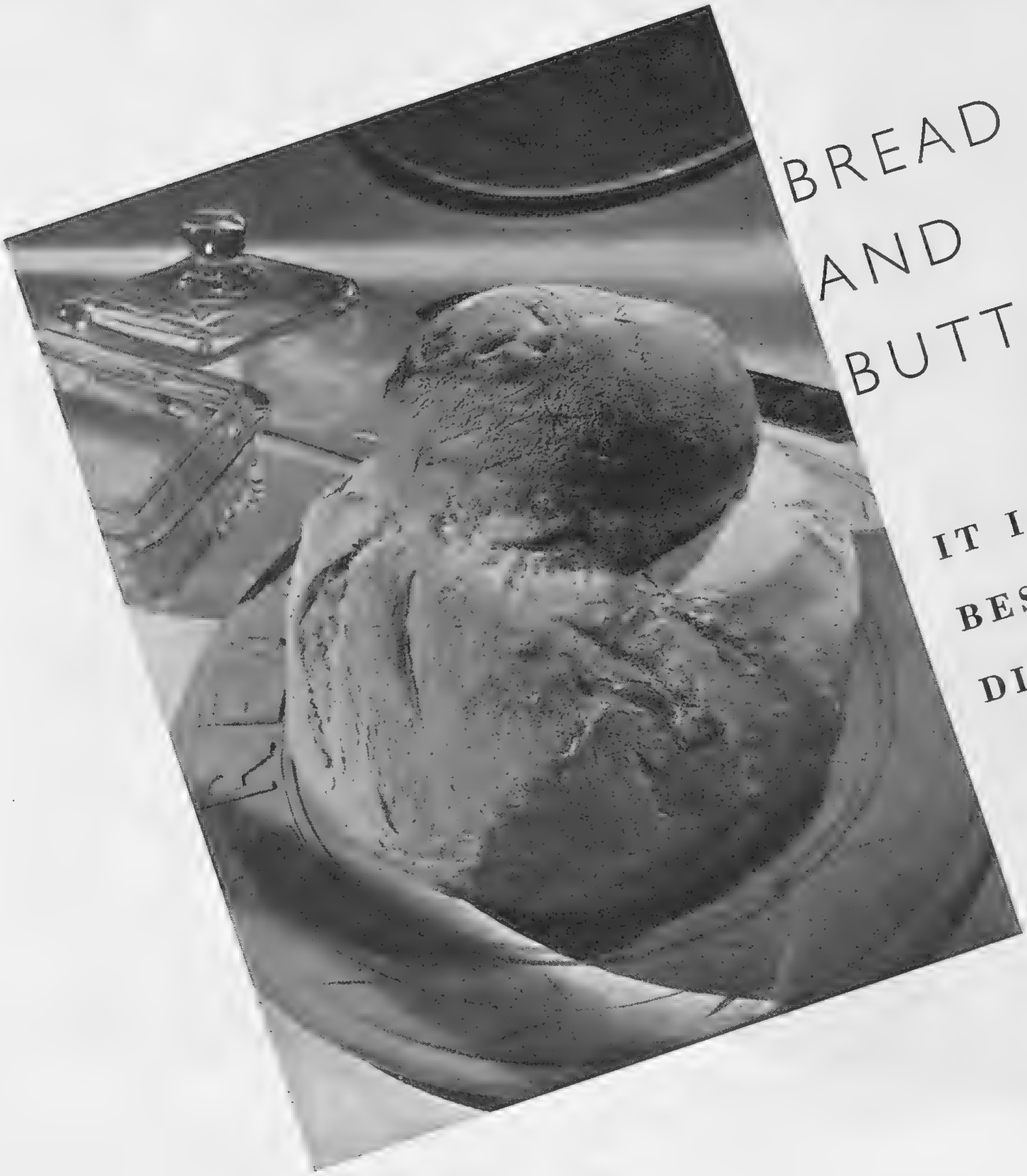
Some are on revolving turn-tables, and some are fitted with ash-tray attachments, but one of the most satisfactory is the one shown on this page. Either part of the directory can be swivelled out with one finger, and made to lie open on the top of the directory holder, while a search is being made for the number. It can be bought in colours to match any scheme of decoration.

Coin boxes are becoming increasingly popular in large families where everyone uses the telephone incessantly. But even if there is only one of you, a penny dropped into a box for each telephone call avoids a large bill at the end of the quarter.

One of the neatest of these boxes is made to hold a hand microphone on top of the box, and it can be had in any of the standard colours of the Post Office telephones, also in various woods.

J. A.

FOR TWENTY-ONE DAYS EAT



BREAD AND BUTTER

IT IS THE BEST SLIMMING DIET YET

Not so long ago, it seemed impossible to lose weight without losing charm. As each pound disappeared, a little of the joy of living went with it.

Now an ideal slimming diet has come along, simple to follow, inexpensive, and giving energy where before only weakness and lassitude was felt.

The diet is based on bread and butter—just bread and butter, with tea, milk, water or tomato juice, for twenty-one days.

It was evolved by a famous beauty specialist, a dietician and a biologist; it is absolutely practical and cannot endanger the health, because bread and butter is a nourishing and staple food of which most people never tire. There is no cooking involved, and it costs about 6s. 6d. a week. Already women throughout the country are getting astonishing results from it.

For twenty-one days take . . . . at breakfast, half a pint of milk with bread and butter. At noon, bread and butter. At four o'clock in the afternoon, bread and butter with one cup of tea, which serves as a stimulant; one lump of sugar is allowed in the tea.

At seven o'clock, bread and butter again, with milk or pure tomato juice.

On retiring, bread with butter.

Between meals, drink as much cold water as you like. Fresh butter is suggested rather than salt.

The advantages of this diet are limitless. It has abolished, for instance, that feeling of acute hunger and depression which always seemed to be an essential part of slimming diets. It reduces weight without leaving the stomach empty and miserable. It gives it, instead, its usual amount of work to do. The bulk of the bread, its high energy value, and the amount of liquid taken ensure that there is perfect elimination without artificial aids. This ensures a clear skin, a clear brain, and consequently that poise which is necessary to loveliness.

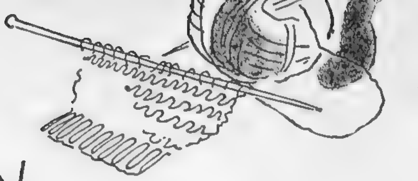
Every food value is present. Bread and milk is often hailed as the complete food, and is given to people who have the most difficult and delicate digestions; while butter, fine tomato juice and hot tea are creature comforts which give a fine sense of well-being.

Up till now, women have found that in most diets that slim they have to cut out bread, which leaves the stomach with nothing to do.

Bread is the most energising food in existence, weight upon weight, and measure upon measure. In this case, bread keeps the body full of energy while it is being starved. That is why so many women fail to slim on orange juice and other slimming diets. They just cannot keep to them. It is not so hard to keep to bread and butter.

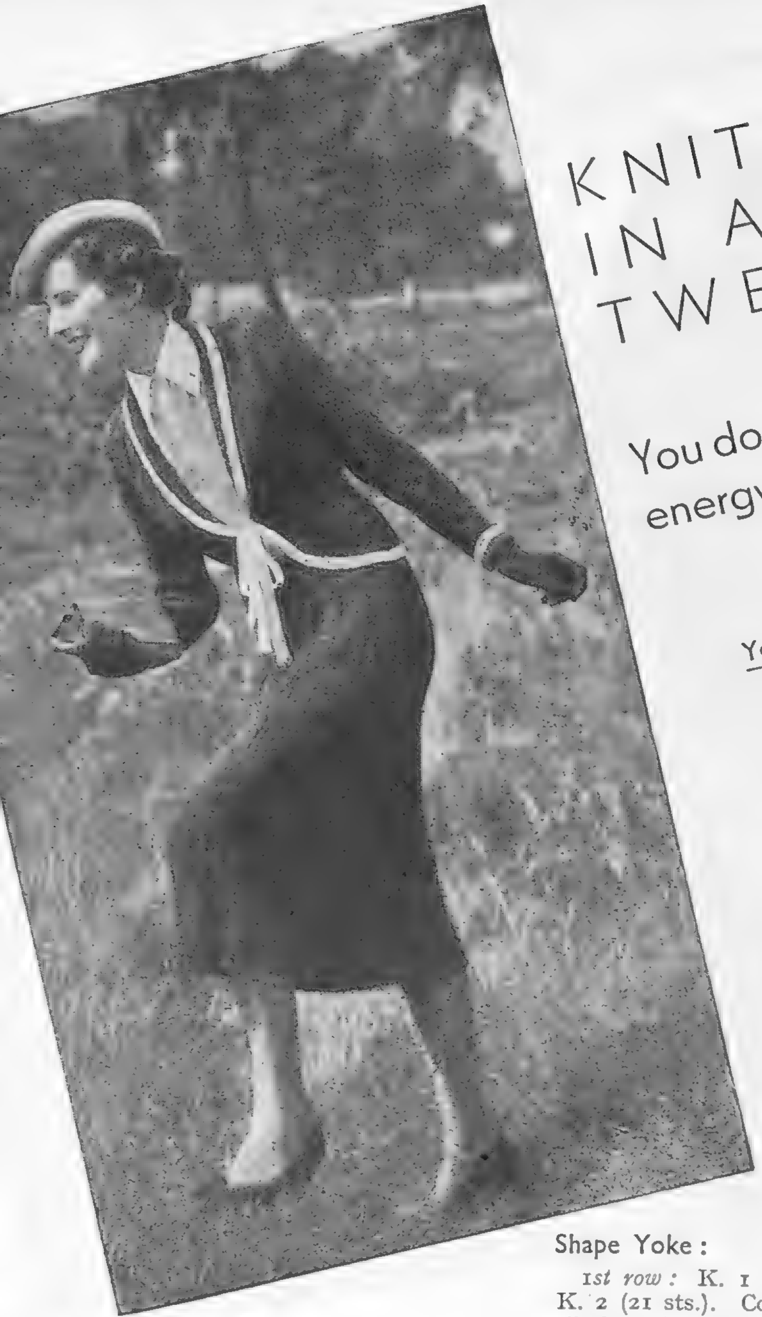
At the end of the three weeks, when the bread and butter diet terminates, there arises the problem of returning to ordinary food and yet keeping down to your precious new weight.

You will find your appetite is not so great as it was, *(Continued on page 96)*



KNITTED IN A NEW TWEED WOOL

You don't need experience, only energy, to make this smart suit



You Will Need

1 oz. of Glenada "Viyella" Wool.
1 oz. of "Viyella" 3-ply Ramada Wool (for Bind).
1 pair of "Viyella" Knitting Pins, No. 6.
1 pair of "Viyella" Knitting Pins, No. 9.
Elastic for Skirt.

Measurements

Cardigan: Length from shoulder (back), 20½ ins.; across back underarm, 16 ins.; across widest part of front, 9½ ins.; sleeve length from shoulder, 23½ ins.; tension: approx. 9 sts. to 2 ins.

Abbreviations

K. Knit; P. Purl; St. Stitch; Sts. Stitches; Dec. Decrease; Inc. Increase; Pat. Pattern; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning.

Knit into the backs of all cast on stitches.

CARDIGAN—BACK:

With No. 6 pins cast on 66 sts. Knit into backs of first row. Rib 3 rows K. 1, P. 1. Continue in following pat.:

1st row: *P. 3, K. 6. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3.

2nd row: Purl. These two rows form pat.

Work until 4 ins. from start. Change to No. 9 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 6 pins. Work 6½ ins. (12½ ins. in all).

Shape Armhole:

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Work 7 ins.

Shape Shoulders:

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT:

With No. 6 pins cast on 28 sts. Knit into backs of first row. Rib 3 rows K. 1, P. 1., increasing 1 st. at end of 1st and 3rd rows (30 sts.). Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. every row at front edge until 48 sts. Work as for back until straight edge measures 12½ ins.

Shape Armhole:

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Work 4 ins., decreasing 1 st. every 6th row at front edge until 39 sts.

Shape Yoke:

1st row: K. 1 (K. 2 tog. 18 times), K. 2 (21 sts.). Continue in K. 1, P. 1, rib for 3 ins., decreasing 1 st. every 6th row at front edge until 18 sts.

Shape Shoulder:

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row 3 times.

LEFT FRONT:

Work as for right, with shaping, armhole, etc., at opposite edge.

SLEEVES:

With No. 9 pins cast on 39 sts. Rib 2½ ins., K. 1, P. 1. Change to No. 6 pins. Work 2 ins., pat., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 57 sts. When sleeve measures 20 ins. from start (including ribbing), cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 9 sts. remain. Cast off.

Edging:

With white wool and No. 9 pins cast on 6 sts. Work 80 ins. garter st. Cast off. Work 7½ ins. for the cuff edgings, and 18 ins. for the two ties.

COLLAR:

With No. 9 pins cast on 180 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row. Rib 1 row K. 1, P. 1. Rib 4 rows, casting off 4 sts. at beg. of every row. Rib 10 rows, casting off 8 sts. at beg. of every row. Cast off loosely in rib.

SKIRT—FRONT:

With No. 6 pins cast on 133 sts. Knit into backs of first row. Rib 3 rows K. 1, P. 1. Continue in following rib:

1st row: *P. 3, K. 10. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3.

2nd row: *K. 3, P. 10. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. K. 3.

Work until 9 ins. from start.

1st decreasing: *P. 3, K. 4, K. 2 tog., K. 4. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3. (123 sts.)

Work until 18 ins. from start, with rib now P. 3, K. 9.

2nd decreasing: *P. 3, K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 4. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3. (113 sts.)

Work until 25 ins. from start, with rib now P. 3, K. 8.

3rd decreasing: *P. 3, K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 3. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3. (103 sts.)

Work until 27 ins. from start, with rib now P. 3, K. 7.

4th decreasing: *P. 3, K. 3, K. 2 tog., K. 2. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. P. 3. (93 sts.)

Work until 29 ins. from start, with rib now P. 3, K. 6.

Change to No. 9 pins. Work 3½ ins. st. st. Cast off loosely.

BACK:

Cast on 146 sts. Work as for front.

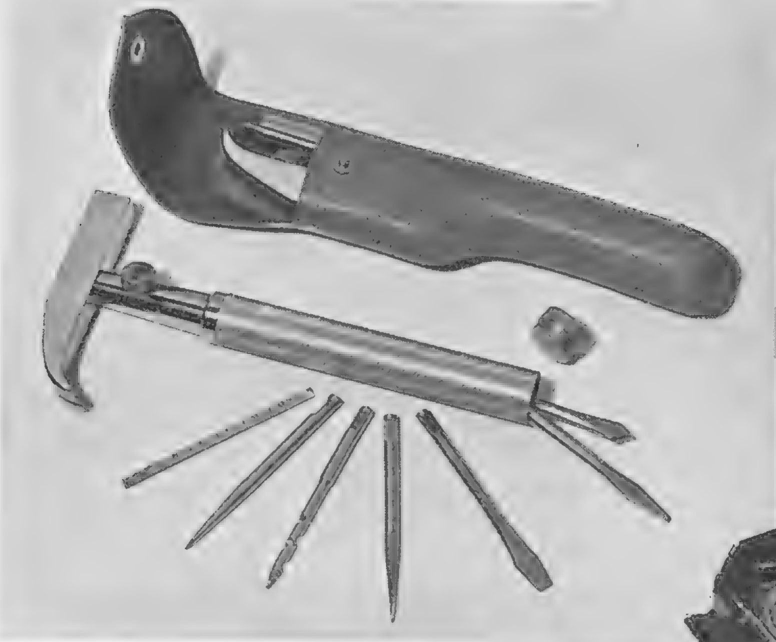
TO MAKE UP:

Sew up all seams very neatly. Sew in sleeves. Sew on roll collar. Sew on bind round cuffs, collar and all round coat. Sew on ties. Sew up seams of skirt, make a hem at the top, for the elastic. Press all seams, on the wrong side, with a warm iron and damp cloth.

GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH

These chromium corkscrews are really solid and practical, and make splendid presents when pennies have to be taken into consideration.
Price 2/- *each* (*Postage* 3*d.*)

Late home-comers will find this torchlight key-case invaluable on dark nights and on those after party occasions when keyholes are so elusive. *Price* 1/6 (*Postage* 3*d.*)



Above : A tool set, invaluable for those odd jobs about the house which most men enjoy doing. Each implement can be screwed into the handle as required, and the whole thing packs neatly into a pigskin case. *Price* 9/6 (*Postage* 6*d.*)

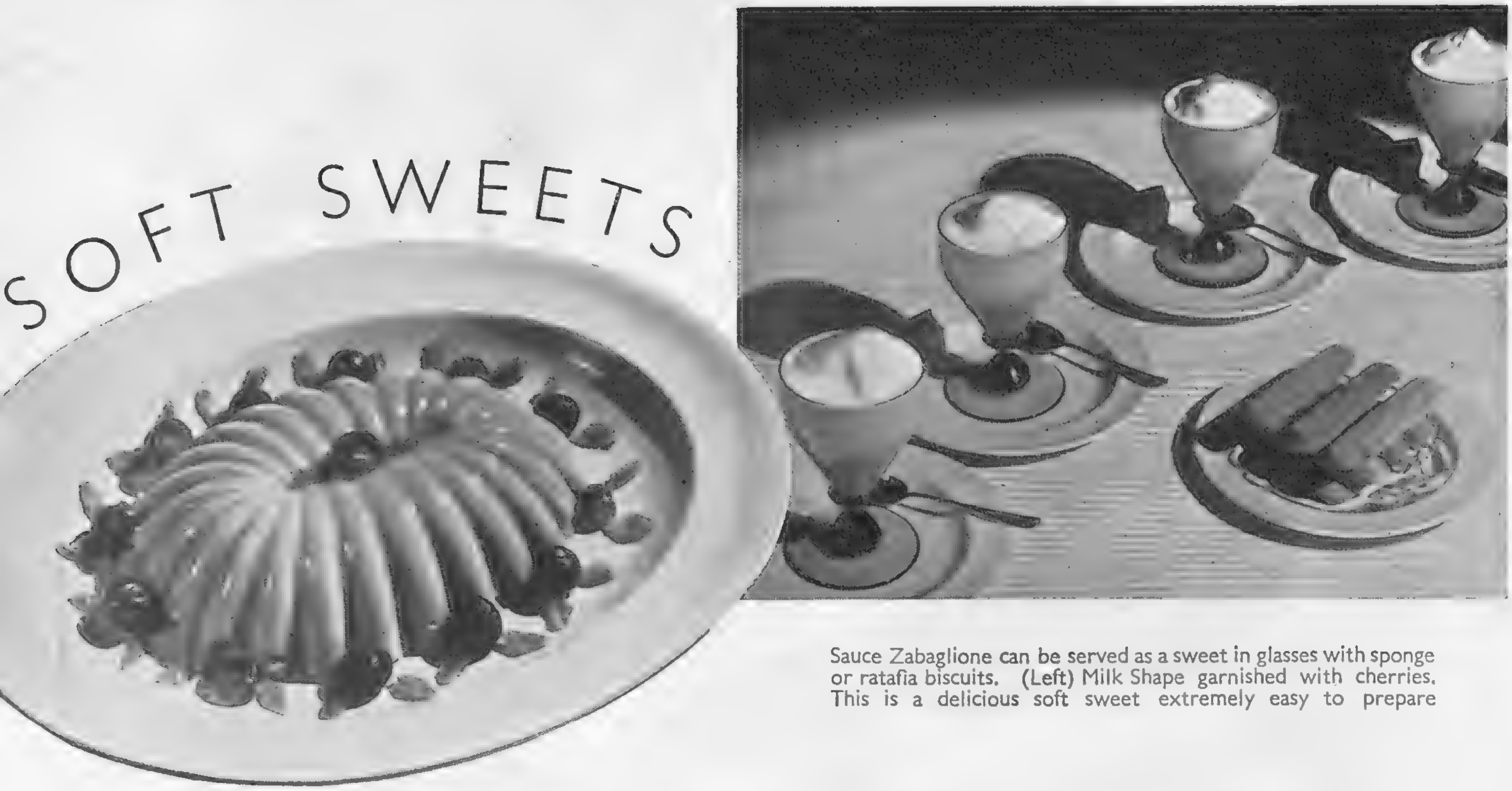
Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E. C. 4, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will see that the goods are despatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance

A useful glass-topped cocktail tray with separate mats of chromium and bakelite to protect tables and other polished surfaces from drips. 7/6 (*Postage* 9*d.*) *The frosted cocktail glass with silver rim and silver cockerel with red comb is* 1/3. (*Postage* 1/- *for half a dozen glasses and tray*)

Left : An attractive and inexpensive sherry set, obtainable in amber, pink, blue and smoked glass.
Price 5/6 (*Postage* 9*d.*)

This novel suitcase flap-jack is enamelled in black or to look like pigskin, and covered with gaily coloured travel labels.
Price 10/6 (*Postage* 4*d.*)

SOFT SWEETS



Sauce Zabaglione can be served as a sweet in glasses with sponge or ratafia biscuits. (Left) Milk Shape garnished with cherries. This is a delicious soft sweet extremely easy to prepare

Here is a little collection of delicious soft sweets, creams and custards to serve *without* stewed fruits, fools and mousses, shapes and soufflés, all of them easy to make.

Crème Riche

First make a pint of Bird's custard in the usual way, and in a separate saucepan put a tablespoonful of sifted flour, adding just enough hot milk to make a thick paste. Now add, little by little, and whipping all the time, your prepared custard. Do it very slowly until you have a smooth and thick cream, cooking it over a slow fire.

Add a flavouring, according to taste, of vanilla or a liqueur such as Cointreau or Maraschino, and you have a most useful foundation for various sweets which I will now explain.

Crème Frite

When the *crème* just described is cooked, pour it out slowly on to a greased tin or pastry board. Let it find its own level and get quite cold, when it should be like a stiff paste.

Cut it in pieces, rounds or fancy shapes, dip these in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in butter till golden brown. Drain well, dust with sugar, and serve with a hot sauce, jam or chocolate, or the following:

Sauce Zabaglione

Put in a bowl the yolks of four eggs and three tablespoonfuls of soft sugar. Stand the bowl on top of a saucepan of boiling water and cook in this way, *whipping all the time*, until you have a smooth thick cream which runs like a ribbon when you lift the whip out for a second.

Add a good portglassful of Marsala wine and whip again, this time off the fire, until the sauce is frothy. You could also use Madeira wine or liqueurs. The sauce is also perfect with many other puddings and fritters.

Some people serve it as a sweet, in glasses with a few sponge or ratafia biscuits.

Soufflé

Having prepared the foundation *crème*, let it get cool but not quite cold. You now put in your flavouring of chocolate powder, vanilla, liqueurs, fruit pulp or whatever it is; then add the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, folding them in lightly. Pour the mixture into a *soufflé* dish which you have buttered and dusted with sugar, and bake in a moderate oven for about twelve minutes.

Do not be afraid to watch the *soufflé*; in fact, you must do so, as it may be browning too much at first, in which case change its position in the oven, or it may stick somewhere, causing it to rise unevenly. In this case slip a thin knife round the dish at the part where it is sticking. This will release it.

Milk Shape

Here is another soft sweet which is extremely easy to prepare. Simply put the contents of one packet of "Morton Milk Shape" into a saucepan with one pint of milk. Let this stand, cold, for about ten minutes to allow the crystals to soften and dissolve.

Then bring the milk slowly to the boil and boil gently for five minutes, stirring frequently.

Pour into a wetted mould and stand to cool. After about one hour it will be set and ready to serve.

The milk shape can be served with various flavours, such as chocolate, coffee, etc. You put in the chocolate powder or coffee essence or other flavouring into the milk while it is slowly boiling.

Crème Genoise

This useful *crème* can be used for all sorts of occasions as a stuffing and covering for sponge, Madeira, or other soft cakes.

In England, I suppose, nobody would serve a cake at luncheon or dinner, but personally I think the Continental system of serving a really elaborate cake as the *entremets*, a very good one. Anyway, here is the recipe, which I am sure will be useful, its only drawback being that it is rather extravagant.

First of all melt four ounces of sugar in a saucepan with a little water. Boil it until it is a thick white syrup and let it cool.

Break the yolks of four eggs into a bowl, beat a little, and then pour in slowly the syrup, whipping all the time till you have a thick cream which you allow to get cold. Now mix in four ounces of butter which you have pounded with a wooden spoon until it is really smooth.

Spread on to the cake or put it into a forcing bag for decorative purposes. You can now add extra flavourings and garnishings of chopped nuts or glacé fruits.

GAME IS IN

By A. H. ADAIR

Whatever else you may regret with the passing of summer, there are many gastronomic compensations, for the game season has begun. I am not dealing with plainly roasted game, but with a few more exciting dishes.

First of all, do not be frightened of tackling what you may think is a complicated dish. It really does not require a highly-trained chef to prepare a dish just because it includes a special sauce and certain seasonings; as a matter of fact, the best dishes are usually the ones prepared in a simple manner, simple not necessarily meaning dull.

Chartreuse de Perdreau

For this dish you can use older and, therefore, cheaper birds, allowing half a partridge to each person. A good-sized savoy (white) cabbage would provide enough for six people.

Clean and cut into four pieces the cabbage, wash it well in salted water, and remove it, draining it thoroughly.

Truss the partridges and put them in a deep casserole with a piece of butter, salt, pepper, an onion and a carrot cut into small pieces, and a thick rasher of fat bacon also cut up.

Let all this brown over a moderate fire, add a tablespoonful of flour (sprinkled slowly all over), a teacupful of stock or consommé, and a sprig of thyme, parsley, and a bay-leaf tied together. Cover the casserole and simmer for twenty minutes.

Add the cabbage cut into small pieces, pressing it well down so that it is well immersed in the sauce; cover the casserole again, place it in the oven, and simmer gently until the cabbage is quite cooked, which should take at least one hour and a half. "Regulo" mark set to 3. A few minutes before serving a few Chipolata sausages, previously fried, may be added.

To serve, arrange the cabbage on the dish with the partridges, untrussed and cut into halves, placed on top; dispose the carrots and the sausages around, and pour over the sauce through a strainer.

Partridge Polonaise

Put a small piece of butter, salt and pepper inside each partridge and wrap the birds in very thin bacon fat. Place them in a flat handle-less pan on a bed of carrots, onions and lean bacon cut into small pieces. Cover the pan, put it in the oven, fairly hot, and cook for half an hour. "Regulo" mark set to 5.

Meanwhile cook one onion and one shallot very finely chopped in a little butter in a small saucepan. Add the juice of a lemon, let it almost evaporate, and put in a teacupful of cream, a pinch of paprika, salt and pepper. Boil the cream for one minute.

Arrange the partridges (without the bacon fat, of course) in a hot serving-dish, and pour over the cream sauce through a fine strainer.

Wild Duck with Port Wine Sauce

Roast a wild duck in the usual way, "Regulo" mark set to 6 or 7, and serve with the following sauce:

Fry an onion, chopped, in butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper, and mix well together over a slow fire, cooking for about five minutes after the addition of the flour. Add a teacupful of stock, bring to boil, stirring all the time, and then stir in a good glass of port wine. Add prepared mustard to taste and cook for ten minutes very slowly.

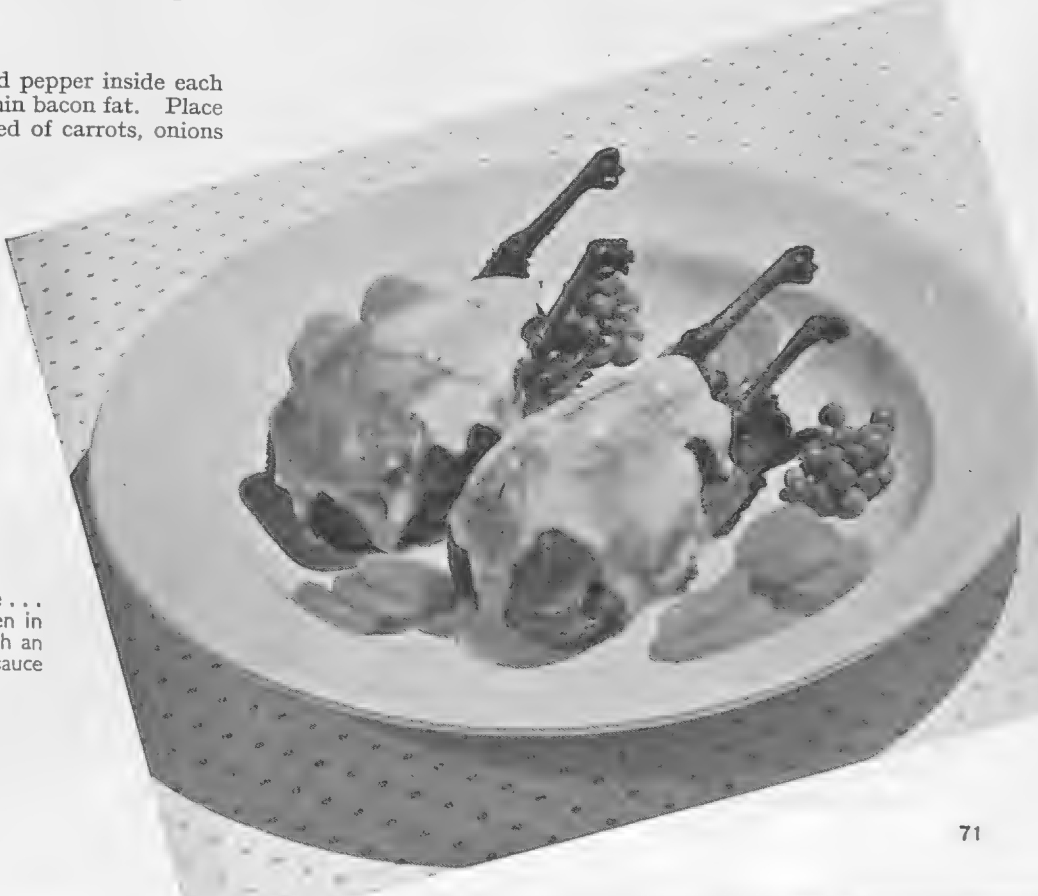
Pour the sauce through a fine strainer or a muslin into a clean saucepan, add a teacupful of fresh cream and cook together, shaking the pan occasionally until the sauce is really thick. The best way to serve the wild duck is to have it carved in the kitchen, disposing the pieces in a hot serving-dish with the sauce poured over.

Plain cooked potatoes, or a purée of potatoes, should be served.

Terrines de Gibier

I have often mentioned "terrines," galantines made in a fireproof earthenware dish. These are particularly suitable for game, as not only are

(*Continued on page* 96)



Partridge Polonaise . . . cooked in the oven in a covered pan, with an excellent cream sauce

COOKING IN A Kitchenette

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

In houses and flats where the kitchen is so small that they have to add "ette" to it, there must be a fixed method of working if cooking has to be looked upon as a joyous adventure.

A kitchen cabinet, designed with an eye to saving space, is almost a necessary luxury to the "kitchenetter." It will take dry stores and cooking utensils, besides providing flaps for baking and chopping purposes. Some cabinets have a flour sifter, a gadget for breadcrumbs, a mincer and various other useful devices.

The cooker is, of course, the most important item, the size depending on the capacity of the kitchenette and the numbers to be catered for.

Utensils must be chosen with common sense, as many supposedly labour-saving devices are anything but practical when tried out.

Pans and kettles of aluminium are light and easily handled, but, when buying, select those with properly insulated handles and fairly substantial structure.

Fireproof ware is attractive and practical, especially where there is neither time nor space to cope with the cleaning of pots and pans. In colour it is smart enough for the little dinner and has the advantage of retaining the heat for a considerable length of time.

Coming to the actual cooking, try not to be too prosaic. Because space is limited, it does not mean that you cannot put up a show. Few of us entertain in the grand manner nowadays, the modern tendency being to provide a little meal of few courses, cooked and served to perfection.

Stick to the essentials of brevity and simplicity, and introduce a dash of imagination into the menu.

A cocktail trolley in the lounge to provide drinks as the guests arrive can be set beforehand. Provide an exciting savoury canapé to go with it. A miniature round of fried bread spread with foie gras, and a turned olive stuffed with a similar mixture placed on each croûte is simple and piquant.

For dinner you might have some hors-d'œuvres set in coloured china on a wooden platter.

This hors-d'œuvre dish should be as attractive as possible, and an ingenious cook can introduce almost any food to this course. Fish such as anchovies, smoked salmon or crayfish can be prepared and served in one compartment.

Strasbourg, Lyons or Frankfürt sausage can be sliced thinly, and so also can smoked ham and other meats, to add variety to the compartment dish. Odd pieces of chicken and game can be diced and tossed in mayonnaise. Vegetables as a macédoine, or beetroot, cucumber, radishes and gherkins, are all excellent, if shredded and tossed in a French dressing.

The fish course is best cooked and served in individual portions, and little pyrex shells are most useful for made-up dishes of sole, done in a piquant sauce, or scallops cooked in milk with chopped mushrooms added.

This is thickened with a little cornflour and poured into the shells, with a top dressing of well-seasoned breadcrumb and grated cheese and browned at the last minute under the grill.

A meat course with two vegetables should follow. Chicken roasted or casseroled, a game bird in season, or little fillets of beef are the sort of thing you want to serve.

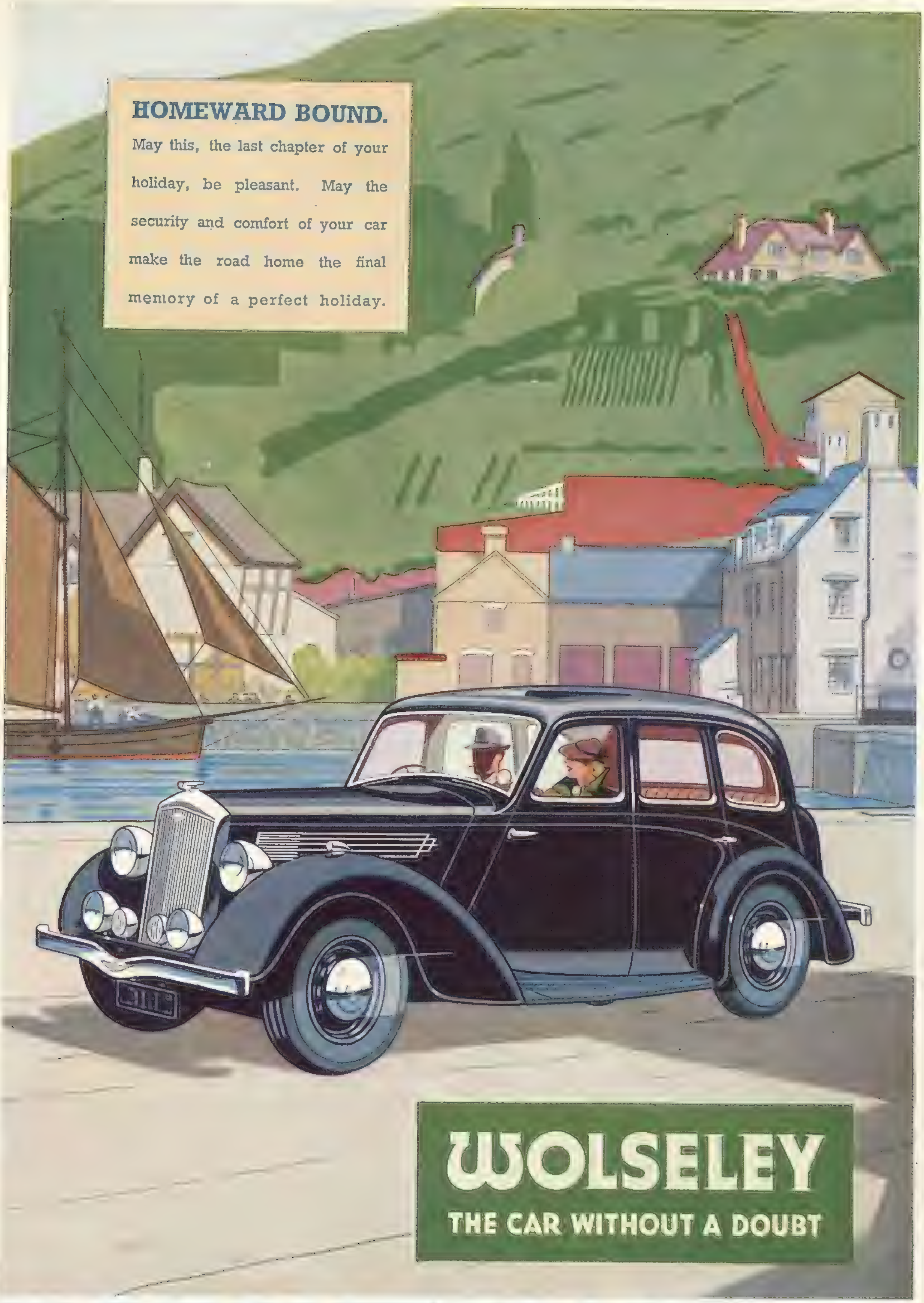
A trolley with the meat and vegetables on the top shelf and the sauces underneath can be wheeled in from the kitchenette. The carving can be done from this wagon service table.

Any amount of ingenuity may be used in varying the accompaniments to suit the convenience of the kitchenette. Salads can be served with the chicken or game in place of a green vegetable if the stove accommodation is limited.

Fresh young peas, tinned French beans, spinach or asparagus can be sauté-ed in a double saucepan, to save supervision during cooking, and sauces may be prepared in advance, being "jugged" in a pan of hot water till required.

Potatoes are best steamed, as they come to no harm if left over time. Maître d'hôtel potatoes, where parboiled potatoes are sliced and put in a fireproof dish with a little stock, lemon juice and chopped parsley added, are less troublesome than boiled and mashed. (*Continued on page* 90)

For dinner you might start with some hors-d'œuvres set in coloured china on a wooden platter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CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

Undoubtedly we are getting more salad-minded in this country. No longer are we content with a few tired lettuces supporting slices of beetroot and tomato. We have realised that raw grated root crops, carrots, turnips, beetroots, are an appetising and health-giving addition and that the introduction of fruit and a garnishing of chopped nuts or grated cheese can transform a salad into a really good and nourishing meal.

Salad-dressing is, of course, important, and in order to come into line with people who are beginning to appreciate salads, new dressings are making their appearance.

One of the most recent is Morton's Mint Salad Cream, a delicious flavoured cream which has for one of its ingredients fresh garden mint. It is sold by all the leading stores and grocers, and is proving deservedly popular.

Those of us who flash through the countryside in high-powered cars seldom realise what we are missing.

Even if you own a garage full of cars, do not despise the bicycle.

A cycle tour is one of the pleasantest and most healthy ways of getting to know your own countryside, and if you take a bicycle to the Continent you have opportunities for exploring wayside villages and country lanes and of getting an insight into the lives and habits of the country dwellers that are denied to those who limit their travels to first-class motoring roads.

Bicycles have improved enormously in recent years, saddles are designed for the acme of comfort, and the 1937 models of the Hercules Company are the last word in modern construction.

There are many to choose from. We specially recommend an inspection of the Hercules de luxe model "T."

Pinking is a symptom that is looked on with disfavour by motorists, but there is another kind of pinking which is a great saver of time and labour to dressmakers, both amateur and professional.

It is a series of small pyramid or zig-zag cuts along the edge of a fabric to prevent gradual but inevitable ravelling—and it makes a neat edge that stays clean.

In order to get such an edge with the least possible trouble, get a pair of Pinkrite Automatic Pinking Shears.

"The perfect pen . . . he Queen Mary nib"

They are die-cut in a zig-zag pattern, and highly sharpened; they cut and pink fabric simultaneously, save hours of labour, and give the work of amateurs a smart and professional appearance.

They are also useful for innumerable jobs about the house, for pinking doyleys, oilcloth and paper for shelves, and for making attractive paper decorations for parties and carnivals.

There are two models at 22s. 6d. and 29s. 6d. Both are made of special high carbon steel with high rustless nickel finish. The only difference is in size. The smaller model measures 5 in. in length and the larger 9¼ in.

Most of us are temperamental about pen nibs. To those who are still searching for the perfect pen we would suggest the "Queen Mary" nib.

It is made of untarnishable whitemetal with a stub point for easy writing, and owes its name to the gracious permission of Her Majesty Queen Mary, with whom it found instant approval.

Of course, the first thing to do before buying a pen is to try it in order to see how it suits you. Opinions differ as much as handwriting, but in this instance we feel sure the pen will earn universal approval, for it so readily adapts itself to any touch.

A sample can be obtained free of charge from Perry and Co., Ltd., the century-old penmakers, 49, Old Bailey, E.C.4.

Now that the severe shingles of recent years have given place to feminine curls, our coiffures require much more attention, for curls must be well set if they are going to look good. Stray wisps and uncurled ends ruin any head of hair.

Ladye Jayne Curl Clips are very easy to use and give splendid results.

While the hair is damp, just twist it into the form of a curl and fix the clip on, leaving it until it is dry. It will stay firmly in position, and is easily removed without disarranging the curl. A sixpenny card contains two large or three small clips, and they are obtainable from all the leading hairdressers, stores and chemists.

Although summer 1937 is a thing of the past, many of us still have undeveloped films of places we have visited and friends we have made, or negatives from which we want more prints to send to friends and relatives at home and abroad, so that they may have some share of our good times.

The ambitious amateur photographer will no doubt do such work himself, but those who have no equipment or facilities can send their films or negatives to Will R. Rose, with confidence that highly satisfactory results will be obtained.

He uses only the finest developers, and in his printing departments the new special paper used gives the negatives their fullest value.

Magna prints of V.P.K. and No. 2 Brownie size are magnified to 4¼ by 3¼, and cost only 2½d., while Magna prints from miniature camera negatives are 3d. each.

Will R. Rose has three branches—at 23, Bridge Street Row, Chester; 133/34, High Street, Oxford; and 25, The Promenade, Cheltenham.

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Information Unlimited

The S.M.M.T.'s Latest Publication: by The Earl of Cardigan

THE new Austin "Big Seven" has all the good points—space, comfort, four doors, and nice lines

THE New "Minx" scores "fore and aft"—frontal appearance and luggage accommodation. No wonder, at £169, it is a best-seller

THE new Flying Standard "Nine" seats four in comfort and is lavishly equipped. Sixty miles an hour, thirty-six miles per gallon. Price £152 10 0, or £10 more for the saloon de luxe

WHAT is the average life of a motor car, taken from the date when it is sold to the time when it goes on the scrap-heap? Here is a question which I could not have answered until five minutes ago, and at which I should have guessed quite wrongly. A car lives for approximately eight years—not ten, as I had imagined, nor yet six, as a friend of mine had supposed.

Not everyone is interested by this sort of information; but a great many people must like to be able to turn up facts and figures, either to support or refute any argument which is concerned with motoring. In the business world, moreover, such knowledge may often be of the greatest value.

Except to the few to whom figures of any sort are inevitably tedious, the new S.M.M.T. publication from which I have quoted is certain to be welcome. It is entitled *The Motor Industry of Great Britain*, 1937, and can be obtained for five shillings. The compilation of all the data contained in it must have been a tremendous undertaking—and one which should open the eyes of private motorists, who most probably associate the S.M.M.T. (Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders) only with the organisation of the annual Motor Show.

In this new volume, every page has some story to tell of the progress and development of motoring. We see, for instance, that there are more cars on the road of 8 h.p. than of any other category. This is perhaps hardly surprising when one recalls that the popular Austin Seven is rated as an "Eight." There are relatively very few cars of 7 h.p. or less.

Next to the "Eights" in number are the "Tens," followed by the 12 h.p. cars and the "Fourteens." There are quite a lot of "Nines," but very few cars of 11 h.p. There is only one individual car on the road which is of 42 h.p. (can anyone please tell me what it is?) as against 2,000 cars of 44 h.p. Most of these last are presumably Rolls-Royces.

In previous years the position was rather different. It is only lately that the 10 h.p. car has become so popular. Formerly, people preferred to have cars either of 8 or 12 h.p. Going back to 1930 or earlier, we find that the "Twelve" was most popular of all, with the "Fourteen" holding second place. These were the cars which were thought to be "of a sensible size."

The process of change in public taste is, of course, still going on. Although, as I have said, 8 h.p. cars are at the moment most numerous on the road, it looks as if this will not always remain the case. Out of the various 1936 models, more "Tens" were bought than "Eights," and the same was true in 1933 and 1934. If this trend continues, we shall find a preponderance of 10 h.p. cars in a few years' time.

With regard to the number of vehicles in use of all sorts and descriptions, an interesting calculation has been made. If all these vehicles happened to be in use on the same day, there would be more than 15 of them on every mile of road, or very nearly one vehicle for every hundred yards. To see what this means, one must imagine all the roads in the country, including those in the remote highlands of Scotland, carrying this uniform volume of traffic.

Ten years ago, in 1927, there were only 10 vehicles per mile of road, so that the increase within this period has been rather over 50 per cent. Before the war, there were only two vehicles per mile, excluding carriages and horses. Perhaps we should estimate four or five vehicles per mile with the horse traffic included. On this basis, the total amount of traffic has been tripled since pre-war days.

MOTORISTS & LAGONDA

THE 4½-LITRE LAGONDA

". . . . . the 4½ Litre LAGONDA comes within that small and exclusive group which comprises the aristocracy of the automobile world. Its pedigree dates back to the earliest days of motoring. The car can be blinded unmercifully across France, thrashed up Italian passes and yet glide silently through city streets, its enormous power bending to the will of the driver. The whole car has an air of nobility about it which appeals irresistibly to the connoisseur of fine cars."

H. E. Symons, "The Sketch"

THE 12-CYLINDER LAGONDA

The making of the new 12-cylinder LAGONDA has been a deliberately retarded process—for a vintage wine may not be hurried to maturity or a new motor-car launched precipitately upon the market.

Today, after two years active experiment, the 12-cylinder LAGONDA has attained full stature. Figures, which cause even its designers* to pause and marvel, are available to show that this new motor is destined to eclipse anything of its type so far produced. We built, indeed, better than we knew.

Of the half-dozen patrician motor-cars still remaining on the world-market none ever inherited so rich a patrimony of design as the 12-cylinder LAGONDA. The new car is no mere recapitulation of a good—but tired—design in terms of 1937. It is a new-born car unrelated to any yet on the road—here or on the Continent. New ideals of performance were set up and these have been exceeded in the sheer versatility of the new car. Such is the 12-cylinder LAGONDA—a car destined to rank, from now on, among the greater names in motoring history.

* Mr. W. O. Bentley — and others.

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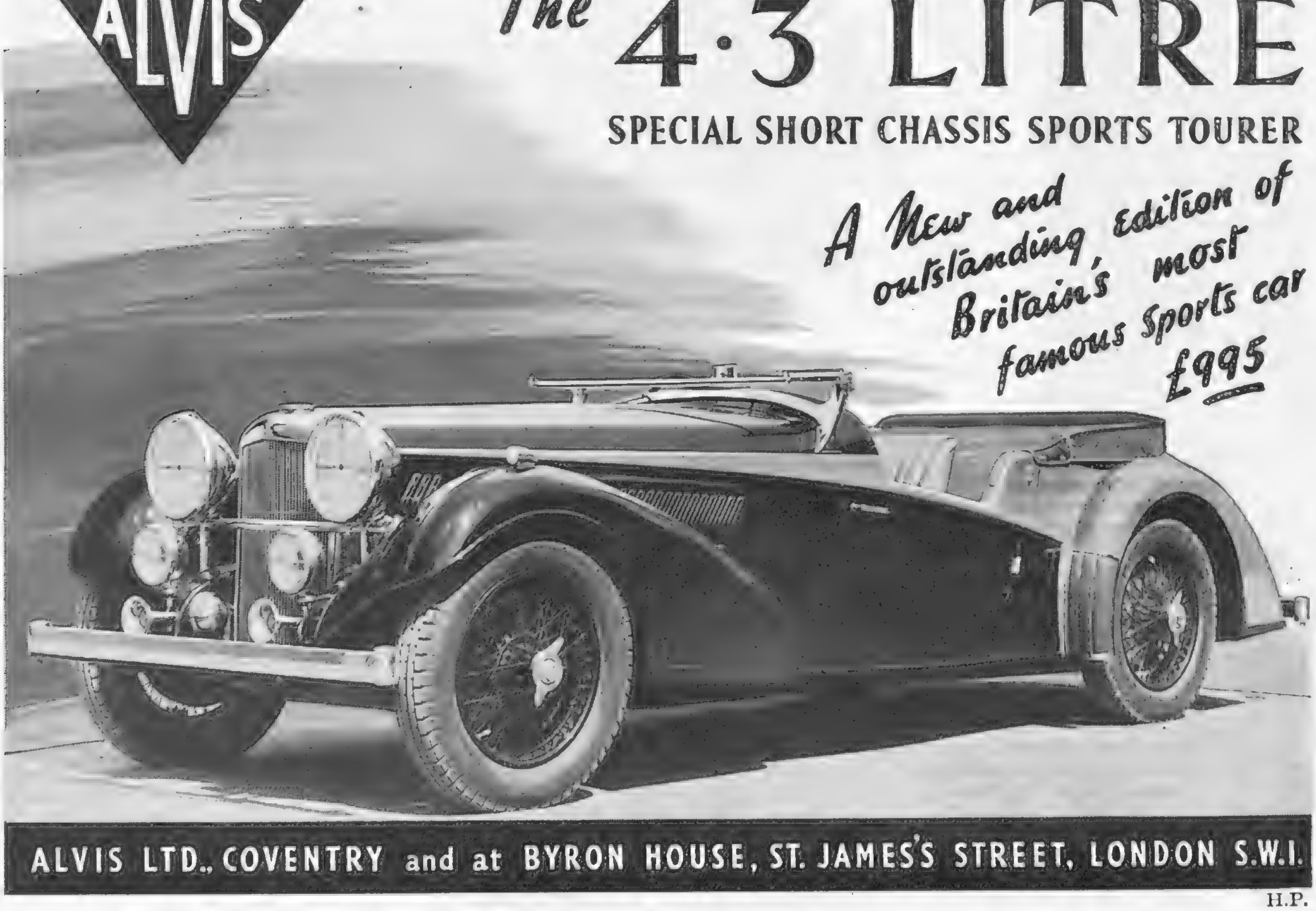
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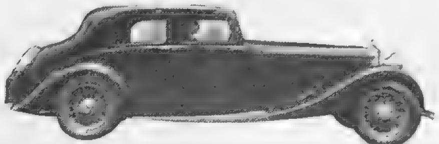
H.P.

THIS saloon model on the 4¼ litre Bentley chassis makes an extremely handsome combination



The 4¼ Litre Bentley in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders, with overhead valves and twin carburettors; 29·4 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, third and top synchro-mesh.

Performance: Third gear 75 m.p.h., top gear 90/95 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, with controllable shock-absorbers.

Steering: Light, excellent; with good lock.

Brakes: Highly efficient Servo type.

Coachwork: Luxurious, with comfortable space.

Price: Four-door saloon, £1,510.

For High Speed with Luxury

The 4¼ Litre Bentley

By The Earl of Cardigan

I AM quite frequently asked, by those of my friends who can afford to buy four-figure motor cars, just how the Bentley compares with other high-grade cars of the same power. I always find this to be an extremely difficult question to answer. The Bentley does not fall readily into any particular category, and therefore does not lend itself to straightforward comparison.

The 4¼ litre model, for example, is clearly a "luxury" car—and yet its performance takes it outside the conventional "luxury" class. One may prefer to consider it as a sports car—but again it has characteristics which are not shared by sports cars in general.

Perhaps the best way in which I can give a pen-picture of the car is to describe a peculiarly "Bentley-ish" incident which occurred during part of my test run. I was accompanied by a lady passenger who, after we had gone a certain distance, asked if she might take a spell at the wheel. Knowing her to be reliable as a driver, I agreed.

On starting off, she remarked that she did not feel like doing any speed, and hoped that I would not mind her "pottering along." Glancing at the speedometer, I was compelled to point out that "pottering" was hardly the *mot juste*. She had already settled down to a cruising speed of about 60 m.p.h. As it turned out, her resolution to avoid speeding broke down altogether after a very few miles. We got on to a modern by-pass, and found a straight stretch of roadway almost deserted by other traffic. The temptation was too much for the lady to withstand. She put her foot down on the accelerator, and kept it there for about twenty seconds. At the end of that time, the speedometer needle was showing just above the 90 m.p.h. mark!

The Bentley is just that sort of car. It is fast and powerful enough to please the most red-blooded he-man. (Its absolute maximum speed is probably around 95 m.p.h.) At the same time, it can be handled so pleasantly and "confidentially," that a lady, taking the wheel for the first time, is able to do anything she likes with it.

The six-cylinder engine, rated at 30 h.p., is never aggressive, although capable of a tremendous power output. It is extremely silent—so much so, indeed, that at first it is hard to believe how rapidly the car gathers its speed. If the accelerator is depressed at, say, 20 m.p.h., there is no perceptible increase of noise—yet a few seconds later the car is moving at 40 m.p.h. or more. This becomes almost a source of embarrassment when one happens to be in a built-up area.

The gearbox has admirably chosen ratios, top gear being approximately 4 to 1. The 5 to 1 third gear gives a fine turn of speed for hill-climbing, in the region of 75 m.p.h. These two ratios have synchromesh engagement, and it is perhaps a pity that the useful second gear is not also so equipped. When one gets to know it, however, "second" can be used with confidence whenever it is required. There is no real difficulty about it.

Road-holding is quite admirable, as regards the steadiness of the car at speed. Even at

(*Continued on page* 82)

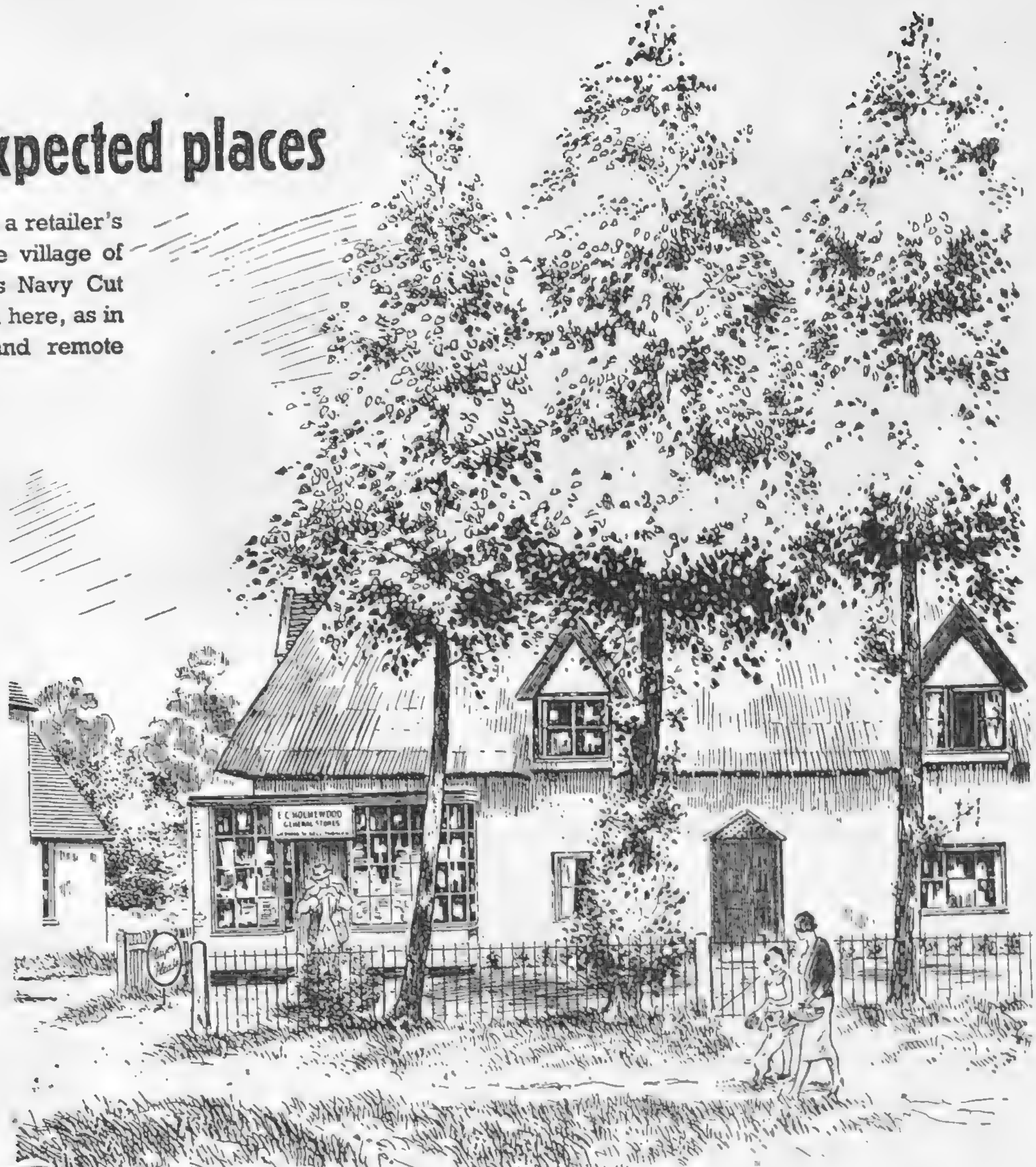
(Below)
THE engine looks highly impressive—and its actual performance is well in keeping with its appearance. It runs with extraordinary quietness, in view of the great power which it develops

THE instrument panel contains every possible aid to driving, including a large revolution indicator. Among other levers on the steering column is the control for the shock-absorbers

(Left)
THE coachwork being compact, there is room for a big luggage boot at the extreme rear. The arrangement of the tools is neat. They can be got at without disturbing the luggage

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

Player's Please

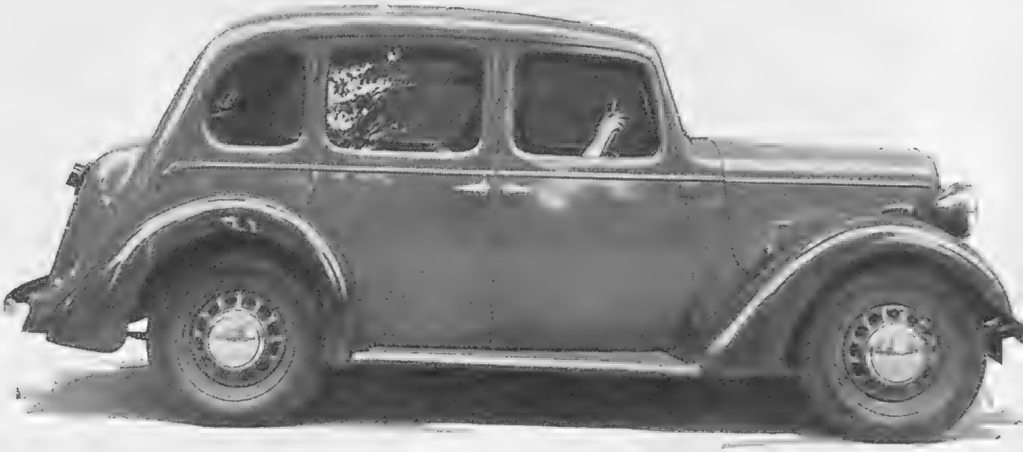
PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium" 10-6d, 20-11½d.

NCC387H

A Sturdy Four Cylinder AUSTIN

The 10 h.p. SALOON

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE 10 h.p. Austin has decidedly pleasing lines, while including an unusually large window area. This is a point which passengers should greatly appreciate when motoring for pleasure purposes

THERE is no doubt that, while the six-cylinder engine has its own distinctive virtues, there is still a great deal to be said for a good "four." It may be something less than perfect in the matter of smoothness, but its performance has a certain sturdiness and virility which is very satisfying. It undoubtedly develops more sheer power than a "six" of equivalent size.

This phenomenon is largely due to our weird official method of calculating horse-power. The multi-cylinder car is penalised in the matter of taxation. Even were this not so, however, it is probable that the simple, straightforward four-cylinder design would continue to be deemed best for all cars of the compact, economical type.

Certainly the 10 h.p. Austin has the right sort of engine for the job which it has to do. The "Cambridge" saloon model has extremely roomy coachwork, and it is clear that nothing has been "skimped" with a view to saving inches or ounces at the expense of comfort. A sturdy power unit is therefore an essential.

A small degree of roughness may be noticed at the very low speeds, but this gives place to absolute smoothness as the engine gets into its stride. At cruising speeds this Austin is delightfully smooth—a feature which I especially noticed in the region of 45 to 50 m.p.h. Acceleration is distinctly good, with a lively pick-up which is of great value when getting through city traffic.

The maximum speed is about 45 m.p.h. in third gear, which is decidedly useful. In top gear 60 m.p.h. can be reached and even—by 1 or 2 m.p.h.—exceeded. For a "Ten," the Austin is therefore amply as fast as any ordinary owner can wish.

The gearbox is a good one, giving synchromesh engagement for second, third and top gears. It is undoubtedly an advantage that second gear should be made as simple and convenient as the others. In traffic, for example, when the car has been brought nearly to a standstill and then is able to move on again, it is second gear which is wanted rather than third. To be able to engage it instantly, (*Continued on page 82*)

THERE is ample leg-room at the back, and the amount of head-room is extremely good

THE engine has all the virtues of a good "four," in that it gives a sturdy and vigorous road performance. It also runs, except at the very low speeds, with a remarkable degree of smoothness

THE doors are sensibly wide, so that it is easy to get in and out. On the left of the compact instrument panel there is a cubby-hole of exceptional size and depth, which will hold any number of odds and ends

The 10 h.p. Austin in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves, 10 h.p.

Transmission: four-speed gear-box, synchromesh second, third and top.

Performance: third gear 45 m.p.h., top gear a good 60 m.p.h.

Springing: by long semi-elliptic springs.

Steering: very light, with good lock.

Brakes: of excellent Girling type.

Coachwork: comfortable and roomy.

Price: "Cambridge" Saloon, £195.

THE spare wheel is neatly stowed underneath the luggage compartment. For large trunks, the door of the luggage locker, when lowered, acts as a solid platform

A Sturdy Four Cylinder Austin

without hesitating and "feeling" for it, is the means of getting quickly "off the mark."

Frankly, I am of the opinion that the average driver of a small car does not use his second gear nearly enough. He tries to make the third and top gears do everything. In the Austin there is no excuse for this—and an Austin driver should not fall into this error.

Speaking of traffic work, the lightness of the Austin steering is also to be commended. Its action is quite definite, but there is no effort involved. The steering lock also is a remarkably good one, so that the car can be turned round in quite a small space without having to be reversed. When parked in a row with others, it can nearly always be got out after having been reversed once only.

The springing is comfortable, and the brakes, being of the new Girling type, are excellent. It is remarkable how braking systems still vary from a driver's point ot view, although nearly all are now similar in apparent lay-out. Some are light but fierce in operation: others are progressive, but require much heavier pressure.

Mr. Girling—if there is a Mr. Girling—has achieved something of a feat in combining progressiveness with lightness in just the right proportions. Any Girling brake within my experience has always given first-rate results—and this is certainly the case when fitted to the Austin chassis.

The coachwork is very well planned, having large windows and relatively narrow door pillars, so that the all-round visibility is unusually good. Curiously enough, however, neither front wing is visible from the driving seat. Although this is nothing unusual in a modern car, I often wonder if it is not to be regretted from the point of view of the beginner who has not yet learned to gauge a car's width with certainty.

Comfort is a leading feature of the interior. There is plenty of space, so that even a tall man in the back seat is not constricted in the matter of leg-room. The seat cushions are luxurious, and are covered with quality leather. There is enough chassis space left over for an enclosed luggage boot of useful proportions to be incorporated at the extreme rear.

Although the Austin Company, like most other firms, has recently had to make some increase in prices owing to the growing cost of raw materials, it can still be said that this "Ten" is listed at a very modest figure. The present price, which includes a sliding roof and a great number of other refinements and conveniences, is only £195.

For High Speed with Luxury

(*Continued from page 79*)

90 m.p.h., one feels no sense of uneasiness. The long semi-elliptic springs are fitted with shock-absorbers, the action of which can be controlled by the driver. The range of the controlling mechanism is not very great, but the effect is decidedly good, enabling the springing system to give of its best both at high and low speeds.

The steering is almost ideal, being extraordinarily light for a car of the sporting type, and having an uncommonly good lock. At the same time, it is firm and definite enough for really fast driving, and has a really effective self-centring action.

It is obvious from some of my earlier remarks that the brakes require to be good—and they are so. They pull the car up with great rapidity, but with a properly progressive action.

There are innumerable other chassis features which ought to be mentioned. There is an efficient system of one-shot lubrication. Several electrical parts are duplicated, such as the petrol pumps, with a view to making failure almost impossible on the road. Petrol and oil consumption—although I took no exact records—are evidently very reasonable.

The coachwork is luxurious, giving ample room in front, with a genuine sufficiency behind. The off-side front door is somewhat obstructed by the gear lever, but all other doors are of comfortable width. The interior equipment is positively lavish. For those who have £1,510 to spend, it is difficult to think of an investment promising greater pleasure and satisfaction.

END

The Zoo "Centenarians' Club"

(*Continued from page 17*)

days are left to this undoubted centenarian? Perhaps one—perhaps fifty. Myself, I think this interesting old lady is likely to continue in the land of the living for some time to come, for—amazing fact!—every few months she retires into the bracken at one side of her Zoo quarters, and there deposits two large white objects, very similar in appearance to tennis balls—her eggs! Quite plainly, life for her has lost none of its zest!

Unhappily, tragedy invariably overtakes these eggs of hers. Almost always, she lays them at night, before the keeper can rescue them, and tries to push them down into the cement floor, with the result that her treasures are soon crushed to atoms. However, even had she some earth or sand in which to bury them, it is very doubtful if the eggs, in this climate, would hatch. Many tortoise eggs are laid annually at the Zoo, but those which have subsequently produced living tortoises could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Again, there is a cockatoo at the parrot house who is known to be over 70, although by how much he exceeds that figure is never likely to be established. He, too, belonged to a human family who had owned him since his early days, when he had been brought over in a sailing ship from Australia. When this bird came into the possession of the Zoo, a year or two ago, he had the reputation of being a prolific talker. But Zoo life, I fear, has been bad for his vocabulary. Surrounded by raucous and bad-mannered screechers, he, too, has lapsed into this meaningless but effective method of making himself heard. To-day he seldom utters more than an occasional, albeit flatteringly hearty "Hullo!" The rest of his utterances are indecipherable. He is, however, by no means the oldest cockatoo the Zoo has had. Some years ago one of these birds lived well into its 102nd year, and in the years immediately preceding its decease regularly presented the Society with an egg.

There is at least one genuine centenarian in the Zoo reptile house, and possibly there are more. George, the Mississippi alligator, who weighed nearly three-quarters of a ton when he was last invited to step on the scales, and whose rough, scaly body measures thirteen feet, is thought by experts to be the ripest in years.

George's age is said to be about 120. Whether or not that is approximately correct, he is certainly an object of great antiquity. The evidence in favour of his great age is first of all his length—an alligator thirteen feet long is usually somewhere between 75 and 150 years old. Secondly, there is the fact that he has grown only two or three feet since the Zoo acquired him, in 1912, from Bostock's menagerie; and that, unlike comparatively young saurians, he has ceased to replace any teeth he loses. And yet another indication of advancing years is given by his behaviour towards other alligators and crocodiles. In the wild state it is not unusual for an old alligator to bully his younger companions, or even to drive them out of the "home" waters altogether; and George is so confirmed a bully towards his smaller Zoo kindred that he now has to occupy a pool by himself, lest he injure them.

Kai Lung, the rare Chinese alligator, who has been living in the menagerie since 1907, is also a very aged specimen, although we have no means of knowing his precise age, since he was originally captured in the Yangtse River.

Many visitors imagine some of the big Zoo pythons to be veterans. Probably the belief persists because these snakes appear, to them, to be constantly sleeping. It is certainly true that, except at meal-times, the pythons rarely emerge from their torpor; but the fact is that few of them, as the Zoo records show, are over 30. Some of the giant South American toads, too, are supposed to be of very great age, if not actually immortal, and probably for the same reason. But even the largest, a specimen that arrived some years ago and to-day weighs 1½ lb., has probably not yet reached his twelfth year of existence.

A similar belief is very prevalent with regard to elephants. Indeed, it is not unusual to hear the various riding animals acclaimed as being "well over 100 years old." Let me, then, give you the facts, for the birthdays of all these elephants are known and recorded. The four animals employed on riding duty to-day are Koko, Heera Cully, Ranee and Sally—all Indian elephants—and their ages are, respectively, 34, 30, 23 and 20—all, in fact, much younger than many of the visitors they carry! None of these elephants, well tended, though they are, is ever likely, I am afraid, to qualify for membership of the "Centenarians' Club," seventy years being reckoned as a "ripe old age" for a captive elephant.

Probably there has been more speculation about the life-span of elephants than any other animal, and much research work has been done with a view to ascertaining the facts. Not long ago, for example, a scientist made a special tour of the elephant country seeking reliable data on this very subject. He visited many places reputed to have elephants 100 or more years of age, but although he succeeded in tracing each back to its original owner, he failed to find one exceeding the age of 65. He concluded from these investigations that the life-span of the elephant is less, on the average, than that of man. And if further evidence were required, it might be found in the official lists published by the Indian Government some years ago. Here it was shown that, of 138 elephants captured in the wild state, only one lived for more than twenty years after being taken.

Although birds do not, generally speaking, live to a great age—at any rate in captivity—there are certainly a few Methuselahs at the Zoo birds-of-prey aviary. Until its death, recently, the oldest inhabitant here was a griffon vulture who arrived at the Zoo in 1901, and was reckoned to be in advanced age even when it arrived. It is certainly possible that this bird may have been actually a centenarian, for there are well-authenticated records which show that an Egyptian vulture has lived to 118 and a golden eagle to 104.

Still, there are probably no Zoo exhibits whose ages are less easy to assess accurately than birds. Appearances are so apt to mislead one. We have only to look at the marabou stork, with its solemn expression, its semi-bald head drawn down into its "shoulders," and its paucity of feathers suggesting the wear-and-tear of centuries. From this bird's careworn appearance you might suppose it to be a very worthy member of the "Centenarians' Club"—even its chairman! Alas for appearances, however! The simple fact is that the Zoo has no record of a marabou living for more than thirty years.

We know a lot more about animal ages nowadays than was once the case, thanks to the Zoo. I say "thanks to the Zoo" because, for some years now, the authorities have kept careful records of the life-span of some 20,000 different animals. These records, showing, as they do, that an animal's span of life has no relation whatever to its physical size, are valuable now; but they will be ten times more so in a hundred years' time, when some of the longest-lived specimens have had time to complete their careers.

"There's a lot
for a beginner
like me to learn—"

*"There's one thing I notice
you have learnt—to rely on '4711'"*

The wind's in the west this clear September morning—an uncertain gusty wind making already difficult shots well-nigh impossible . . . "*Take the measure of the wind and give your birds a good lead*" . . . making No. 1 a hot gun and the rest spectators—a hot gun that's wise enough to get cool again with "*4711*". . .

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"4711" SLOUGH, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Gai K83

Monsters Made to Order

(Continued from page 9)

been produced from rabbits by poisoning pregnant does with alcohol and other drugs, while the original Chinese goldfish breeders achieved similar results by simply being dirty 600 years ago.

They bred the common grey carp of the Chinese rivers in filthy tanks, housed in dark sheds. The developing embryo fish lacked oxygen, and their cells lost control of the amount of water they were absorbing. The result was a grotesque collection of irregularly swollen bodies.

Some had eyes which bulged out like bed-knobs, some had enormous fins and spherical bodies; others lacked certain fins altogether, or were practically naked of scales. In all of them proper pigmentation failed, and they changed from dark grey to red.

During the last few years, scientists have done the same sort of thing with axolotls and salamanders, and have demonstrated that if the abnormalities are produced through several successive generations, they become inheritable. This means that the genes in the cells finally become affected, for only so could the characters be passed on.

Thus man has invaded one of Nature's secret strongholds—he has succeeded in producing new living forms which breed true, and has poked his finger into the mechanism of evolution.

When goldfish are kept in clean, running river-water, they tend to "revert to type." After two or three generations, the gold colour begins to disappear, and the "ornamental" features get less and less prominent. The fancy variety goes back to its ancestral form, or, what is really nearer the truth, the development of the fish *stops* at the ancestral stage, instead of going on to the grotesque shapes the fanciers delight in.

The same thing sometimes happens on the grander scale of natural evolution, and cases of development arrested at an ancestral stage are not uncommon among men and animals.

One of the greatest discoveries of the last century was that the developing embryo "climbs up its own genealogical tree." The human embryo, for instance, betrays its fish ancestry in having rudimentary gills, and its mammalian ancestry in having a long, double row of breasts, and being covered with fur.

The first gill-cleft becomes transformed into an ear, and the gill-arches into the bones and cartilages of the jaw and throat, by the time we are born. But people are occasionally born with a gill-cleft left open, just above the collar-bone, and later in life are troubled with discharges from it.

Another relic of our fish ancestry comes out in the so-called "hare-lip," while "cleft-palate" is produced when local development is arrested at the reptilian stage. Higher up the evolutionary scale comes the inturned foot of the ape, known as "club-foot," and quite a number of people are born with short tails.

All these cases of arrested development may be laid to the charge of the genes, who fail to complete their functions. But now we come to quite a different type of monster, due to the fusing together, or unequal development, of "identical" twins.

LAST March a cat with two complete faces was born in San Diego, U.S.A. In the same month a lamb with five legs was born near Bristol, and another at Nazeing, in Essex. A calf with five legs is reported from Hamburg, and a cat with six legs—the two extra ones springing like wings from its shoulders—was the subject of a Leeds County Court case in 1893.

There are two distinct types of twins. "Ordinary" twins are produced when two egg-cells happen to get fertilised at the same time. They develop side by side, independently of one another, in separate membranes, and when they are born they may be no more like each other than ordinary brothers and sisters. They may be of opposite sex.

"Identical" twins arise when only one egg-cell is fertilised, but after this has made its first division the two daughter cells start developing as separate individuals, which grow up within the same membrane. When they are born, they are so much alike that even their mother can hardly tell them apart, and they are always of the same sex.

It sometimes happens that the first division is not complete, and the twins are developed and born joined together—"Siamese twins." A very famous case of this is the "Biddenden Maids," who founded a charity in Kent in the twelfth century. They were joined together from the waist downwards.

Another case was the "Scottish Brothers," who were noted linguists and musicians, and lived to the age of twenty-eight. They were fastened to each other back to back, but their lower extremities were fused together so that they had only one pair of legs.

Unfortunately, Siamese twins cannot be separated, and if one dies, the other suffers a painful death soon afterwards. Cases in which joined twins have developed more or less equally are pathetic, but not particularly monstrous except when they are joined by the tops of their heads, or face to face, or in some other grotesque way.

Sometimes the twins are fused together for the greater part of their body, looking and behaving so far exactly like a single individual, but are divided in the remainder. This is the class to which our six-legged cats and four-legged hens belong. Lizards with two tails are not at all uncommon, while a turtle with two heads was recently encountered by a film expedition in central Asia.

Among human beings it more frequently happens that one of the twins develops at the expense of the other. The famous Chinese who had a tiny little man attached to his breast-bone is an example, and there was the "Bengalee Child," who had a small extra head joined crown-to-crown to his own, but with no body attached to it.

People suffering from certain types of tumours, too, are often found to have a minute twin, enclosed in a bag of skin, inside them. Doctors call them "dermoid cysts."

There is a vast collection of such monstrosities in the Hunterian Museum at Oxford, and many of them are too appalling for the lay mind to dwell upon. But it is, perhaps, a no less appalling fact that this sort of monster can also be "made to order" nowadays. Not yet with human beings, it is true, but certainly with amphibians.

A fertilised frog's egg is tied round with a hair, and very nearly cut in two. It then either develops into two frogs or a monster. It is only a question of finding a suitable technique for the process to be carried into the mammalian world.

Monsters in the insect world have been made by purely mechanical means. There are two distinct species of large British water-beetle—*Dytiscus*, which is carnivorous, and *Hydrophilus*, which is vegetarian. The heads of these two beetles have been cut off and interchanged, the resulting monsters assuming the habits of their new heads!

Science is slowly but surely wresting from Nature long-hidden secrets, and is dabbling with the very springs of life itself. As knowledge spreads, there will be grave danger of unscrupulous persons performing nameless horrors for their own profit. The production of more and more frightful monsters for circuses would be the least of these.

In the not too distant future it may be possible to mould bodies into forms which will fit them for special tasks, or to develop brains suited for particular types of occupation, as outlined in Aldous Huxley's somewhat dismal prophecy, *Brave New World*.

One man may be conditioned to slave at mechanical work without mental fatigue, another to grasp easily at mathematical and philosophical ideas, another to develop particularly long fingers for some special sort of manipulation in manufacture.

But they would all be monsters—artificial monsters.

It is, indeed, not quite certain that the ordinary little differences which distinguish us as individuals are not of the essence of monstrosity. There may be no such thing as a "normal" man at all. But if it ever comes to the point of deliberately producing new varieties for economic purposes, the wise will surely say, "Here, at least, hands off Nature!"

One species of *Homo sapiens* is quite enough for one world.

Antique Furniture

(Continued from page 39)

originally made; north, south, east and west having distinctive styles of their own.

Here is the amateur collector's chance and, if he is not careful, his undoing. The rustic joiner and turner went on using oak—and sometimes elm—because it was cheap and plentiful, long after walnut, mahogany and other fancy woods had become fashionable in London.

Old oak blends beautifully with modern soft furnishing; country farmers still throw out old coffers, stools, tables, bed posts, to make room for radio or bed-settee; but of all woods and styles none lend themselves so readily to faking as Tudor and Jacobean oak. The rich dark colour is reproduced artificially—but it doesn't last—so are the worm-holes.

The connoisseur can tell at a glance the real from the sham merely by the "stand" of the thing; blindfolded, he can judge the carving with the tips of his fingers.

Until the beginner gains a little confidence in his judgment he had better not do much bidding at small country auction sales. If he buys from a reputable dealer, though he pays more, he gets a written guarantee of the authenticity of his purchase.

Much imitation period furniture is, of course, frank reproduction and doesn't pretend to be anything else. The drawback to buying it as an investment is that it is expensive in the first place and, when you sell it, "reproduction antique" becomes plain "secondhand."

In many cases, especially those of early eighteenth-century card and sofa tables, a good reproduction is dearer than an original bought even from a high-class London dealer.

As a general rule, the later the period, the less likely is its furniture to be reproduced, honestly or as a fake. This applies especially to the second half of the eighteenth century.

Some of Sheraton's delicate designs, lavishly inlaid with fruit woods representing anything from a portrait to a pack of cards, would be tedious to copy even supposing the woods could be matched.

The thing to enquire into closely, if you are keenly interested in furniture of this period, is restoration.

When a restored piece contains one small panel, one cabriole leg, one slab of cross-grained veneer out of the original, the resulting patchwork, however ingenious, cannot be called an antique.

However, late eighteenth and early nineteenth century furniture is not much sought after except by philanthropic millionaires who sometimes buy it to present to museums.

The reason for its comparative neglect is that it takes too much living up to. In its heyday it was surrounded by formal grandeur, elegance, artificiality.

Between the marble-halls atmosphere demanded by late Georgian furniture and the country-cottage setting demanded by Tudor and Jacobean there is, however, plenty of beautiful old furniture which makes no demands at all.

The best of it was made in the reigns of William and Mary, Queen Anne and George I. It has the mellow charm of old burr walnut and marquetry; it is solid, dignified, restrained, yet graceful, subtle, companionable.

More important perhaps is that, with true old-world courtesy, it puts the rest of one's nondescript furniture at ease, sheds over it even something of its own gracious glamour.

C. M. O'C.

Bear Brand *Crepe Luxury Stockings* 3/11 · 8/11

Paris is jealous
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As you wear

It is wickedly easy to spoil the effect of the most entrancing ensemble by neglecting this matter of stockings. Complete self-assurance (and a little pardonable pride) may be obtained at prices from 3/11 to 8/11 simply by asking rather definitely for Bear Brand.

Living on Radium

(*Continued from page* 11)

you much as Kennedy did us—as somebody who must be awfully tired of convenience and comfort and hard up for something to write. The authorities will look you over, too, but more materially. Let's see your sleeping bag. What have you got in that pack ? Plenty of heavy socks ? All right, you'll need plenty. Extra moccasins ?

And look here—these breeches of yours. My friend, this is no Boy Scout jamboree. Better get wind-proof pants. And a parka—a real one. None of these Hollywood affairs ; something built for weather—weather, mind you. Those snow glasses you've got—tut, tut. The metal nose bridge—it'll freeze to your nose. You'll get the proper things ? Very well ; now sign this contract. Kennedy, here, and his Radium Express will take you to the diggings (God willing), but if anything happens en route—well, that's your affair. Sign here. Okay. Okay. Get a move on.

So, properly equipped, we had set out from Edmonton. A thousand miles or so of snow, ice and storm lay between us and Radium City. It lay almost due north from America's northernmost east-west railroad. Settlements or refuelling points—most of them being old outposts of the fur trade—lay from two to three hundred miles apart. If the weather gangs up on you between these cheerless oases, you may wish you'd never started. If the prospect worries you, you'd better quit while there's a chance of quitting comfortably. This, my friend, is the time to make up your mind—here at Edmonton. No ? You'll go ? Okay—and good luck.

At Yellowknife, while Kennedy was doing necessary things to the motor of our plane and Pete Racine was preparing to feed us, we saw gold samples that might drive ordinary prospectors to the eye-rubbing stage saying they didn't believe it. We saw hunks of quartz splotched, shot and filled with gold. But somehow it didn't interest us. We were out to see smooth, black boulders which were being forced to give up the most precious marketable substance in the world : Radium. . . .

Two and a half hours north of Yellowknife we picked up the Camsell River and presently were hovering over the high escarpment of the Conjuror Mountains. That immense expanse of white we saw ahead was Great Bear Lake. Somewhere on Great Bear Lake a hundred men were assaulting the black rocks which were surrendering radium—but only after an unholy fight.

We skirted fifty miles of coastline. To our uninitiated eyes we seemed to be floating over ten thousand white tornadoes. But it was merely the wind kicking up snow spumes. The wind, if you must know, can blow sixty or seventy miles an hour at the Circle and think nothing of it. Mere zephyrs until you try flying into them. And suddenly Kennedy thumped groundward. We looked.

Was this Radium City ? Kennedy was right—we weren't seeing much. There was a huddle of huts at the apex of a gut of ice-bound water. We had a silly moment. All we could think of was the possible thickness of the ice. We remembered how impressed we had been back home when they cut ice four feet thick on the lake. This ice was probably twenty feet thick. But we recovered. We looked sharply and saw tiny plumes of smoke issuing from pin-point chimneys. We saw what first looked like bugs scurrying about—men. Then Kennedy turned the plane's nose down, grinning at us. We probably looked pretty funny to him.

A couple of ice peaks nodded at us. We side-slipped between two more, fell swiftly in a down draught, levelled off and, before we realised it, landed. We didn't see much. Huts. A dozen sled dogs looking just about as friendly as the weather. If they always fought like that, just how did the owners keep a supply of dogs on hand ? Then suddenly we saw a couple of girls in huge parkas. That cheered us up. Wonderful how they can moderate climate just by being around—even if they don't pay much attention to you. There was a mounted policeman too, and following him, a little gang of half-breed kids. Robust brats.

Kennedy grinned at us again. Probably our face showed disappointment. Fifteen hundred miles or so through an ice-cold hell for this ? Well, he had told us we weren't going to see much. And we weren't. Except that one of the girls smiled brightly. Anyway that was something.

" Don't worry," said Kennedy. " They'll be over with dogs to get you in a little while."

" Who ? " we demanded. " Aren't we here ? "

" Keep your shirt on," said Kennedy. " The mines are over yonder. This is only Cameron Bay—the landing field."

So we had farther to go. These buildings were such commonplace things as the post office, the government radio station, the Hudson's Bay trading post. We were getting a little tired of travelling, and said so. Why, we demanded, hadn't we landed at the mines ? We could see radio stations, post offices and general stores back home. Kennedy was very good-humoured.

Sure, sure, he'd land his planes at the mines—when he got tired of living. If you like landing ships on house-high ice piles, try it. Take the old ship yourself, kid. She's insured. But are you ? Maybe you'd better wait for the dog team, buddy. I would if I were you.

WHEN the dog sled arrived, looking for us, they thrust us into a sleeping-bag, put on our sun glasses and mittens. The girls weren't smiling any more—just laughing. When at last we were in the sled, much too bundled to move, the driver cracked his whip over half a dozen dogs and, just as in the movies, yelled " Much." Before those trotting dogs had rounded the trail corner we were saying " To hell with radium." But nobody heard us. Around the corner the wind hit us flush. It cut our cheeks and made our eyes burn. We closed our eyes and began to think of the trip back.

Then the sled stopped. We opened our eyes. We were at the mines. Somebody rolled us out of the sled just as they might handle an ore sack. Then they led us to the bunkhouse. It was time, we thought, to do something for ourselves. So we wriggled free of the sleeping-bag, the parka, muffler and goggles. Quite a crowd had collected. Somebody introduced us to somebody and immediately we began to meet Radium City.

There was Kainz, boss of a big Diesel, rubbing his oily hands with waste. Kainz, five feet six, but built like a truck, took us aside later and told us what he thought of Herr Hitler, who is now running his country not altogether to the liking of Mr. Kainz. " Hitler, hell ! " We wanted to talk about radium. And Hermann Fischer, who mastered the *Westfalen*, the *Danzig* and the *Kaiserin Augusta* at various times during the Great War. Now his quarter-deck is a woodpile and his sextant an axe. Fischer thinks Hitler is a great guy. Listen : What did we come to the Arctic Circle for—to discuss a curious little man with a comedy moustache ? Where's this radium mine ?

Still we had to meet the rest of them. They told us they had expected that some writing guy would show up some time. Radium was an old story to them. The chore boy at the bunkhouse used to drive a milk-wagon back in civilisation. One day he took his savings and bought an airplane passage to the Circle. They gave him a job—chambermaid in the miners' rooms. He told us all about it. Olaf Slaaten runs a tractor. He used to do that in the Saskatchewan wheat fields until he went broke like everyone else. Olaf was sick of the way the government was running things anyway. A man's his own man in Radium City. You're your own law on the Circle. And Nere Robert had come up from the Beauharnois country near Montreal, at first for furs. He married an Indian girl. We couldn't keep track of all the men we met. And we were glad there were only a hundred of them. We wanted to talk about radium—not Hitler, milk, floppy government and Indian girls. One fellow used to be an electrical supplies salesman. We talked to a guy who was a stockbroker. Another said he used to be a building contractor. There were enough college football players to make quite a team—Pat Ryan, of the University of New Mexico, for one. Then just for variety someone showed us a heap of bulging sacks. Grab one, stranger, and give it a swing. We grabbed and we tried to swing. How were we to know that that little sack contained a hundred and forty pounds of radium concentrate ? It took fourteen thousand pounds of rock to produce that much concentrate. When Kennedy has flown two tons of that concentrate out to the railroad and the railroad hauls it across Canada to Port Hope, Ontario, those two tons of concentrate are put through thirty-three different chemical processes. And then you have just enough radium to make a tiny spot on your thumbnail—enough to eat off your hand and arm. So shake hands with The Reverend. Used to be a preacher. Now he's a miner.

But we were thawed out by now. Our room had twin beds, electric light, steam heat. In the washroom a miner showed us how to get shaving water. You merely filled your basin with cold water. Then you took a hose attached to another tap and stuck the free end into your cold water. Then you turned on the tap. A roar ensued. That was merely the steam fighting through the cold water. And presently you had hot water.

If you wanted a shower—well, that was something else. We didn't find out why, but to take that shower you had to leave the bunkhouse, run across fifty yards of ice, through a blizzard, to the Change House where the miners change their clothes when they emerge from the mines. We got along pretty well on a shower every now and then.

For supper they gave us tomato soup, grilled white-fish, lyonnaise potatoes, hot rolls and butter, raisin and apple pie, doughnuts and tea. With the exception of an ear which hurt a bit (our parka had blown off for a moment during the sled ride) we were beginning to be ourselves.

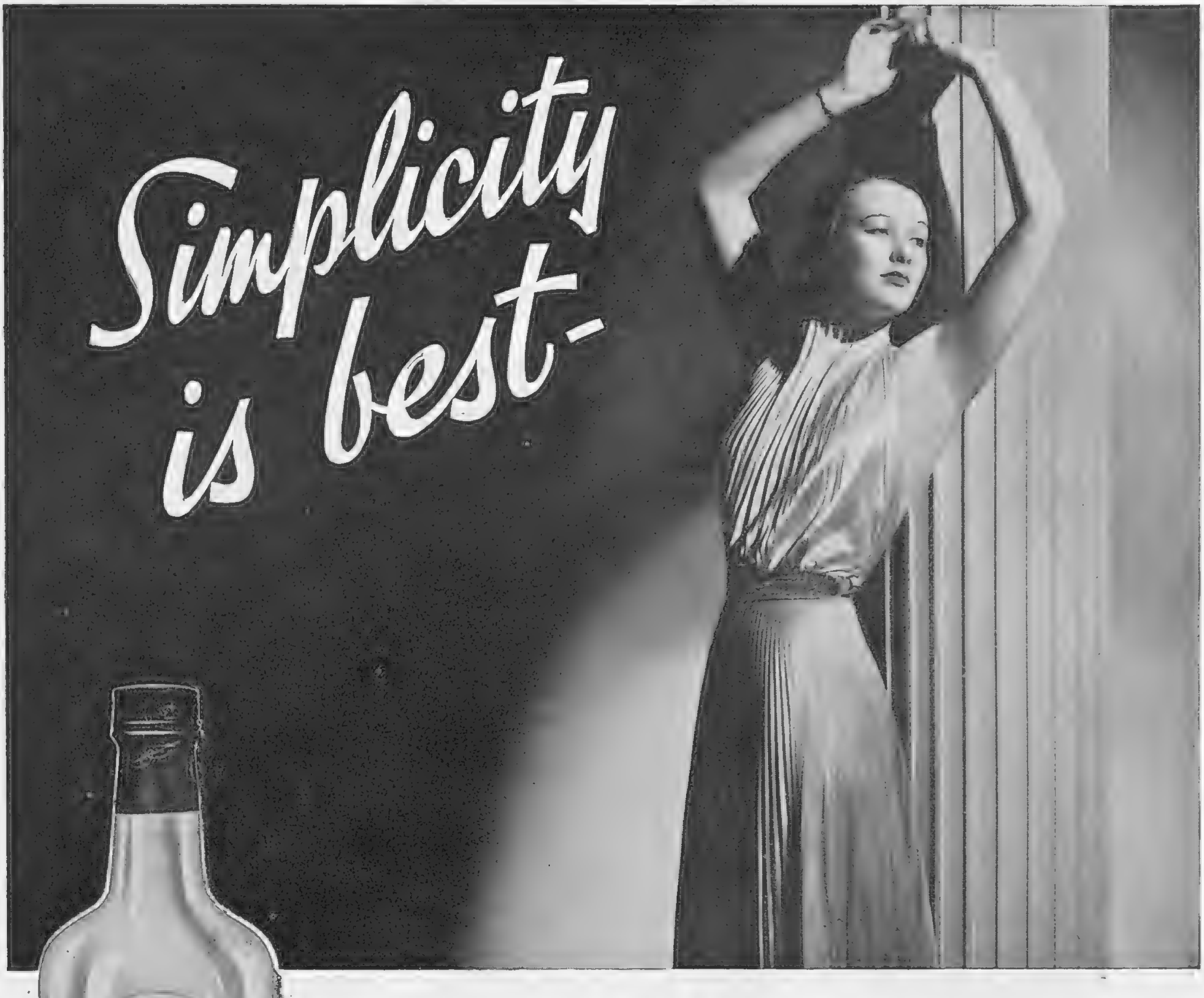
Everybody insisted upon filling us with details. Let's see. It costs ninety-two cents a day to feed a miner at the mine. But he doesn't pay it. He gets a minimum wage of four and five dollars a day—chow and bed thrown in. And the chow's rather smooth, too. They showed us the storeroom. Almonds, sweet biscuits, ketchup, coconut, figs, raspberry jam, mayonnaise, peanut butter, curry powder, spaghetti, sardines, sauerkraut, honey, ox tongue, marshmallows. Marshmallows ? Yes, marshmallows. And if you want to make something out of it, step outside. It is only sixty degrees below outside. Warming up some. And, of course, there were such common things as bacon, coffee, sugar, oatmeal, hams, and the like.

What we wanted to do, that first night, was sleep. But we got none until we were shown all the sights. The poker game, for example. The same game has been going on for a couple of years—ever since the first permanent mining crew came in. The game runs twenty-four hours a day—five-card stud but nothing wild. But you may have to spend fifty dollars for your fifth card. There are no professional games—no professional gamblers. We are not without some experience at stud, and we'd advise the ordinary professional to stay out of this game. He might, however, try his talents at billiards, pool, or table tennis, which are played at the mines with great vigour and considerable emotion.

THERE is a radio in every room, and the boys love the crooners. There are no bootleggers, but you can have a few quarts brought in by plane. All you have to do is to snowshoe over to the airport—over the trail we rode in that dog sled. We stuck to the water wagon.

But when at last they let us go to bed we made a great job

(*Continued on page* 88)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DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN FOR OVER 130 YEARS of sleeping—ten hours of it. In the morning we began to understand where we were.

Radium City contains North America's only known commercial supply of radium. It is smack down on the Arctic Circle, on Great Bear Lake, far north of the United States-Canada border. There isn't any depression in Radium City. Nobody is on dole or relief. The mines run twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The population is one hundred and one—the one being a lady—Mrs. Virginia Walli, wife of Emil Walli, the mine manager. And she used to be the radium specialist in Toronto's general hospital.

THE whole place was the result of accident. At any rate, chance. Gilbert LaBine was just prospecting around—just looking here and there for gold—when he happened upon these pitchblende rocks. Every time he visits the place he shakes his head as if he doesn't believe it. Still amazed. It was in May, 1930, that he and Charlie Saint Paul, his partner, were working around the shores of Great Bear—fifteen thousand square miles of frozen water. They were merely looking for what they might find. Then suddenly one morning the glare of the snow and ice got inside Saint Paul's eyes and Saint Paul went blind.

LaBine speaks of this with warranted feeling. Had Saint Paul not gone blind they might have gone on their way with their glances and hacks at this rock and that. But there they had to stay until Saint Paul's eyes should light up again. And while they were clearing, LaBine worked the neighbourhood while his partner lay in a dark shack with a poultice of wet tea leaves on his eyes.

Thus it happened that LaBine found a thick silver vein near the shack. Following it along, not over-enthused, because silver was no bonanza, he found a fragment of jet-black stone, about the size of a plum. In the dark shack he took the stone from his pocket. It gave off an eerie sheen—somewhat phosphorescent but with none of the surface qualities of phosphorus. LaBine says he trembled as he looked. And it wasn't the cold that shook him, either. He said nothing to Saint Paul, knowing it would be deeper agony for his partner who could not see. But he raced back to the bluff, falling, sliding, saving himself from the cliff. He found the vein which had dropped the fragment and followed that. Every specimen he hacked loose showed the smooth, black, bubbled surface of pitchblende. That's how LaBine found radium—chance. There was no reason for further prospecting. He remained in the shack, his own eyes afire, poulticing his partner's eyes until Saint Paul could see. And then he showed him the shiny black rock that looks as if it had been caught and frozen while boiling.

Now there isn't a dollar to be made mining radium ore unless you know what to do with it when you've got it. And it so happened that no one who knew responded to LaBine's first frantic appeals. Even the financiers whose only rôle was to lend the money for digging and crushing machinery and transportation showed no interest. Was LaBine crazy? Prospectors do get that way, you know. Establish a mine on the Arctic Circle, a thousand miles from the railroad? A mine on the most inaccessible reach of fifteen thousand square miles of frozen lakes—frozen nineteen feet deep ten months in the year? Listen; LaBine, stick to the gold business and make yourself some money.

BUT they didn't sell LaBine off radium. Gold? Everybody had gold. The United States had so much gold that it was planning to build a fortress to keep it in. What the world was crying for was radium. And if you didn't believe it—why, there was the word of the great Howard Atwood Kelly, surgeon and radiologist at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, to say so. Kelly told LaBine that ways had to be found to develop the strike. Had to. The scientific world, said Kelly, was praying for radium. There was not enough for active surgical work, much less for laboratory practice.

Well, you can't work as feverishly as LaBine did and not get somewhere. Somehow, the process being lost now in the maze of incident, LaBine heard of a scientific Frenchman named Ponchon. Ponchon had been an associate of the Curies in Paris. The Curies, you know, presented radium to the world. Ponchon was at the moment wringing a trickle of radium from a meagre deposit in Cornwall, England. When he heard what LaBine had found he came across the Atlantic, pacing the decks in his eagerness. Ponchon knew his job. And then the financiers and the little investigators caught fire. The money came trickling in. LaBine began to dig and ship. Ponchon, saying it was easier and cheaper to bring pitchblende to chemicals than chemicals to pitchblende, established the refinery at Port Hope, Ontario, a long, long trek from LaBine's black rocks on the Arctic Circle.

We shan't weigh you down with the droning tale of financing. How LaBine got machinery and supplies to Radium City is a story of herculean labour, mad chance and fool's luck in flood, through rapids, over ice and snow and to hell with storms. LaBine's like most of us; to-day he tells the tale as if even he who did it can't quite believe it. The gods were kind and the gods were merciful—long enough, anyway, to let him pass.

The financiers and the shares-buying public had a miserable time of it understanding why more, more and more money was needed. Hadn't LaBine bought hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery with their money for the mine and for gadgets for the refinery? Well, why not show us radium? And why did it cost two hundred and thirty thousand dollars for transporting the ore to Port Hope in a single year? If that sort of thing were to continue, was the radium worth while?

Even when he had beaten the freight bills down to a quarter of a million dollars he wasn't shipping enough ore to keep Ponchon's refinery going. To carry a ton of freight to Great Bear Lake by air, the only way north from the railhead, cost fifteen hundred dollars. And it cost just as much to carry a ton of concentrate from the mines to the railhead. And remember, it took two tons of concentrate to produce enough radium to be seen at the refinery. Moreover, the railroad charges to Port Hope, after the planes had delivered from the mines, were stiff.

Wringing more money from the increasingly reluctant capitalists, LaBine bought his own airplane. That cut his air transport costs in half. Then he went to the shipyards. When the Athabaska opened for shipping this year, the first craft to warp clear from the docks near McMurray was his *Radium Queen*, built near Montreal and shipped, knocked down, across the continent. On her decks as she chugged downstream was her brother, *Radium King*, which was similarly to be welded together beyond the rapids at Fort Smith for freight and passenger service on the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. With these, the concentrate may be carried from the mines to the railroad for a hundred dollars a ton. It sounds all too simple. But it took courage, faith and bone-grinding work.

We have a sense of guilt; we've told you all too little of the bewildering adventure—not ours, a mere sight-seeing expedition—but LaBine's. But we, like him, must deal in concentrates.

Anyway we had seen it. We had frosted our nose and had our eyes frozen shut. But here we were (wondering where we'd be next), with our feet on the richest rock on earth; worth a hundred and twenty dollars a ton, raw and unmined. Where's that notebook of ours? Yes, that's right: every gram of this rock's final product contains the energy that 3,000 tons of coal can produce. And its energy doesn't diminish with use.

STANDING here on this richest rock on earth our sensations come in jumbles. You'd understand if you were here. Electric lights, with nice arty shades, on the Arctic Circle. Eskimo mukluks standing beside a miner's bed that is covered, like as not, with an almost dainty silk comforter. Water running out of shiny taps in the washroom. Bathrooms. Airplanes fetching fresh eggs from the railhead. Steam-heated, hooked-rugged, pretty-papered bedrooms. Steamships travelling across the continent on flatcars. Billiard tables. Table tennis. The latest novels, phonograph records and swing music.

We're beginning to like the place. As the time approaches when we must leave we feel a little resentful. This is a man's town, Radium City. You live your own life up here. You have your own thoughts and you can argue without restraint. The thermometer says that it's sixty-five below zero; but the air reeks with freedom. Who cares about the Supreme Court of the United States—or about Spain, about Mussolini, about Hitler, Stalin, the Duke of Windsor, John L. Lewis, Leon Blum, or the freedom of the press? You're your own man up here.

But we have to go. The dog team drags us back to Kennedy's plane. Kennedy is still grinning at us. And that's all right with us. He has cleared the mountain ridge, pointed south toward Yellowknife, where Pete Racine will feed us beans and caribou again. Then Great Slave Lake, Fort Smith, McMurray, Edmonton and the railroad. That sky ahead of us looks mean. Kennedy is talking into his radio transmitter: "Kennedy to Fort Resolution. Kennedy to Fort Resolution. Give me your weather. Give me your weather."

Even if the sky is shaking its fist at us, we're pretty happy. We're regaining something of the little smug self-importance that we lost on our way north. We are feeling just a little bit sorry for you who haven't stood on the richest rock on earth. And we giggle to think we may be on the equator in a few weeks.

But all the snow in the world is beginning to fall. We wish we were back in that stud game in Radium City.

END.

Housewives' Heritage

(*Continued from page 57*)

table napkins, and any old stains off the carpet, and when you are through with that get busy titivating the dog's coat or putting a sparkle in your furs. The instructions tell you what method to use for different kinds of stains, but it is the same powder all the time. It comes in a tin and costs a shilling. Don't be without it.

NOW something equally practical but more decorative. A furnishing fabric that looks like glazed chintz, has all the charm of glazed chintz, and is not glazed chintz at all.

This fabric, perfected by the makers of some of the loveliest old-world chintzes in existence, has the crisp texture, the shiny, smooth finish of the glazed fabric, but the glaze is permanent.

If you have hankered for glazed chintzes in your home and recoiled from the trouble of periodic reglazing, your hankering is at an end. The new fabric washes and comes up smiling, *still like glazed chintz*.

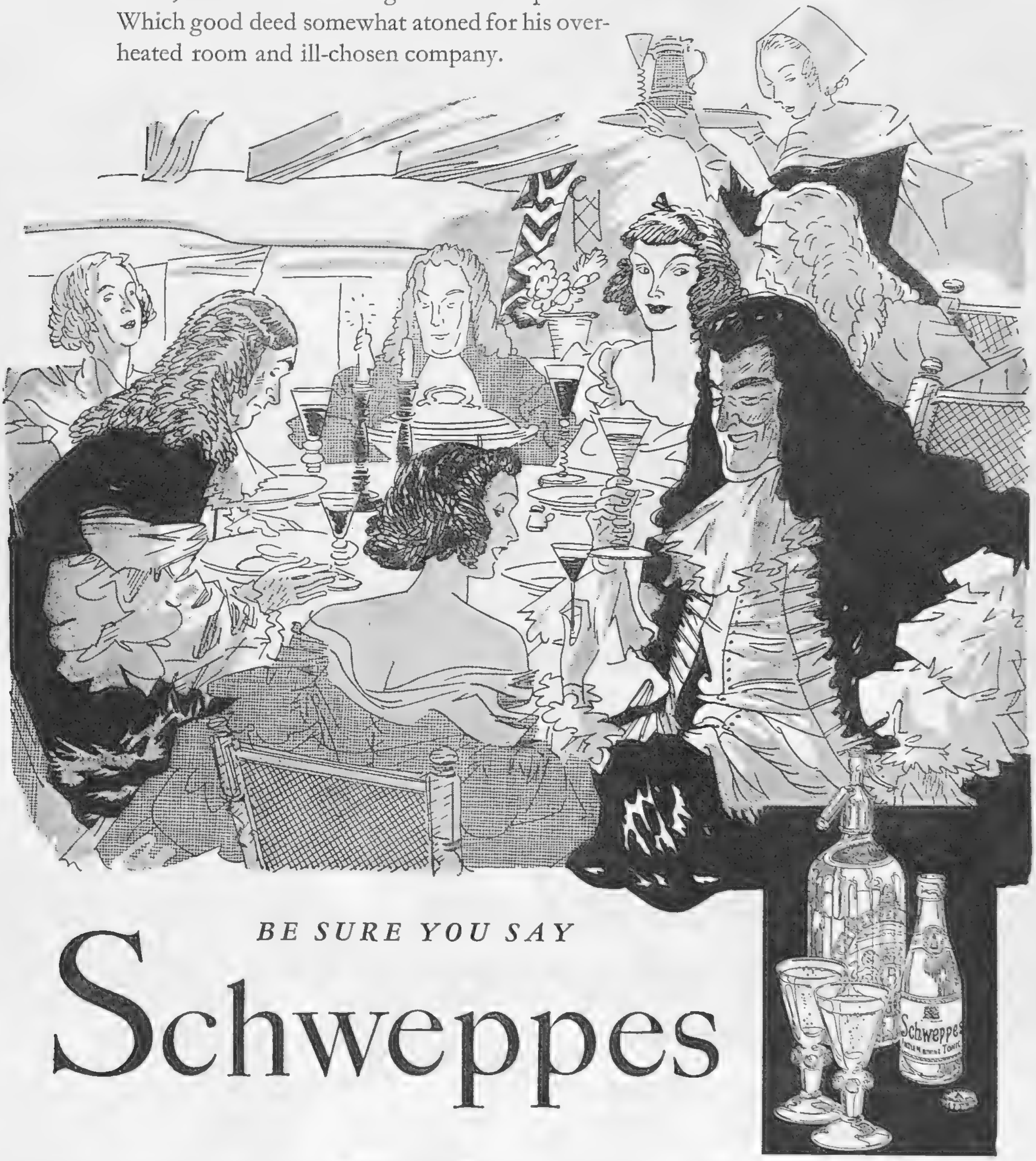
A NEW disappearing dining-table has nothing to do with occult science. It is just an invention for the lounge-cum-dining-room-cum-bedroom, and is specially interesting to bachelor persons.

The dining-table top folds in half and then the whole thing slides sweetly into the sideboard, which you can scarcely distinguish from a desk. There is nothing freakish about this arrangement. Solid good sense and practical designing are the outstanding features.

L. K.

PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION

SEPTEMBER 1ST This evening came Mr. and Mrs. Falconer who fetched us to their house in Chelsey. A prodigious clamour of guests, and their friends proved little to my taste save a pretty, well-carriaged woman with a fine hand, beside whom I contrived at last to place myself. The repast scanty, and the game-pie contained no game, only bones of rabbits. Yet Mr. Falconer showed more sense than I thought he had, in proffering us Schweppes Tonic, a brave clean drink, a brisk and bubbling freshener of palates that be wearied. Which good deed somewhat atoned for his overheated room and ill-chosen company.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Ups and Downs

(*Continued from page* 64)

from the diet and extremes of heat and cold avoided.

Sleeplessness in the young child is invariably due to some nervous disorder. Over-excitement, most especially before bedtime, is a common cause, and the child who will not settle down to sleep at the proper time often responds to an hour of quiet before bedtime. In severe cases visitors should be limited and any activity calculated to stimulate the busy little brain suspended.

An ounce of Glucose D given in drinks daily is excellent for the nervy child. It is well, also, to limit fats and to dilute milk.

Sore buttocks cause much discomfort and crying in early days. There are several causes for this.

Wet napkins are an obvious fault, but a less obvious one is a too alkaline or too acid condition of the urine. This is traceable to incorrect diet and should be referred to a doctor. Local treatment for the complaint consists in avoiding washing the parts with water. Cleanse instead with olive oil and cotton wool. Treat the skin with a mixture of zinc ointment and castor oil.

Lowered vitality through sickness is another cause of raw buttocks, and indicates the necessity for a restorative such as Virol. The constituents of this food are precisely those necessary to building up nerve, bone and muscle tissue, and it is an unfailing remedy in cases of nerves, rickets, gastritis, anæmia and general wasting.

Properly to anticipate the needs and to provide for the comfort of the very young baby requires sympathy and insight more perhaps than actual experience. The crying baby's grievance may be traced to not enough clothing, too much clothing, irritating woollies, an uncomfortable position in his cot or nervous fears engendered by a feeling of insecurity.

For this reason providing baby with the softest and most carefully planned clothing, the most scientific comfort in his sleeping accommodation, is more than a luxury; it is a necessity.

In the life of a tiny creature whom the comfort of his immediate surroundings is the sum total of existence, the right clothing, the right bedding and even the right bath make the difference between healthy contentment and ailing misery.

The Treasure Cot Company have brought the scientific study of the baby's comfort and health to a refined art, and the mother who plans to enjoy a tranquil and happy time in the first year of her baby's life is advised that for the clothes and for every detail of equipment concerned with the baby these specialists are pre-eminent.

It is not merely a question of giving your baby the best and prettiest, but also of giving yourself the matchless gift of a healthy and complacent child.

End

MORNY
BABY SOAP

Only the very finest soap should be used when washing baby. Morny's of Regent Street have been famous for many years as manufacturers of Baby Soap

Cooking in a Kitchenette

(*Continued from page* 72)

Similarly treated, with the addition of finely chopped onion, they are known as Lyonnaise and are very good indeed.

Follow the entrée with a sweet designed to melt in the mouth. It may be a cold one, for the sake of convenience, or it may be one which has been partly prepared earlier in the day.

Such a one is Crêpe Suzette, where the wafer-thin pancakes are previously made, then re-heated at table in a small omelet pan with plenty of butter and a dash of brandy or maraschino added. The pancakes are folded over in half and served with a little of the heated wine poured round as a sauce.

Fresh fruits in season served in tall sherbet glasses, blended with ice cream or delicately flavoured with wine and garnished with a liberal blob of whipped and sweetened cream, are good and easy sweets to prepare.

This meal leaves little to be desired in the way of simplicity and elegance, and furthermore it will not overtax either cooker or cook.

Casserole of Chicken

One uncooked chicken
One pint velouté sauce
Half gill cream
Lemon juice
Half-tin mushrooms
Bacon rolls
Slices of lemon

Cut the chicken in neat joints and remove the skin. Put them in a casserole, add the sauce (boiling) and the mushrooms. Simmer gently from one to one and a half hours. When the chicken is tender add the cream and the lemon juice. Place the bacon rolls on the top and garnish with lemon.

Fillets of Beef à la Pompadour

One pound fillet of beef
Pepper and salt
Two tablespoonfuls clarified butter
One tomato
One teaspoonful maître d'hôtel butter
Liquid glaze
For dishing—Croûtes of fried bread; half pint brown sauce; Macedoine of vegetables

Slice the fillet of beef three-quarters inch in thickness and trim into neat fillets. Season and fry the fillets in the butter; glaze, and dish on the fried croûtes. Lay a baked slice of tomato and a round of the butter on each fillet. Pour the sauce round, and garnish with the vegetables.

Chocolate Soufflé

One ounce butter
One ounce flour
One and a half gills milk
One ounce sugar
Vanilla essence
One and a half ounces sweetened chocolate
Three yolks of eggs
Four whites of eggs

Dissolve the chocolate in a little of the milk, then add the rest of the milk. Melt the butter, add the flour and the dissolved chocolate, and boil till thick. Cool slightly, and beat in the sugar, vanilla and yolks. Fold in the whites stiffly beaten, and pour into a papered soufflé tin. Steam gently till firm, about one hour. Turn out, and serve with custard or chocolate sauce.

Lemon Mousse

Three eggs
Two tablespoonfuls sugar
One or two lemons
Half ounce gelatine
A little water
Whipped cream

Separate the yolks from the whites. Add the sugar and grated rind of half a lemon to the yolks and beat together till light and creamy, then add the strained juice of the lemons. Dissolve the gelatine in a small quantity of water and strain it into the egg mixture and continue beating until the mixture almost sets. Stir in the stiffly beaten whites, then turn into individual glasses and serve with whipped and sweetened cream on top.

Books

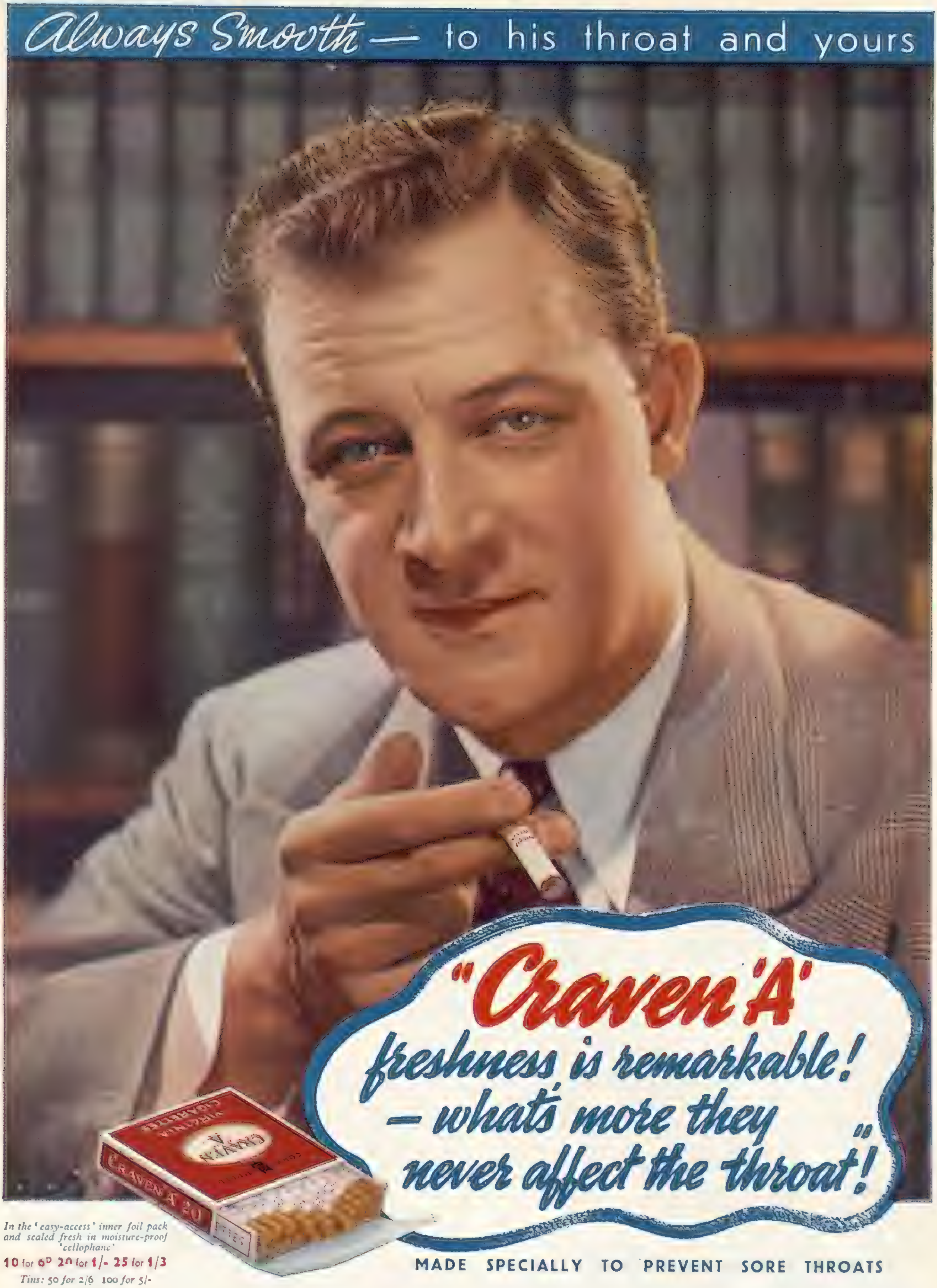
(*Continued from page* 53)

observant reader, doubtless spotted long ago—that all the novels so far mentioned have, on one pretext or another, lured us out of England. There has always been a class of novelist known as "the fugitive," but nowadays there is an enormous body of readers, too, who must be placed in that category—people who never dream of spending a holiday in Great Britain, and who collect languages as enthusiastically as their parents collected china. One of the authors named above, Miss Wake, even writes what I can only call a kind of translator's English. There is, presumably, a moral to be drawn from all this. I merely record the phenomenon.

We get back home, or nearer home, with Miss N. Brysson Morrison's new novel, *When the Wind Blows* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), the scene of which is laid in Scotland, a hundred years ago. I have no idea of the size of this author's public, but I do not often hear her name mentioned in conversation south of the Tweed. This is rather surprising, for she always seems to me a satisfying writer. Her attainments are so genuine that even her occasional passages of dialect do not daunt me. Readers who do not know her work might take the opportunity of meeting her, for her latest book is well up to her high standard.

In writing a long novel, Mr. Robert Hichens is bowing to no fashion, for his novels have always been long. They show other qualities, too, which have persisted throughout a literary career extending over several decades; in particular, a curious power of making us wonder what kind of a world is mirrored in their pages. *Daniel Airlie* (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), the story of an eminent actor-manager, is as full of meat, as soundly constructed, as any of its well-known predecessors. But the characters, like all Mr. Hichens's characters, are at any moment apt to do or to say, quite casually, things that no one does or says—no one, at least, that I know. Who are these ladies who "make their toilet"? Who ever heard of a leading lady who had to tell her dresser that she was "on" soon after the rise of the curtain? Where can one meet actors and actresses who, after years of friendship, avoid addressing one another by their Christian names? Do young men, about to wear a blue suit, talk of "changing into my navy"? Not one of these little oddities matters by itself, but dozens and even scores of them have, in the aggregate, a disturbing effect upon at least one reader. There is much in George Moore's dictum that a novelist must be a man of the world.

End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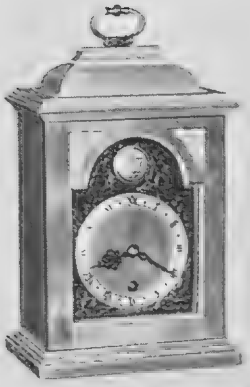

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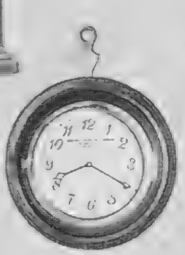

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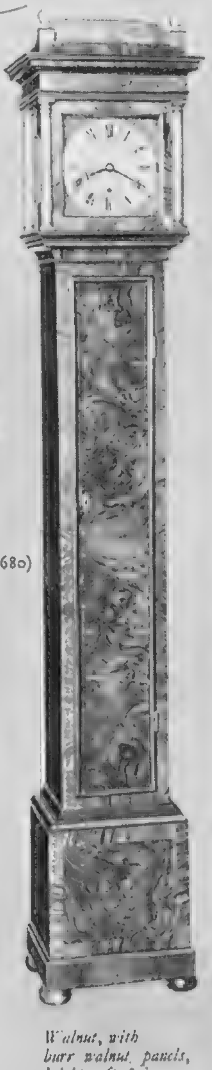

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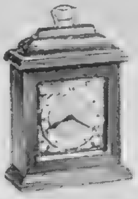

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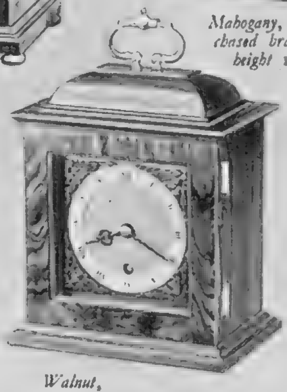

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(after Knibb—1670)

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The Above Will Arrive

(Continued from page 29)

confronted by a string of unfamiliar faces. She completed her very first moving picture scene in *one take*—thus proving herself one of those very rare miracles, a natural-born actress. She did this thing without any visible effort, just as simply as she won her first women's skating championship, at Oslo, at the early age of nine.

Sonia is a gambler. She gambled when she signed her film contract—and won. Her first picture established her as a star. Inside a year, it is estimated that she will earn over a million dollars. The grooming that Hollywood has given her has produced a slimmer, more *soignée* Sonia; but I hope nobody will wrench from her that naïve, round-faced smile, or the roguish look in her clear blue eyes. At twenty-three Sonia Henie has won an Olympic championship, and is a film star to boot. If she fails in pictures—which seems the millionth chance—she will have a shot at something else, without a backward glance.

Tyrone Power was born three months before the Great War began. He is the third Tyrone Power in his family, all of them actors. His mother, Patia Reaume Power, was an actress. To-day, she shares her son's white cottage in Hollywood. She told me she always felt Tyrone fitted the description "a problem child." All his life, he seems to have *known* he would get the things he wanted to have: his middle name, I gathered, might well have been Determination. When he got through school the question of going to college came up for discussion. Tyrone did not hesitate one single second.

"If I'm going to be an actor—and what else could I want to be, with the family record behind me?—I've got to start early. I want to make money quickly. I'm impatient, I suppose; but who gets anywhere if he is not?"

That was in June, 1931. A trifle over five years later a film magnate named Darryl Zanuck decided to make an important picture called "Lloyds of London." Tyrone Power was cast for the juvenile lead in that film, and so took his place in the long line of young men to whom movies have brought millions. He is more than a little reminiscent of Charles Buddy Rogers, as I knew Buddy when his fan mail topped the six-thousand-a-week level. Tyrone has some of the dark brilliance that belonged to the late John Gilbert, and some of the boyish charm of Gary Cooper. In addition, he has the distinction, grace, and ease of manner that belong to Tyrone Power the Third, actor by design. A young man who hypnotises women just by smiling at them with his warm brown eyes. A young man most definitely on his way *up*.

Joan Fontaine might be signing contracts with another name, if she chose, for she is the sister of Olivia de Havilland. Olivia became a star not much more than a year ago; and now Joan looks like following in her footsteps. Determined to succeed on her own merits, Miss Fontaine broke into pictures via the stage of a Hollywood Theatre. The play was "Call it a Day," in which she played the very same rôle (the romantic daughter, in love with a philandering portrait-painter) that her sister Olivia acts so convincingly in the screen version of Dodie Smith's comedy.

Joan and Olivia are almost direct opposites; perhaps that is why Jesse Lasky, when he watched Joan on the stage in "Call it a Day," had no notion he was going to offer a contract to the sister of an already established screen actress. A lovely heart-warming smile is the only thing Joan and Olivia can be said to share, for Joan has fair hair and large hazel eyes, whereas Olivia is a genuine brunette, with soft pansy-brown eyes. In "Quality Street," for R.K.O., critics discovered a newcomer named Joan Fontaine, and now the secret of her relationship to Olivia de Havilland is out they are patting themselves on the back for their astuteness. And now Joan has been chosen to be Fred Astaire's leading lady in the new film he is now making for R.K.O. called "Damsel in Distress."

Hollywood calls Wayne Morris the "Old Man of the Mountains." Wayne, six-foot, broad-shouldered, blond, muscular, traces his ancestry back to King Olaf of the tenth century, so he states. Not that anyone would stop to argue with him, for Wayne packs a wallop that would cause anyone outside a lunatic asylum to maintain a fervent chorus of "Yes, Mr. Wayne!" When those dramatic fight scenes in "Kid Galahad" plunge their way across the screen, audiences feel they are seeing the real thing—and they are right. No punches are pulled in *that* movie.

Wayne Morris landed the rôle of "Kid Galahad," and a seven-year contract from Warner Brothers, straight from the boards of the Pasadena Playhouse, where young talent may be spied—occasionally. He was a forest ranger in the Sierra Madre Mountains, a few miles east of Pasadena, and became so bored with his own society as he jumped from crag to crag that he cast his eyes on the roof of the Playhouse, 'way down far below in the valley. Thought Wayne Morris: "I'll be an actor. Then I can sit down." The Playhouse folded him to its bosom. Tall young men, of his type and with his charm, do not grow in every orchard and Wayne is persuasive, too.

He played a lot of lousy characters, he says, which meant nothing to him, nor he to them. Then somebody drew that play called "Yellow-jack" from the bag; it has served as a stepping-stone to screen fame for more than one hefty actor. Wayne found himself cast for the part named Private Dean; only it might just as well have been called Wayne Morris, for it *was* Wayne. After the first act came Warner's Talent Scout, Irving Kumin, to bid Mr. Morris attend at the Studio next day; which call he obeyed. He was handed a seven-year contract, without even a screen test, together with the 'script of "China Clipper," in which he discovered that he was due to play a supporting rôle to no less a star than Pat O'Brien. Thus began the filmic career of Wayne Morris.

Getting younger as we go along, we approach, with real respect, the girl called Judy Garland, who is going to be a very great star indeed, quite soon. She is fourteen years old now, and has been facing the public for eight years. Judy started in a vaudeville act with her two sisters; she was called, then, "Baby Gumm," and was the infant of the trio. At every show, Judy's exceptional singing voice, and her astonishing ability as a "coon shouter," stopped the show. The other sisters decided to get married; so Judy returned to the town she calls home—Los Angeles—walked into the M.G.M. Studios one day, and announced that she was ready to consider a job. She got one, in "The Great Ziegfeld," but had to wait fourteen months before anything happened about it. In the interval, she became Judy Garland, and appeared in a singing two-reel film called "Every Sunday," in which another girl called Deanna Durbin also did her stuff. The same Deanna paralysed filmgoers with her amazing voice in "Three Smart Girls," and is hitting the bright lights in consequence.

Judy has a regular spot in a popular radio programme, from Hollywood. I watched and listened to her as she sent her voice over the air, and when that child "gets hot," for the mike or the camera, oh, boy, that's sumptin'! Deanna, too, keeps herself in the minds and ears of the public weekly, on the air. She is a sweet kid, still wearing white socks and flat-heeled shoes with a thin strap across her ankles. Her hair is a halo of light-brown curls, her eyes are laughing and blue, she oozes enthusiasm and vitality from every inch of her body. Judy and Deanna, born within a few months of each other, are great pals. Both of them sing, but in very different styles.

Deanna's voice is so unusual and powerful for a child of fourteen that critics have tried to make out she is a great deal older. That is a lot of nonsense. She has been given one of those freak voices that find a sponsor, now and then, and in her next film—"One Hundred Men and a Girl"—she will have Leopold Stokowski, no less, to conduct the orchestra for her songs.

Early last summer, I went to lunch with Edward G. Robinson at Warner Brothers' studio, in Burbank, and watched the filming of scenes in "Bullets or Ballots," his last American-made film before "Kid Galahad." The set was a big café, and at a table two men were rehearsing a scene when we went back, after lunch. One was Barton McLane, whom I had known for some time; the other was a stranger. Eddie said: "I want you to look at that dark man doing this scene with McLane. His name is Humphrey Bogart. He was the tough guy in 'The Petrified Forest.' The man's a magnificent actor. Comes from Broadway; knows his work inside out. A grand trouper. Was in the Navy during the War; got overseas by typing his own name at the foot of a list he was carrying, as a messenger in a training camp. He told me so himself. Get him to talk to you. He's news. He's new, too."

By this time, Humphrey Bogart is familiar to filmgoers; so is his face—that dark, exciting face with piercing eyes and a clever mouth that can be cruel or kind, as its owner pleases. He is the outstanding "heavy" star of to-morrow. A real villain, in celluloid: an attractive, entertaining man in flesh and blood. Humphrey Bogart told me he knew he had knocked Hollywood's Sob Sisters (and brothers) for a loop, because of his willingness to talk, and keep on talking. Most times they have to drag information out of shy stars, like dentists extracting wisdom teeth. But not with Humphrey—"because there's not a thing in my life I wouldn't tell anybody! The reverse, so I gather, is what folks call being an 'introvert'—so *extrovert* becomes my label, and I'm proud of it." A lot of people are going to be proud of Humphrey Bogart in the years ahead.

For the rest of the String of Starters, there is luscious, languorous Sigrid Gurie, Norwegian beauty discovered by astute Uncle Sam (Goldwyn), and groomed in strict seclusion until the moment arrived for her to step on the studio floor for her first scene as leading lady to Gary Cooper in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." She is a Countess in her own country, so one learns; and when she reached Hollywood Mr. Goldwyn thought of instituting some sort of competition to find a new name for her—only to realise that her own name was the best he could give her. So Sigrid Gurie she remains . . . Ray Bolger is a lean and angular young man who left Boston to conquer the world by means of introducing vacuum cleaners to farmers in Maine, and has since danced his way to fame. In the musical show that had such a switch-back career in London—"On Your Toes"—Ray was the rage of New York. Hostesses fought to get him to their parties: "He is so cunning, don't you think?" His first shot at films, making two-reelers in New York, landed him with tooth enamel poisoning and kleig eyes; so he went back to the stage. While dancing in "Life Begins at 8.40" Ray was given a screen test, and at the close of the show shifted himself and those feet of his, which just *won't* behave, out to M.G.M. studios in Hollywood. "The Great Ziegfeld" was in production at that time. There was no rôle for Ray in it; so to fit him and his resilient legs a part was written in. On it he bounced into screen fame in a night.

Olympe Bradna is half French, and was born, it is declared, in a dressing-room at the Parisian Music Hall called Olympia, between a matinée and evening show. Hence her unusual first name. She is a dancer and a clever actress. In "The Last Train from Madrid" she did some good work as a Spanish peasant girl, and in "Souls at Sea" I am told she has a great chance, which she has seized with capable hands. Gary Cooper and George Raft, who co-star in this film, both told me they think Olympe will march off with the picture tucked under her arm . . .

(Continued on page 94)

The Above Will Arrive

Anthony Quinn, not unlike Cesar Romero in height and looks, is another youngster to turn in a good performance in "The Last Train from Madrid." Dorothy Lamour is in it, too, now I come to recall the full cast. Tony Quinn came to Hollywood because Pancho Villa got good and mad one day, and started a revolution which drove Tony's father away from Mexico into the United States. First El Paso, then Los Angeles, became the home of the Quinn family; and in due course Tony began to get jobs in the local theatres. Cecil de Mille engaged him to play a Cheyenne Indian in "The Plainsman"; he spent two weeks learning to speak Cheyenne, coached by Chief Thunderbird, and finished his part in the film in three days. In his next film he spoke Spanish, in his third he was a Hawaiian, and only when he began to work in the Madrid picture did people realise he could talk English as well as the next man.

Leif Erickson looks like a Viking and comes from a seafaring family. He is an athlete, a musician, a good actor, and the husband of brilliant Frances Farmer. Nothing should stop him, now. . . . Margaret Tallichet, twenty-one years old, brunette, one-time stenographer, began her screen life in the publicity department of one of the studios, and for six months pounded out stories of the stars on her typewriter. For the first three months she didn't get even a glimpse of the inside of a stage, or the way films are made. Then, by accident, she met Carole Lombard in the studio grounds. They became good friends, and Carole promised to help Margaret towards becoming an actress. A small part was going in "A Star is Born"; and on Carole's advice (plus an introduction in the right quarter through Miss Lombard's own agent) Margaret applied for the part, was given a test, and won it. . . . In the same studio is Alan Marshal, whose first chance came in "A Star is Born," too. Alan is a six-footer, and has been in the theatre since he was a baby, both his parents being stage players. For Margaret and Alan the title of the film in which they made good may prove prophetic; and of them, as of the others on this list, it may well be written: *The Above Will Arrive.*

Barbary Coast

(*Continued from page* 41)

Before long his younger brother, Kheyr-ud-Din, joined him, and the two fought their way up, by sheer relentlessness and ferocity, until they established themselves as the virtual tyrants of most of the Mediterranean's southern littoral, and the terror of the merchants and sailors of all Europe. Uruj met at last with the sticky finish that usually awaits his kind. His brother survived to die in his bed, after meeting in equal battle, and usually with success, the finest fleets of the naval powers of Europe. "The king of the sea is dead" was his Arabic epitaph, and modern historians have not hesitated to pronounce the son of the Greek renegade "the greatest seaman of his time." The story of his career is one of almost unrelieved cruelty and rapine; one of its lighter episodes was the attempted abduction of Julia Gonzaga, an Italian widow of high birth, reputed the most beautiful woman in Europe, whom the corsair designed as a graceful present for the harem of Soliman the Magnificent, a connoisseur in fair ladies. When Barbarossa's galleys, guided thither by a Neapolitan renegade, arrived at the Duchess's castle of Fundi, the lady was already in bed; but—anticipating by a couple of centuries one of Dick Turpin's most famous exploits—she dropped from her window on to the back of a horse which waited below, and, clad only in her night attire, galloped away with the yells of the baffled kidnappers ringing in her ears.

BUT it was not in the Middle Sea alone that the Barbary pirates were among the everyday maritime risks that old-time voyagers had to reckon with.

When the Golden Age for the adventurous mariner came to an end, and there were no more Spanish treasure fleets to be legitimately taken, many bold captains and crews found themselves out of employment, and resorted with their ships, some to the Caribbees and the Buccaneer Coast, others to the North African ports, whence they sallied forth at first to continue their raids on the commerce of their old enemies, the Spaniards, but later to prey on all profitable shipping that came in their way.

Notable among these renegadoes were Ward, a Kentishman, a native of Faversham, who had served both in merchant ships and in the Navy, where he had the name of being a sullen and unwilling seaman much given to grumbling, and Simon Danser, or Dansekar, a Dutchman from Dordrecht. These men, and others of their kidney, taught the Moors and Algerines, who had hitherto relied on oared galleys, little changed since the days of the Barbarossas, to handle ships under sail, thus opening up a far wider range for their operations. North, south, and west, far beyond the Pillars of Hercules, the dusky rovers now sought their quarry. Some cruised as far as Iceland, where they plundered Reykjavik, and carried off four hundred of the inhabitants into slavery. The whole coast of Devon and Cornwall lived in daily dread of their raids. They swooped on Mousehole and caught up half its people. They surrounded a church during service, and seized parson and flock. In 1625 the Master of Trinity House reported to the Privy Council that "there are twelve, thirteen, or fourteen hundred Englishmen captives in Sallee, all or greatest part taken within twenty or thirty miles of Dartmouth, Plymouth or Falmouth." "There are divers Turkish men-of-war," writes Captain Bonython from Pendennis Castle to Sir John Coke in 1626, "upon these coasts. My kinsman dwelling near the Lizard has brought into Helford a ship laden with Rochelle salt driving as if weakly manned. When he boarded her he found no man in her, and her chests broken open and rifled . . . the Turks seen in the evening may have taken the men and such pillage as they thought fit."

OCCASIONALLY a Barbary captive was bold enough and desperate enough to make a break for freedom, like John Foxe of *Three Half Moons* and William Okely of the *Mary*. But for most the only hope of deliverance was by ransom, and until well into the nineteenth century several funds were in existence which were devoted to that object. Among these was a sum administered by the Company of Ironmongers, to whom it was bequeathed by a London merchant, Thomas Betton, who had himself "learned the meaning of captivity" in his own person. The Betton Trust, it is interesting to note, is still in existence, though it is long since any Barbary captives have required its help, and its income has been diverted to more humdrum though equally useful channels. As a rule, the poor, the uninfluential, or the unwanted had little chance of redemption. "Ah, father, brother, friends and acquaintances," is the pitiful appeal of one unhappy prisoner after six years of bondage, "use some speedy means for our redemption. Many hundred slaves have been redeemed from their misery since we came hither, which makes us hope still we may be the next and yet the next, but still our hopes are deceived." It is not surprising that a good many, seeing no other loophole for bettering their condition, "took the turban," and with it the faith of their captors. The well-worn phrase "stranger than fiction" is one which may for once be aptly applied to the after lives of some of these, and to none, perhaps, more fittingly than to that of Thomas Pellow. He was the son of humble parents near Falmouth, distantly related to the family of Pellew from which, by something of a poetic coincidence, sprang the great seaman before whose guns the power of the Algerines at last crumbled into dust. As a boy he

(*Continued on page* 96)

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ALSO TEK JUNIOR FOR THE CHILDREN *made to fit the arch of their little teeth* **1/3**

hankered after a seafaring life, and persuaded his uncle, master of the ship *Francis*, to take him with him at the age of eleven on a voyage to the Mediterranean in 1715, with a cargo of dried pilchards. The discomforts of the passage had already convinced him that a sailor's trade was not to his liking when the *Francis* was attacked and taken off Cape Finisterre by a Moroccan pirate, and although the Moors had to run their ship aground and swim to land when they were in turn pursued by an English frigate, they contrived to make the shore and to retain their prisoners.

Young Pellow was at first set to work cleaning weapons in the armoury, but presently, being a handsome boy, he was given to the Emperor's son, Muley Spha, as his personal slave. His master was determined to make a true Turk of him, but it was only after a good deal of pressure, both mental and physical, the latter including several applications of the bastinado, that he decided, outwardly at least, to give in. Like many other renegades, he soon rose high in his master's favour. He was trained to the use of arms, given the command of a fortress, and entrusted with expeditions against rebel tribesmen, returning with booty and slaves. He was also provided, not at his own wish, with a Mohammedan wife, and although he never professes in his autobiography any special regard for her, in his mention of the child she bore him there is a very human touch. Mother and daughter died during one of his absences from his home, and though at the time the event troubled him little, he found himself later thinking often of "the child, who used at my coming home wounded to clasp her little arms about my neck, hugging and bemoaning her poor father, and telling me that I should go no more into the wars, for that she and her mother would go with me to England and live with her grandmother."

And now, with no ties left to bind him to the fierce land of his captivity and involuntary adoption, Pellow resolved to make a bid for liberty. Perhaps that irresistible longing for his native country which sweeps over all exiles even after a lifetime's absence, perhaps a growing sense of the insecurity which is the inevitable lot of a despot's favourites, perhaps a mixture of the two motives, were factors in his decision. However that may be, he abandoned all but such money as he could carry about his person, and, risking torture and death in doing so, set out, disguised as a travelling quack, towards the coast, where he hoped to get a ship to Spain. Several times he narrowly escaped detection, and once he was held up by robbers, who stripped him of everything, including the pots of ointment in which his money was hidden. But he held fast to his determination, and, adopting the rôle of a conjurer, he contrived, with the aid of his intimate knowledge of the Moorish speech, to work his way to the coast and thence to Gibraltar.

Even then his difficulties were not over. As a renegade slave, he had forfeited his rights to be regarded as a Christian captive, and had, indeed, suffered the anguish of seeing hundreds of his fellow-unfortunates set free at the time of the general release of slaves following on Commodore Stewart's visit to the country some years before. The question, incredible as it may seem, was solemnly debated whether, as the Emperor of Morocco's private property, he should not be returned to him. But at last the matter was settled in his favour, and he obtained a passage to England, where he arrived in 1738, twenty-four years after he had left her as a boy of eleven.

Barbary Coast . . . its pirate galleys have long since dropped to dust now. Its evil reputation still lingered until well into the eighteen-forties, and there are those who seek there the answer to the unsolved riddle of the ill-fated *Marie Celeste*. But even those days are over now. Only the ruined watch-towers remain, looking out over the waters in vain for the curve of a pirate sail, bound home with booty, and slaves, and white-skinned women, to the coasts of the High Barbaree . . .

END

Game Is In

(Continued from page 71)

they delicious, but they will keep, well covered with fat, for several weeks.

Also when game is cheap and plentiful, or if friends have sent you more than you can comfortably use, you can make a supply of *terrines* which will be useful later on. Any game can be used, and this is how it is done:

Take your bird or birds, remove the skin and carve thin fillets out of the wings and breast; meanwhile have ready a mincemeat made of lean veal and half fat, half lean pork in equal proportions, but only one-third of this mince to two-thirds of game flesh.

Mince also the remaining flesh of the birds, mixing in thoroughly with the other mince, adding a shallot and an onion finely chopped, also parsley. Mix all this seasoning well with salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg.

Now take your *terrine*, grease it well with butter or pork fat, and put one whole bay-leaf on the bottom. Add two thin rashers of streaky bacon, then a layer of mincemeat. Now put a layer of the fillets of game, more mincemeat, and so on till all is used, finishing with a layer of mincemeat and pressing each layer well down as you go along. Cover with greased paper, place the *terrine* in a pan containing boiling water and cook in the oven. "Regulo" mark set to 4.

It is difficult to give time, but it takes usually from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, according to size, but there is one perfectly simple test. When you think it should be done, pierce the *terrine* in the middle right through to the bottom with a skewer or something.

If it comes out quite clean with only a little fat oozing out of the hole, you know it is ready, but if there is any blood you must cook it a little longer. When ready, put the *terrine* to cool with a light weight on top.

I forgot to say that you should not fill the *terrines* right to the top if they are wanted for keeping, as when cold you pour in melted pork fat or lard. This seals it hermetically and makes it keep. When serving, which you should do in the *terrine*, *not* turned out, you scrape away this fat and cut slices out as you want them.

END

For Twenty-one Days Eat . . .

(Continued from page 67)

and that you are satisfied with much smaller quantities of food. This is good.

Two good meals a day will be quite satisfactory, instead of the usual three and a half.

If you are a manual or office worker, and your morning is likely to be crammed with concentrated work, take a good breakfast, then have a very light lunch, and a good, but not heavy, dinner at night. Eat meat only once a day.

If you are a woman at home, have a tiny breakfast, a reasonable lunch, a good dinner.

Once you have been on the bread-and-butter diet, it is a good plan to follow it for one week in every six.

Most people who have tried the diet, find their desire for bread and butter has increased. So it really does not become a hardship.

The diet is equally beneficial and slenderising to men and women. Start it with your husband and see who loses the most.

END

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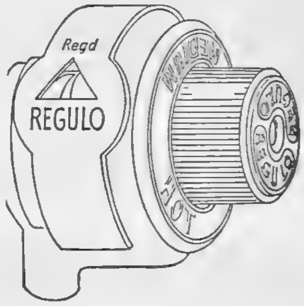

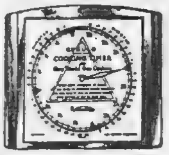

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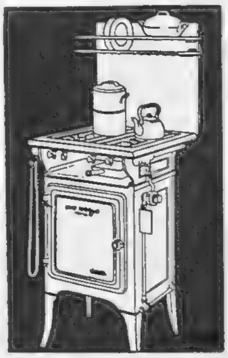

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FIRST OF CYDERS . . .
FOREMOST OF DRINKS

Science Seeks the Elixir of Youth

(*Continued from page* 23)

days defeated the germs of putrefaction, the germs of death. The complete sterility of the Montagu-Capulet estate likewise guaranteed to the lovers lives which were interminably renewable, pending the time when the uncovering of the central secret of immortality would free them from the necessity of protecting themselves ceaselessly against the external germs of death.

And now, some careless servant, or some assassin, had opened a window in their chamber of life, and death, the ever-present death of the old world, the death of the bacilli battalions, had entered. They embraced, feeling already the disintegrating action of the germs of putrefaction, which in the outer world will let no excised organ live for more than a few hours. Perhaps, after all, there was something in their creator's idea that those whom the gods love die young, that the first ecstasy of love is the height of human experience and, once experienced, life should end on that peak. . . .

A sad story! The precisian will note in it an intolerable telescoping of times. But in this matter of the drive to prolong life beyond the average span of 52 years, and the "mortal span" of 70 years, what are a few centuries? Aristotle is linked to Alexis Carrel; and the life-protraction specialist who functions three thousand years hence will be linked to Carrel as closely as Galileo, with his first telescope, is linked to the makers of the gigantic telescope which soon will bring the moon within 25 miles of the earth.

It is estimated that there are now more than a thousand scientists in Britain, America, France, Germany, Russia, Japan, Scandinavia and Austria concentrating on this business of protracting the mortal span. That is, they are full-time workers, absorbed by the researches into the origin of life and the secret of death, as distinct from the many thousands more whose researches impact indirectly upon this central problem, or who are studying the human machine with the object of making us healthier and more efficient.

It may be one thousand or one million years before men find out the nature of life. They may finally pass out of existence, and the planet Earth will revolve, a lifeless planet, around the sun, leaving the central mystery unsolved. But it will not be for want of trying; and the achievements to date, measured against the time men have been thinking around and working at the problem, are incredible.

More progress has been made in half a century—largely owing to instruments and organisation—than in all past history. In "Merrie England" of mediæval times the average span of life was 20-25 years. At the middle of last century it was 35. To-day it is 52-54; and two decades hence it may be nearer 58-60.

Hygiene and organisation, better living conditions, and more scientific knowledge, explain this, along with the conquest, largely by community methods, of such killers as tuberculosis, diphtheria, and the several fevers which in the old unsanitary and unorganised days not only killed the first victim but spread like an influenza epidemic through communities, cities, and countries. People used to die prematurely merely because they did not know how to stay alive. Masses died because doctors and governments did not know the simple things needed to save them.

But the drive to uncover, layer by layer, the ultimate answer to the riddle of life is something separate and different. The ancients used to dream of creating life. The moderns are working at it now from the reverse direction—they are trying to find out why we die. If they can discover that, they will come a giant step closer to the key to the riddle of life creation and growth.

Nobody knows why we die. Science can give no reason for the phenomenon. The life cycle is a complete mystery. Why, after a certain period, do the cells weary of reproducing themselves, so that gradually all the working parts of a human machine wear out, and at last cease to function? There are many theories, but no knowledge. Old age is not a cause of death: it is a disease unknown to the medical dictionary. Failure of a working part is always the cause; and infection, a germ assault, is the most frequent cause of that failure.

There is a young man living now who has been "killed" already by the germ battalions of infantile paralysis. The germs have put his lung apparatus out of action. He cannot breathe. But science and the mechanics, aware now of the cause of this particular type of death, have defeated it by constructing a huge steel cylinder. The "dead" man lies inside with only his head emerging. The apparatus inflates and deflates his lungs for him. He lives; and in time the death germs may be defeated.

Men have died with all their working parts in full functioning order—except the blood pump. Some, after a brief death, have been brought back to life by a daring last-resort expedient: the surgeon makes a swift incision, takes the heart in his hands, and massages it. If the artificial stimulus restarts the muscular pump apparatus, life is restored. A cat has been kept alive for nearly a day by a rubber "heart" which replaced its natural organ. Glands have been taken from men who have died a violent death, kept fresh in chemical solutions, and transplanted in other men whose own gland had become deficient or had ceased to function.

The scientific miracles have little to do with the arts and crafts of the surgeon rejuvenators, among whom the much-publicised Serge Voronoff is the chief exponent. The Russian surgeon asserts that animals usually live seven times as long as they take to reach full growth. As a man reaches full growth at 20, a healthy human being should live to the age of 140. However, the healthy human being doesn't. Hence the new and lucrative "science" of rejuvenation.

Since Voronoff performed the first operation on a man, 17 years ago, some 5,000 human beings have paid large fees to have a monkey gland grafted into their own organisms in place of a decrepit human gland. The rejuvenated ones have varied in age between 40 and 65. The ideal age, according to Voronoff, is when the individual is about to degenerate from a youthful point of view. This is when his sex life is waning, or is finished: and this event varies with individuals.

Voronoff claims that complete rejuvenation results, although in the case of a woman two or three glands have to be grafted in, against one for a man. The woman, however, regains her youthful slimness and vivacity, loses wrinkles, looks and feels young again, and her hair regains its natural colour. On the other hand, men stay grey-headed, although otherwise experiencing renewed vigour. The life of the gland after being grafted in is three to six years, and then new glands are needed. Chimpanzees and orang-utans are best for the purpose, but they are scarce, and so Lamadryas monkeys, between 8 and 15 years old, are usually used for gland supplies.

What happens after a human being has had a monkey gland grafted into him? To date, we have no experience personally recorded. Precise scientific data are curiously lacking. "Very satisfactory" and "magnificent results" are the unscientifically vague terms used in describing results.

What happens, again, when the grafted-in gland in its turn loses its virility? We do not know. Does the gland stimulate one part of the bodily function, and wear out the other working parts, in particular the heart and the brain? The record is inadequate on these and like interesting points.

The monkey-gland operation now dates as markedly as the tale of the monster constructed out of dead men, with an infusion of thunder (*Continued on page* 100)

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

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C.F.H.

and lightning, by an experimental scientist named Frankenstein. It is sensational, but a bit crude and elementary. The men who go deeper and range further are the ones who arrest attention now, and the public is sophisticated enough in these things to accept as convincing and not too far-fetched a Hollywood film about a surgeon who loses his hands in a train smash and has grafted on to the stumps the hands of a murderer who has just been executed. The hands then itch to commit murder. For the experimental surgeon the only incredible point is the mastery of the brain by the hands. Unscientific, that.

But it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that ultimately science and surgery will combine to enable such a miracle as the hand-grafting to be performed successfully. Already the sex glands of monkeys have been grafted into human beings, and the latter's sex life has, for a while, been revived. Other glands have been successfully transplanted from one human being into another; while such minor achievements as the grafting on of new skin, the transfusion of blood from one human being to another, are commonplaces of modern technique. Most scientists, notably the British Haldane, the American Bancroft, and the Swedish Folling, agree that evidence of chemical rule over the brain is conclusive; which means that synthetic chemists are acquiring a growing control over the human body, and can influence growth and character by gland injections.

To-day, Voronoff is not news, but Carrel is. Carrel, French-born American surgeon-scientist, one of the most brilliant and daring of modern experimentalists, most of whose working life has been spent in the laboratories of the world's greatest medical research centre, the Rockefeller Institute, is doing things which make the Wellsian fantasy of the Island of Doctor Moreau look limited and timid. Mr. Wells, you recall, imagined a half-mad scientist who sought to produce an ideal specimen of *Homo sapiens* out of a synthesis of man and beast. But Carrel has challenged death and defeated it; and in his laboratory on the little island of St. Gildas, off the Brittany coast, he is pursuing experiments which mark a considerable step along the path towards the indefinite protraction of a human life.

Carrel has got as far as establishing that what causes the death of a healthy working part—heart, or liver, or kidney, or gland, or brain—separated from its owner, is our old friend the germ. It does not die *naturally*. It is attacked, and killed. Whence come the attacking battalions? So far as science can tell, they come from the air. The atmosphere in which we live is impregnated with death. Expose a heart, a brain, to the air, and hordes of germs appear from nowhere and invade it. The weapons they use are poisons which cause the living organs to sicken and perish. They are the bacilli of putrefaction.

What Carrel and Lindbergh have done is to apply the technology of asepsis. When the scientists of the Carrel school started in to solve the problem of synthetic life they had back of them the knowledge, gained by earlier experimenters, that if you can supply a disembodied organism with good blood, it will live. An excised organ has been revived and kept alive for hours by having arterial blood pumped through it under normal heart pressure. Blood is pumped out through the arteries, and it returns to the pump by way of the veins. This process can be imitated mechanically. But before Carrel the organ always, in a time period varying from an hour to twenty days, died.

Carrel defeated the germ invaders by devising chemical defences through which they could not pass. He took a chicken's heart and kept bathing it in a chemical solution in which no germs can live. Thus protected, the heart keeps on functioning. More, it keeps on renewing its cells, as in life, and these have to be constantly pruned, or the heart would grow to giant size, and beyond control. For, exercised, it is separated from the mechanism which controls growth—the mechanism which exactly determines the limits of growth of a human head, an elephant's trunk, a bird's beak, a rabbit's hind leg. The heart has been beating, living, for nearly 20 years. So far as anybody knows, it is immortal. But the bathing process has to be kept up, or the heart would die.

From this point Carrel has worked out a theoretical conception of life prolongation by technical processes. He has shown how living organs can be killed by drying, and, after a period of indefinite duration, brought back to life. He and Lindbergh made an artificial heart and showed it at work, feeding life blood to another organ in a sterile chamber, and so keeping it alive. They are now developing this conception and device. They have added a brain. One day they may be demonstrating the larger part of the mechanism of a human being functioning, as in life—endowed with synthetic life by mechanical means.

Steps, these things, on the road towards prolongation of the life of the human machine, which now wears out too quickly, and which could be given a life of perhaps another 50 or 100 years if one or two essential parts could be renewed or kept functioning by some artificial process.

While Nature rules, the law of the survival of the fittest seems to govern the life span. Centenarians are not so rare as is often supposed. The census of 1920 gave America 1,561 male centenarians, and 2,706 female. How many were over 100 we do not know, since the census stopped short at 100, making no distinction between centenarians and super-centenarians. But among those subsequently checked on, we find a Senator who died at 102; the head of the U.S. Trust Company's board, who died at 104; and the former slave, Joseph Davis, who died in Milwaukee at the age of 120, leaving behind an eldest son of 95, and a youngest of 43.

Investigations in France into the cases of 66 centenarians disclosed that the most important element in their longevity was heredity. A Mme. Lanoix, whose father died at 33, seemed to be the exception. But it was found that he died of pneumonia, and he was the offspring of a father who lived to be 92 and a mother who died at 72. Mme. Lanoix's mother died at 82.

There was then Mme. Verite, whose father died at 80, and whose aunt died at 82. Twelve other centenarians had mothers or fathers who died in their nineties. It was noted that Mme. Montreuil, who had 13 children, the youngest 60, treated her first-born as a child. He was 81. The star turn was Mme. Bourgade, 102, who had four surviving sons aged 81, 72, 70 and 65.

All these centenarians were of medium or below medium height. This may have a universal application, or it may be due to the fact that the French are not a tall-statured race. Rockefeller, who came within three years of his century, was over six feet; and our own Sir James Crichton-Browne, doyen of the medical world, 97 and still active, is also very tall.

Fifty-six of the sixty-six centenarians disclosed by the last census in France were females—and none weighed more than 9 stone.

Fat is the great enemy of long life. The medical research department of the biggest American insurance company lays down that the healthiest condition is slight over-weight in youth, normal weight in middle age, and slight under-weight in old age.

Money, choice foods, easy living, seem to play small part in the business of living long. In England our Methuselahs appear to be equally divided between the peasant's cottage and the farmhouse, the House of Lords and the Bench of Judges. Over 40 peers between the ages of 80 and 94 are alive to-day. The Listowels, Ducies, Eversleys, Doverdales, Mars, and Coventrys, are all notably long-lived. But no noble house or privileged class can match Thomas Shannon, who lived mainly on potatoes, bacon, and stewed tea, helped to plough Parnell's land when the Irish patriot was in gaol, and was 115 when he died at Ashford, Wicklow.

(Continued on page 102)

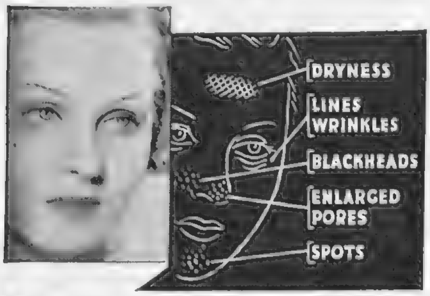
RECIPE FOR Glamour IN TWEEDS OR TIARA

THE VISCOUNTESS DUNWICH

WHETHER you see Lady Dunwich in furs and smart tweeds at Newmarket—or in a glamorous gown and blazing jewels at a Mayfair ball—you are enchanted by her serene loveliness. Fair hair. Grey eyes. A skin truly flawless!

And if you should know her well enough to ask how she keeps her skin so beautiful, she'd tell you this:—

"I don't bother a lot with it. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning—it's an easy, quick beauty care. And this cream cleanses and improves my skin so perfectly that blemishes or lines don't come."



● All these faults start in your under-skin. Read above how Pond's Cold Cream ends these skin troubles quickly and easily.

Now read how Pond's Cold Cream will work on *your* skin to make it lovely.

How a "bad skin" can be made flawless

Skin faults such as blackheads, enlarged pores, spots and lines *start* down in the tissue of glands, muscles, nerves, and veins that lie *beneath* your *outer* skin.

Before you are 20, that *under-skin* begins to get sluggish. Tiny oil glands don't work properly. Dirt sticks to the clogged oil, making blackheads and spots. Pores are stretched. Muscles relax and let lines appear.

But you can *rouse* that lazy under-skin and get rid of those skin faults! By the regular use of Pond's Cold Cream! Smooth the cream on your face—it floats away dust and make-up and softens the clogging blackheads. Then smooth on more of the cream and pat it in. It *stimulates* the under-skin, strengthening muscles so that pores become fine and lines soften away.

Every night use Pond's Cold Cream. Use it in the morning and during the day, too. It leaves skin so soft that powder goes on perfectly and *stays.*

The first time you use this cream your skin will be softer, smoother, fresher and clearer. As you continue, skin faults go. Your face soon has radiant charm.

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It was once widely believed that sour milk was the elixir of youth. But, in fact, there is no magic diet which bestows a hundred years of life. Zorah Agrah, the Kurdish porter, reputed to be 120, subsisted on raisins, figs, honey, sugar, tea, and dried legumes, only because he could not afford meat. The Rumanian Jew Meyer Lebowitz, who lived to be 111, was a moderate smoker; and Bernhard Berendt, Berlin's oldest resident, at 101 said that his slogan was " a cigar a day keeps the doctor away." Martha Bradley, a full-blooded Indian woman who died at 110 in a New Jersey almshouse, liked sweets and her regular drop of gin, and it was said that her rage at prohibition shortened her life.

Some swear by tranquillity, assiduously cultivated and preserved—an indestructible calm. Dame Henrietta Barnett, who in her eighties still worked a full day, was one of these. She gave her recipe for " youth at 81 " thus: " Get up every morning at 5.30, work very hard, eat very little, read the newspapers carefully every day, say prayers very often."

Old Clemenceau would have snorted at that. Passion and no prayers kept him virile at an age when most men are senile. He was surcharged with hate when he took over control of France in wartime. He was 75. Retired to a lonely Brittany farmhouse, embittered and disappointed, he was told he could not grow roses on that bleak coast. He grew them. " What have you to fight these days ? " a visitor asked him ironically. " The wind, and the sea," retorted the old man. He seemed to be waiting for something. It came at last. His mortal enemy, Foch, wrote his memoirs. Clemenceau immediately set to work to reply. No line in his last work betrays a vestige of flagging of his powers. The evening he penned his last words, he went upstairs to bed; and by morning he was dead. Hate had kept the flame of life burning in him just long enough to enable him to strike a last blow.

All his life his emotions were violent—and yet scientific medicine now tells us that emotion more than work wears us out. It shows most in the enormous increase in heart disease. The death rate for cancer has increased only 25 per cent., but the deaths from heart disease have risen 400 per cent. We put too much strain on our hearts over too long a period. Our mental and emotional excursions are too protracted, frequent, and intense. We seek relaxation in excitant instead of restful ways. All this tends to wear the arteries excessively. The heart has thus more work to do, and weakens. An emotional spasm then finishes us off. Doctors urge a lessened velocity, a quieter life. Modern man retorts that he has no time to rest himself, and if he had, he would not be inclined to give up his excitements. He might say, with the delectable Edna St. Vincent Millay:

" I burn my candle at both ends,
It will not last the night,
But Oh, my foes, and Ah, my friends,
It gives a lovely light ! "

END

(Copyright in Canada and the United States of America)

The Rescue

(Continued from page 45)

slowly out of port. The harbour master said something to me as we rounded the end of the quay, but I couldn't understand him.

" I set a course for Espinosa. The compass was all right—I'd had the boat swung and the compass tested by a firm of compass narks before I left England. It was quite dark, because the moon was not due to rise until two, but I watched the compass by the light in the binnacle and worked the *Scarlet Rocket* up to thirty knots, which was as fast as she would go without making a noise. There was a bit of a sea running, but not very much—just enough to make the *Scarlet Rocket* pitch a bit, but of course she didn't pound; you know what a good shape her hull is and what a good sea boat she is. The lady hardly said anything. She said 'I knew you would be here' when I helped her into the boat, and she may have said one or two other sentences as we headed towards Espinosa, but that was all. We sat side by side in the cockpit in the dark.

" When the lighthouse on the point of the island came in sight I slowed right down to eight knots. She turned to me with surprise, but I whispered to her that it was all right—I was so keyed up that I couldn't have spoken in my normal voice if I'd tried—and she trusted me and sat still again. Why I slowed down, of course, was so as to reduce the bow wave. On a black clear night like that the bow wave would have shown up for miles if we'd kept on at thirty knots. At that speed you couldn't hear a sound from the engine either.

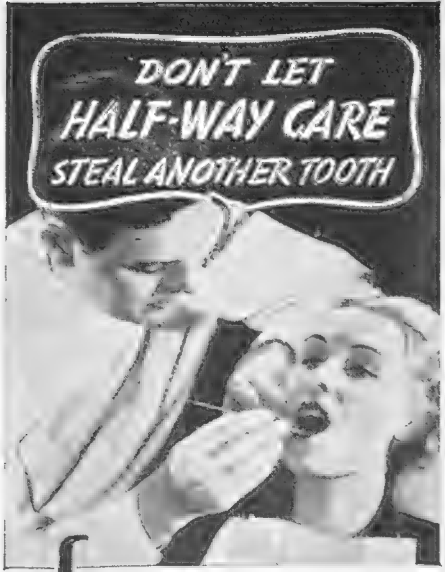
" We crept on through the darkness until at last I could see the loom of the rocky peak of the island standing up against the sky right ahead. I pointed to it and she nodded. It took me a little while to get my bearings, but as soon as I could see the profile of the island against the sky I was sure of where I was and was able to head straight into the little bay. I cut off the engine and we drifted slowly in. The *Scarlet Rocket* was rolling gently and I could hear the waves slapping against the side. Then the lady stood up. She had taken a little whistle from her handbag and she blew it gently. It wasn't a loud whistle. It made just a little breathing noise, which would just carry over the water. We still drifted in and I was beginning to worry about the breakers on the rocks which I could just see, when suddenly we heard someone swimming close at hand, and the woman beside me leaned over the side to him.

" I don't know what she said to him or what he said to her—I've always been a fool at languages—but he came climbing in over the side, breathing very heavily and obviously very exhausted. She had him in her arms and she kissed him while I started up the engine and swung the boat round to head out of the little bay.

" We may have made a bit of a noise while we were doing this, or perhaps it was just that a sentry on the bank saw us in the darkness, but suddenly somebody shouted at us from the shore, and two seconds later I heard the crack of a rifle and a bullet came along somewhere near. That was enough for me. I opened up the throttle and we legged it away from the island for all we were worth. Five seconds after the rifle-shot a rocket went up in a burst of red stars, and five seconds after that there was another one and another after that. I kept the boat heading towards France and gave her every ounce I could, but it wasn't more than a couple of minutes before I saw two sheets of white right ahead. For a second I was puzzled by what they could be, and I had just tumbled to it that they were the bow waves of one of those cursed destroyers when she switched on her searchlights. I snatched the wheel round—you know how handy the *Scarlet Rocket* is—but she got us in the beam and fairly blinded me. Directly after that there came a tremendous jet of orange flame from the destroyer and a shell went just overhead with a noise so loud that I could hear it above the din of the open exhaust and burst in the side of a wave not a hundred yards away. I was scared as well as being stupefied by that infernal searchlight. I kept the *Scarlet Rocket* round in a big curve until the destroyer was right astern, and then we bolted as hard as we could go. That destroyer could do forty knots, but the *Scarlet Rocket* could do fifty-five, so we were bound to get away from her and have a bit left over for zigzagging.

" As a matter of fact, I zigzagged like blazes. We simply couldn't shake off that cursed searchlight, and the shells kept hitting the water within a few yards of us, first on one side and then on the other. One went just overhead, but the nearest one of all pitched right in our wake and pretty nearly filled the cockpit

(Continued on page 104)



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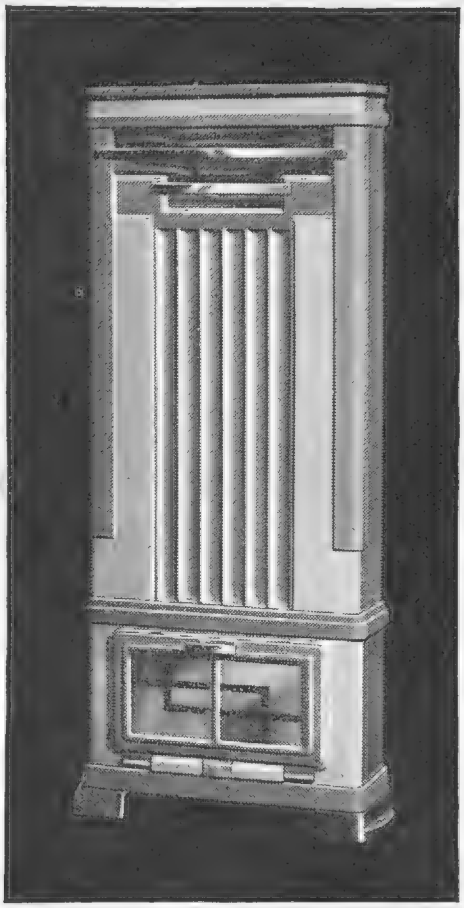

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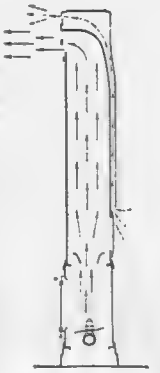

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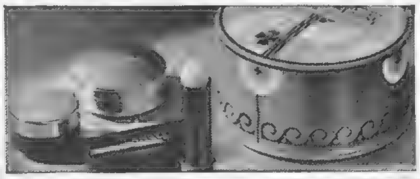

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BLOCK LETTERS B.E.3

with the splash it made. It was a dashed sight too exciting to be comfortable.

"I don't know how many shots they had at us. It might have been as many as fifty—I simply can't tell—but I know I was just beginning to feel happy again as the range grew longer when suddenly the woman beside me touched my arm and cried out, pointing right ahead. There was the same thing as I had seen before—the two white bow waves of another destroyer heading straight at us, and they got us in their searchlight as well before I could do anything. As a matter of fact, there wasn't anything I could do. If I turned to one side or the other, they could both of them bang off at me with their guns, and it would shorten the range too.

"That destroyer was heading for us at forty knots and we were heading for them at fifty-five, and they were less than a mile off when we saw them. So you see—I worked it out for myself later on when we got home—that it wasn't many seconds before we should meet. There was only one thing possible. I kept going straight at her—next morning I found my right hand was strained and tender from the way I gripped the wheel—and only missed her bows by a dozen yards. We streaked along down her side, and were past in a flash. Then the old *Scarlet Rocket* went pretty nearly base over apex as we hit the destroyer's wash, but we came down right side up and I could feel fairly safe. You see, those long thin destroyers aren't built on decent lines like the *Scarlet Rocket*, and their turning circle was miles wide compared with ours. By the time the second destroyer had turned round we had got out of the first destroyer's searchlight beam, and all we had to do was to keep straight on so as to run them out of sight before the moon rose.

"But we had to head in a straight line—I didn't dare try to circle for fear they should cut me off—and that line was very nearly due south and just the opposite direction to France. The sea was getting up too, more than I liked, and what with that and the worry about petrol running out I soon hadn't time to worry about the destroyer. At midnight I took a chance and turned west and throttled down to save petrol consumption, and there we were jogging along fairly comfortably, rising up and swooping down in the black darkness. The other two didn't pay much attention to me. They sat side by side in the cockpit, talking softly in their own language. Once she leant over to me and said 'Is it safe now?' and when I nodded and said 'Yes, madam,' she went back to him and they talked more freely. It is a very pretty language when it is spoken by people who love each other.

"The petrol gauge showed that juice was running a bit low, and towards morning I had to take the risk and turn northwards to head for France. We didn't make much progress in that direction, all the same, because a few minutes later there was one last pop and bang from the engine—that gauge was optimistic about the last two gallons—and we stopped, rolling in the waves. The others wondered what had happened, but I didn't have time to tell them. I had to scramble for'ard—the waves were breaking clean across—and get out the sea anchor so as to get her nose on to the sea. Then all we could do was to sit in the wet and wait for daylight.

"And daylight didn't bring us much comfort. The sky was covered with clouds and the wind and the sea were increasing. As soon as it was light enough I poured the petrol from my reserve cans into the tank, but I didn't start the engine again. There wasn't more than enough for twenty miles or so, and I had to keep that in reserve in case we came to a lee shore. The *Scarlet Rocket* rode safely enough to the sea anchor, especially when I rigged my tarpaulin over the cockpit to keep the spray out.

"I had a chance now to see the man whom we had gone to all this trouble to rescue. It seems a caddish thing to say that he didn't look worth it, but it's pretty nearly the truth. His clothes were in tatters—what I could see of them, because the lady had wrapped him in her fur coat. But it wasn't his clothes—it was the rest of him. He was so thin! You could almost see his bones through his skin. His face and hands were burnt nearly black by constant exposure to the sun. There was a thin tangled beard sprouting over his face. And once when he raised his hand I could see a horrible open sore on his wrist. The poor devil looked as if he had had neither shelter nor a square meal nor the least bit of attention for years. I don't expect he had, for that matter. He lay in her arms like a child, and she bent her head over him, rocking him a little, like a mother.

"We were terribly cold, and we couldn't help being wet most of the time. I had on board what I thought when we left Nice to be plenty of food, but it didn't turn out to be much with three mouths to feed and the prospect perhaps of a couple of weeks to have to feed them.

"It's funny, although I have started it, I simply can't go on describing what happened in that boat. I'm not a nervy sort of bloke, but that's just beyond me. We had four days of it before the poor little chap died, still in her arms.

"I had quite a struggle with her before I could get her to leave go of the body, and in the end I put him over the side. It was just as hard persuading her to put her fur coat on again—of course I wasn't going to waste that. I expect it was that which kept her alive during the cold and misery of the next few days.

"The storm was at its worst when the poor little chap died, and two days after that the wind shifted round to the south and the sea had dropped enough to risk getting stern on to it. I botched up a mast and sail with the boat-hook and the tarpaulin. I didn't know where we were, but the one thing that was certain was that France was to the north of us, and so we crawled along before the wind at about half a mile an hour or so, I suppose.

"You'd think on the face of it that the Mediterranean was stiff with ships sailing here and there, but all we saw during those long days was the smoke of one or two over the horizon, and nothing came nearer to us than that. I had lost all hope, and was just carrying on like a silly machine when at one daybreak I could see mountains making a smudge on the horizon right ahead, and I knew that we had not much farther to go. Later on I was glad that I had kept that reserve petrol in the tank, because it was a lee shore that we were on. But as it was we were able to get along to a bit of beach where the surf was not too bad, and to run up beside a pier which gave a bit of shelter. Fishing boats were drawn up there, and the people there were very kind to us. They had to carry us up the beach, because we were both of us too weak to be able to walk."

Bill sat looking in the fire when he had finished telling me this. It was a long time before I ventured to rouse him to end the story.

"And then?" I asked gently.

"And then she left me," said Bill. "I've never seen her again."

"Did she tell you her name?" I asked.

"No," said Bill, and hesitated before he continued. "I didn't want her to go. I didn't want the money that she gave me. I didn't want her to leave me. She had been fine in that boat during the storm. You know how it is when you're close to a person for days at a time. I'd come to love her—it sounds sentimental, but it's the truth. I asked her to marry me, and she said she was not free."

Bill sat looking at the fire once more, and I waited a long time again before I made my comment, gently.

"Free?" I said. "Hadn't her husband just died?"

"That's what I said to her," said Bill. He roused himself and gave a flash of his powers of mimicry. "She said: ''Osbond? Zat vos not my 'osbond zat we took from ze island. Ze man zat 'ad 'im locked up zere, zat is my 'osbond.'"

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April Glamour

(Continued from page 27)

Peter spoke to the clown as he coolly avoided the clumsy rushes. "You might tell him to pull off," he said. "I have no wish to hurt him. You see—you see, he knows nothing of boxing, and I know just a little."

The clown shouted the advice to the bouncer, but the fellow was in no mood to accept the tip. Again and again he rushed, till Peter, tired of the game, clipped him on the jaw and dropped him on the grass.

Split-nose had risen from the chair. The lady also rose. Peter saw that she was quite tall. Tall and graceful. There was about her that boneless, willowy loveliness that modernity has in a way destroyed. Those athletic modern girls! Their hard muscles!

Peter, looking at her, realised that his conduct was open to reproach. A spring madness had come upon him. He had, truly, invaded a private property; he had interrupted a festival; he had defied an order to retire; he had thrashed a bouncer.

Hurriedly he spoke to the clown. "Tell the lady I am sorry!" he cried. "I ask her pardon! I will go at once if—if she wishes me to go! Quick! Tell her!"

He watched the fair face of the girl as the clown spoke. Had she guessed what he said? That swift colouring. He forgot Split-nose and the rest as he stared at her.

Dimly he knew that she was seeking a word. A word that had dropped through the meshes of memory. Now it was close to her. She had fished it out of the depths. The moist red lips moved silently. They were framing it.

Peter leaned forward to catch the whisper. "*Thee—thee—daisy!*"

A wave of great joy passed through him. The daisy! She had understood the counsel of the little flower!

Split-nose was suspicious. He flung guttural questions at her. Peter, not understanding question or answer, knew that she was parrying the queries, attempting cleverly to soothe the anger of the fellow.

The clown whispered the purport of her protests. "Lady say not nice throw out English gentlemans who wants to look," said the clown. "She wants let you stay little while."

Split-nose, still angry, dropped back into his chair. He ran his thick fingers through his uncut hair, glared at Peter Mallory as if possessed of a desire to eat him, then, in a voice of thunder, ordered the musicians to start up.

The musicians obeyed, the dancers clasped their partners, the stout serving maids took up their duties as thirst quenchers. The festival, outwardly, assumed the same appearance as when Peter Mallory viewed it from the roadside, but Peter knew that an alien thread had been woven into the woof and warp. An alien thread that was himself.

Peter sat himself down on the grass. The thin wailing music went out over the quiet countryside. The half-tipsy dancers hopped clumsily. Split-nose and the lady occupied the big chairs. The clown had said that the minister would soon arrive. The minister that would marry the girl to the wild, gipsy-like man at her side.

The clown came near. Peter Mallory produced a banknote. He laid it on the grass. The clown, pretending to shepherd a drove of goslings, stooped and picked it up. Back turned to Peter he gave the information which he knew was wanted.

"Girl's fodder's place in trees," muttered the clown, and Peter saw for the first time the turret of an ancient château thrust up from the greenery. "Not real fodder. Step-fodder. Old . . . drink much. . . . This place man's place. Rich now; poor once. Man not this country. Over the mountain peoples. Come down here like rabbits. Burrow in. Little land one day, much land next day. . . . Girl's mother's land. Mother dead, step-fodder sell it all for drink."

Peter Mallory wrapped in the soft sunshine had a vision. "Over the mountain peoples." He saw them streaming down into the valley. The father of Split-nose, perhaps. Begging a resting-place from the lord of the château. "Like rabbits," said the clown. Burrowing in, acquiring a bit of land, adding to it day by day, till their pegs ran up to the walls of the château.

The clown seized a moment when Split-nose absented himself. "He buys girl now," he gasped. "Got everything else. Land, trees, everything. Buys girl for drink money to step-fodder. His peoples—his peoples came over the mountains naked."

Peter absorbed the words. An old story. A story that had repeated itself a million times since the world began. Men from over the mountains. Men from over the seas. Pushed by the fires of ambition, they had pounced upon the lands of folk who had grown fat and lazy. . . .

Food was brought and placed on wooden tables. The dancers attacked it with loud shouts and much laughter. The girl still sat in the big chair. She refused the dishes that were brought to her.

The clown carried a message to Peter. "Lady say you eat something."

"Please thank her, but tell her I am not hungry," said Peter.

Split-nose sat at the head of the largest table. From time to time he rose and proposed a toast. The crowd received his words with loud approval. On unsteady legs they got to their feet and drank with him. Once the whole company turned towards Peter and shouted before they drank. Thinking they might be drinking a friendly toast, Peter bowed and lifted his hand. Their laughter was deafening.

"They hope you break your neck," whispered the clown. "They no like you."

Peter smiled. She had said "Thee—thee—daisy." The words made music within his brain.

THE meal came to an end at last. A watch on the road reported that there was no sign of the minister. Time had to be killed while they waited. A hunger for sensations, made intense by alcohol, was upon the crowd.

Split-nose made a proposal that was received with yells of delight. He led a dozen of the strongest men to a gate at one end of the barn. Their departure produced evident excitement amongst the women. They gathered up their skirts and climbed over a dividing fence.

The clown made a warning gesture to Peter, but Peter could not puzzle out what was on. There was, judging by the actions of the women, some kind of danger imminent.

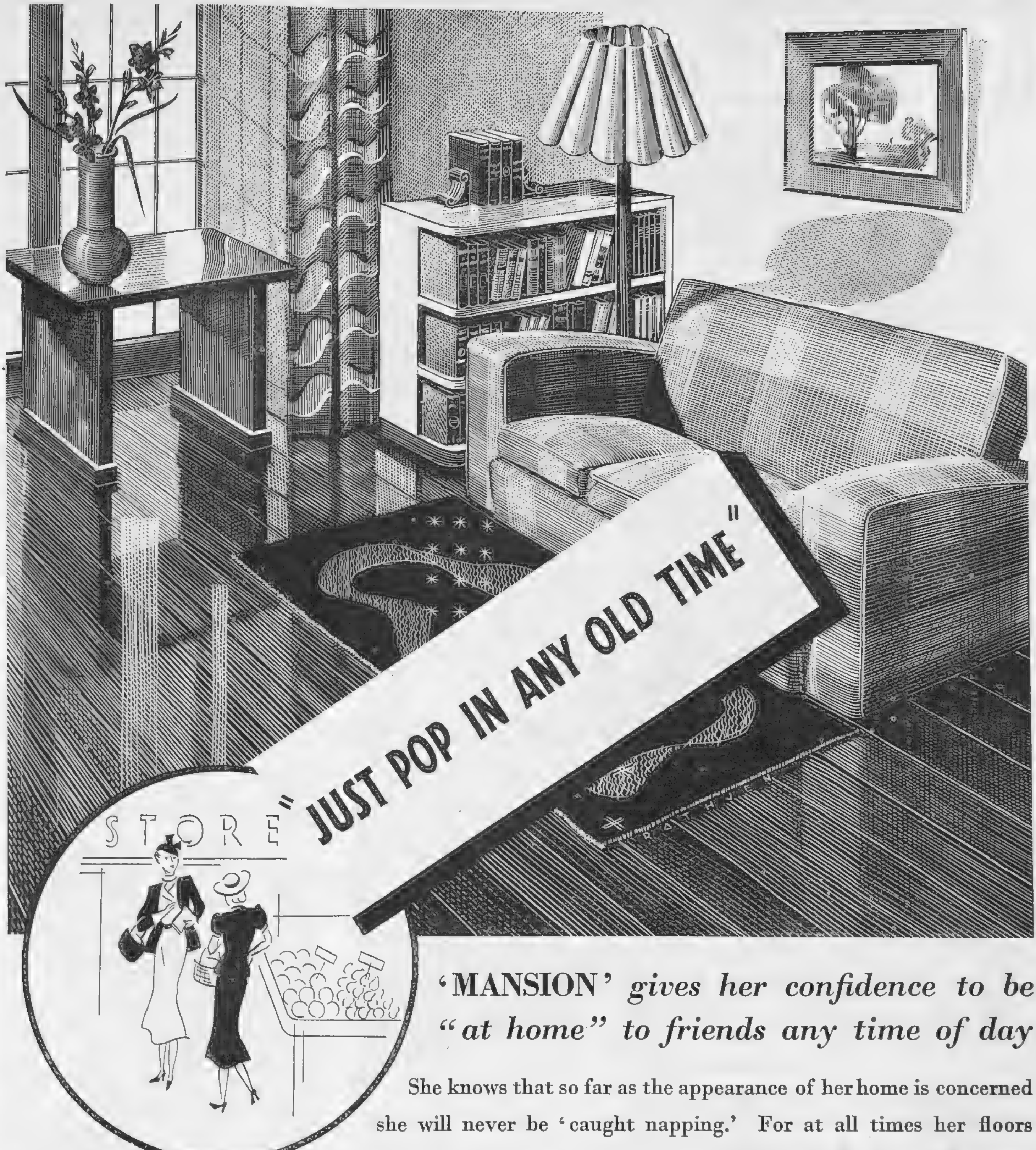
Suddenly the gate of the barn-yard was thrown open. The men who had accompanied Split-nose came out in a body, running swiftly and scattering around the green. Each was armed with a long-handled pitchfork.

Behind the last came a leaping heifer, her horns well padded so that she could do little harm if she butted one of her tormentors. The sport was a variation of the Provençal game of cow-baiting. It gave yokels a chance to show their courage and agility to admiring females.

The heifer saw Peter reclining on the grass. She charged. Peter didn't wait for her. He cleared the fence at a bound. Split-nose was so convulsed with laughter that he could hardly hold his pitchfork bayonet-fashion when the heifer, foiled by Peter's speed, charged him in turn.

Peter, on the fence, looked at the dais on which was the girl. Her chair was raised some four feet from the ground, and Split-nose himself had taken up a position between her and the baited animal, but it appeared to Peter that the business was not to the girl's liking. Her big eyes followed the heifer, which, so it seemed, was taking a malicious delight in the sport. Craftily, the beast surveyed the circle of tormentors, waiting till one lowered the protecting fork. When this happened she

(Continued on page 108)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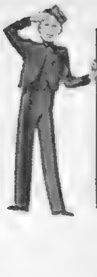

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charged swiftly, to halt with amazing suddenness when the prongs were turned towards her.

Peter, angry now, watched the girl. He thought that she, as well as the beast, was being baited by her drunken sweetheart. She was afraid. She had risen from the chair, and stood watching the harried cow in the circle of tipsy men.

Peter Mallory slipped from the fence. The stupid boors did not understand that the girl, although placed high on the dais, was in terror lest the animal should break through the ring and attack her.

She cried out her fears. Split-nose turned his head in her direction, and at that moment the cunning heifer charged him. The beast evaded the fork that the man brought too late into a position to guard his body. A padded horn struck him in the chest and bowled him over. The heifer paused to give him another thrust as he lay upon the ground, then, with tail erect, she charged the dais.

Peter was there before her. He had no fork, but there were the immense chairs. The cow attempted to climb the steps to where the terrified girl stood. Peter seized the great chair of Split-nose and hung it on the lowered horns of the intruder.

The enormous weight of the chair made the heifer stumble. Blindly she backed away, and before she could free herself the companions of Split-nose had rushed in and surrounded her.

Split-nose was angry. He picked himself up and came limping to the dais. His misfortune was, he was certain, brought about by the presence of Peter. He howled for the clown to interpret his words. Peter had to go at once. That minute. His presence was intolerable.

"He say you go damn quick or he break your neck," translated the clown. "He crazy now."

"And for that reason I'll stay," said Peter quietly.

He glanced at the girl. More beautiful than ever now that the fear had blanched her cheek. Still standing, she looked down on the group of milling peasants like a young queen that a swarm of drunken helots were dragging to execution.

Her eyes fell upon Peter Mallory. Her moist red lips moved. He could hear nothing above the clamour, but he was certain that she had uttered the words she had used hours before. "*Thee daisy.*"

There came an interruption. Providential for Peter. Across the field separating the house from the white road rushed a slobbering oaf who had been posted to watch for the arrival of the minister. His thick lips gasped out the news. The man who would make Split-nose and the girl man and wife was in sight.

To Peter's eyes it seemed that the girl had heard a sentence of death. She looked wildly around as if seeking flight. He, Peter, had a desire to cry out to her. To tell her that it was His Day. To tell her of the blossoming peach-tree, of the champagne bath, of the white road.

THE nearness of the minister, whose coming had been so long delayed, brought a sort of drunken madness to the mob. The wine flagons were emptied with amazing speed. A big-mouthed conductor of ceremonies tried to get the men and women into some sort of formation for the march to the château, where, in the private chapel, the ceremony was to take place. But the task was difficult. They broke line to clink glasses with each other, and the shouts of command mixed with the screams and the laughter made a bedlam of the place. A large woman, over-wined, dropped on the grass in a sort of hysterical fit, kicking and frothing at the mouth. Her friends, attempting to help her, fell over each other.

Split-nose detailed a reception committee to meet the minister. Noisily and with heavy blows he pushed six men forward. He was beside himself now. Unsteady on his legs. Madness was marching towards him.

The clown whispered to Peter. "He is bad mans. Better go. . You get knife in stomach when dark comes. No good."

Peter Mallory smiled. No one could knife him. The day was his. He had reached that moment of physical perfection that came to heroes. Leonidas had such a day when he held the bridge.

The dusk came down as the minister was approaching across the fields. The sun slipped behind the green trees that hid the château. Faggots were piled together and a match put to them. Once again the men and women joined hands and danced noisily. In the firelight they became curiously unreal. They seemed insane, a little evil.

Split-nose climbed on to the dais. He pushed the girl into her seat and sat himself down beside her. The mob danced around the dais, chanting with thick tongues songs whose words, although unknown to Peter, carried a suggestion of indecency if the faces and actions of the singers could be taken into consideration. The feast had now an atmosphere that was frightening, a little demoniacal.

The dreadful boil of devilry burst suddenly. Pricked by a discovery of Split-nose. It was his chair that Peter had hung upon the horns of the charging heifer, and, as the big brute sat down on it, he found that the wine-coloured tapestry, which carried the faded arms of the house upon which poverty had laid its skinny hand, had been damaged irreparably by the horns of the cow.

He stood up and glared at Peter Mallory. Peter, standing singularly straight in the midst of the drunken throng. And Peter knew that the big moment of the day had arrived: the big moment that the peach-tree knew of: the big moment for which the white road had led him so bravely forward.

Split-nose made a leap from the dais in the direction of Peter. A wild leap over the heads of the dancers. There was no room for Peter to side step. He was hemmed in; the great arms of the fellow fell heavily on his shoulders.

But Peter Mallory was not upset. A sweet joy came to him as the foul breath of the giant fanned his face. Here was the beginning and the end. The little skirmishes of the day were nothing. He was cool, marvellously cool. The knight named Lancelot was cool. He wondered, wrenching himself free, if the girl had ever heard of Lancelot. Surely. She, herself, was the lily maid of Astolat.

That cunning right fist. Peter never directed it. The moment his left fore-arm, thrust against the neck of the giant, broke the clutch, the right fist sneaked up with all the suppressed fury of the day in the jolt it carried. It was jubilant. It was singing. It was possessed. Split-nose slipped to the ground, his big paws slithering harmlessly down Peter's body as he descended.

They came at him. The foul, shrieking mob. A forest of uplifted fists and gnarled hands. Indecent, distorted faces. They trampled over Split-nose in their desire to reach Peter. A drunken wave. . . .

How easy it was! These slobbering jaws were magnets. Magnets that attracted Peter's fists. The peach-tree knew. How clever of the white road! The fools. Not one with a guard against his hard knuckles. They fell, those that he struck, and the others fell over them. He backed slowly, leaving a struggling, screaming remnant on the grass.

He couldn't see the dais. What was she thinking? What would she do? (*Biff, biff, biff,* the fists.) Would this halt the marriage? Perhaps not! Split-nose would pick himself up and the ceremony would go on. But that wouldn't be right. The day was Peter's! Peter Mallory's Day! Marked in gold on a visionary calendar.

A brute struck at him with the handle of a pitchfork. Peter dodged the blow and floored him. He retreated slowly.

He saw the clown now. The fellow was shouting something, but Peter couldn't hear the words. The uproar was terrific.

The clown waved his hands. Peter, face to the mob, backed towards him. The clown was friendly. . . . A flagon of wine struck Peter in the face. A tall man tried to skewer him with a pitchfork. Pleasant devils. Humorous. A

(*Continued on page 110*)

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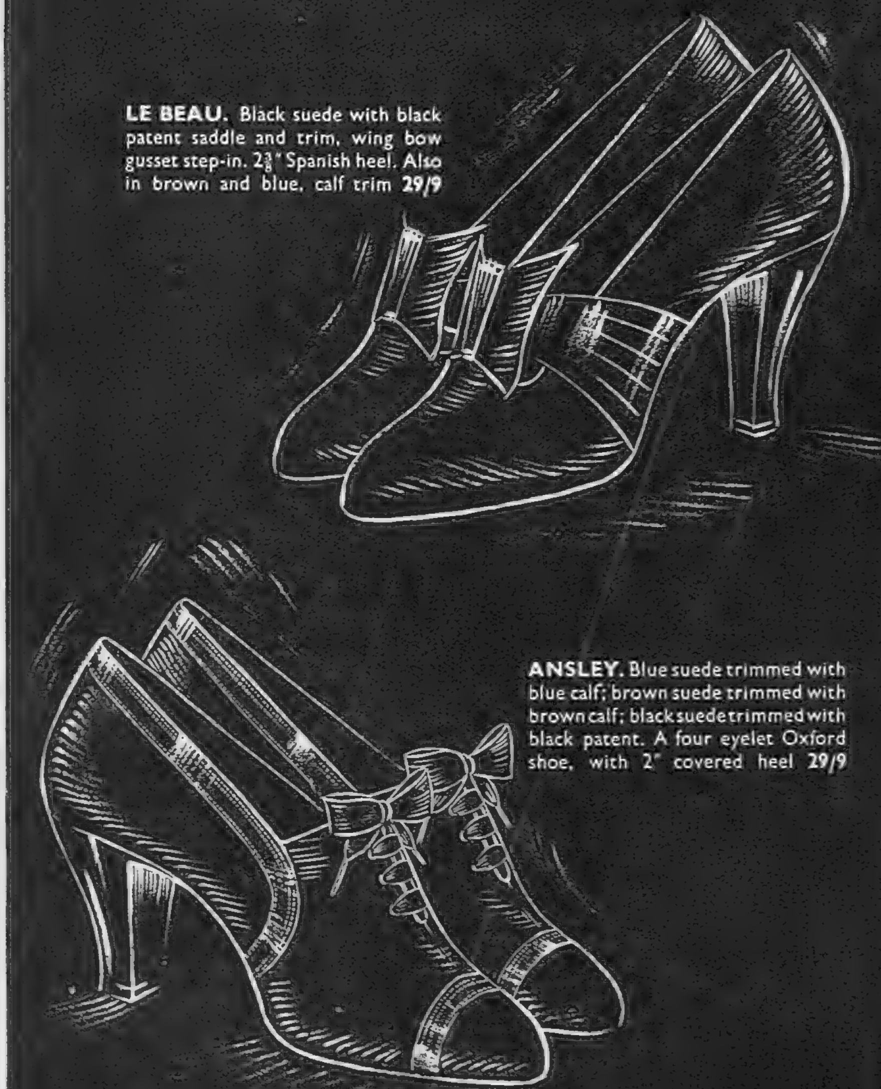

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fellow leaped on his back and tried the garotte. He squealed as Peter applied the counter.

The clown howled again. Peter heard fragments. "*This way. . . . she here . . . she say quick . . . get away.*"

She! The lily maid of Astolat! Was she there in the dark shadows? Waiting? Waiting for him? Surely the clown had gone insane. And yet—and yet the peach-tree, the champagne bath and the white road had foretold something.

He changed his tactics. Jabbing and jolting were all right, but slow. Now he wanted to hit three heads at a time. He used round-arm punches. Sweeping haymakers. He mowed them down. He shouted at them. The devils!

They fell back from him, his fury frightening them. The clown was close. He caught Peter's coat-tails and screamed. "*Run!* Follow me. She back in bushes."

Peter dropped his hands, turned, and ran into the soft darkness. Blessed darkness. The soft, velvety, womanish night. The figure of the clown, running before him; a darker stain on the infinite night.

SHE was running with Peter Mallory, her little hand in his. Running through a glade. Running between great trees that propped up the sky. Now and then a dab of Chinese white flashed across the path. Rabbits, thought Peter. He wondered if she knew about Alice in Wonderland. He would ask her when they stopped running. He was Peter in Wonderland. He laughed softly.

Something crashed through the bushes. A dragon, perhaps. Well, he, Peter, could fight a dragon. Who was the fellow that did it? Saint George! A fig for Saint George! How soft her hand was! How amazingly soft! At times he thought it had dissolved within his hot clasp. A fear possessed him that she would dissolve, that suddenly he would find that he was running alone through the dark woods. But, no. At Delphi, or Memphis, or Samarkhand, or whatever was the name of the place where he had rehearsed this with her, it had all turned out happily. He knew it now. They, she and he, had escaped from the yelling mob and had found sanctuary in a place called the Temple of the Sun; then they were married.

Temple of the Sun! He clutched her hand tightly and halted her. "*The Goldene Sonne!*" he cried. "*The—Hôtel—Goldene—Sonne!*" It was—it was like that before. Do you remember? Do you? *Temple of the Sun?*

She was close to him. Her perfume made him a little drunk. Her whispered "yes" thrilled him.

"Landlady—will—look—after—you," he stammered. "And—to-morrow—*Morgen*—we—will—go—to—Innsbruck—mother—*Mutter*—at—Innsbruck!"

"Innsbruck," she murmured. "*Mutter?*"

"She'll—love—you," he said. "Mother—I—mean." He blushed, thinking she might believe he had used the word "love" in expressing his own feelings.

Again they moved forward. She knew a path that led to the *Goldene Sonne.* Hand in hand they ran on. Peter Mallory, quite beside himself, was thinking of the morrow. He would show her the blossoming peach-tree and tell her of the white road and how it had whispered to him. He couldn't tell her of the champagne bath. Later perhaps. Later when they were married. The night sang to him. Gosh, what a day it had been!

END

A Matter of Pride

(*Continued from page 51*)

it was probably a Russian named Izmanov, and he frowned heavily as he recalled the man. If Izmanov was in Berlin, at least he knew where he could be found of an evening.

Steward was at the place at nine o'clock, a little café off Potsdamer Platz. Here was a gathering place for men of all nationalities, whose occupations were strictly their own business, but who could be hired, for a price. That price was just another of their secrets. Steward found a side table and looked over the room. He had not been here for three months, but here were the same men, or others like them. He saw one dark-tanned man whose tan had probably been gained while running guns in Syria; another man who, it was rumoured, crossed borders at will without benefit of passport, but with benefit of a peasant woman's costume and a market basket.

Then, as he continued to look over the room, a girl's face attracted him. She was sitting alone at a table, a glass of beer untouched before her. She seemed poorly dressed, as if her clothes were home-made, and none too skilfully. Her hair was ashen grey, her eyes blue, and her round face was as German as *Baumkuchen.* It was an attractive face, but what caught Steward's attention was the look of uncertainty on it, a look of fear at something in her mind, something she could not fully recognise except that it was fearful. Whatever it was that frightened her seemed to crush her, and she sat as limp as a yard of silk. She was not the usual lone girl of the cafés, nor was she like the women Steward was accustomed to seeing here, women as hard and as shadowy as the men they accompanied.

Then he forgot the girl. At the entrance was a man of fifty, short and paunchy. At a glance Steward noticed the fine overcoat, the silk scarf, and the imported hat that the man was wearing, and ever so slightly he raised his eyebrows. This was Izmanov, the Russian, and he had not looked so prosperous when they had last met. As Steward watched him push his way behind a table, he recalled the last meeting. They had just finished a business arrangement, of unique mutual profit: he and Steward had sold antique Russian desk sets to Americans during a whole summer, each set guaranteed to be the one that the Tsar had used in his last days of exile. As proof, the Tsar's handwriting was on the blotting pad—Izmanov saw to that. The Russian provided the sets, and Steward found the customers—a most satisfactory arrangement, until Steward discovered that Izmanov was buying the sets for fifty marks, but claiming two hundred.

Izmanov might have entered the business of selling Soviet documents; he had mentioned one such scheme several years before. As Steward considered the possibility, he felt a warm sense of pleasure in thinking that possibly this commission from Thornton might give him a chance to get even in some way with the Russian. A matter of pride was involved here; Steward had always been angry at himself for not having thought of supplying the sets himself, at his own price.

He waited until Izmanov had given his order. Then he walked over to his table. The Russian rose and opened his arms wide. "My friend, my old friend!" He threw his arms around Steward.

Steward smiled and Izmanov beamed. Steward shook his hand again, and again Izmanov pounded him on the back. "My dear friend, it is so good to see you again. It's been so long."

"Ever since you did me out of fifteen hundred marks on those desk sets," Steward nodded.

"No such thing!" Izmanov jumped back, his face dark.

Steward glowered. "You know the truth about that."

Izmanov shook his finger. "Time, I see, has not mellowed."

A quarrel was pointless, and Steward smiled. "I am willing to forget it."

Izmanov smiled, as if relieved, and seemed ready to start into another embrace. Steward avoided it by sitting down. Almost passionately the Russian said, "We were friends; we should remain friends. Would you like some champagne?"

Steward refused, while he considered how best to broach the matter he wanted to discuss. He listened

(*Continued on page 112*)

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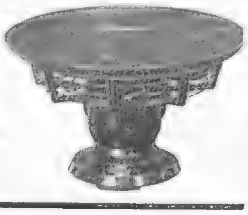

while Izmanov talked about a recent two weeks he had spent at St. Moritz. He waited until Izmanov brought the conversation back to Berlin. Then he ventured, "You seem to be prosperous."

"*Nitchevo!* And you?"

"I've just come across a chance to make some money."

It was amusing to see how quickly the Russian reacted. "There is nothing I should like more than to see you make some money."

"I need help," Steward confessed. "Can you help me get hold of any Soviet military papers?"

Now the Russian really reacted. The smile left his face; his little eyes sharpened; he hunched his shoulders as he came closer. "What are you talking about, Steward?"

That reaction told Steward all he wanted to know. He hurriedly calmed him. "I mean that I have found an American correspondent who is interested in buying such things."

Izmanov laughed uneasily. He had such ugly teeth, Steward noted, and he wore them parted in the middle. Very slowly he said, "There are people who could supply them, no doubt. And he is willing to pay—cash?"

"No doubt."

As if suspecting a trap, Izmanov continued very carefully, "And why does he want them?"

Steward explained as carelessly as he could, "You don't know American newspapermen like I do. One of his rivals has bought some and will publish them, and now my friend wants them."

"What's his name?"

"So that you can go to him yourself?"

"You don't trust me, my dear friend?" Izmanov looked heart-broken. He was silent for some time, thinking heavily, approaching some decision like a man on thin ice. "If I did offer to help you, you wouldn't think of betraying me to the police?" he asked casually.

Steward protested. "I would be betraying myself, wouldn't I?"

Again Izmanov trailed his own thoughts. Finally he nodded. "I think I can help you get what you want. Telephone me to-morrow morning." An important matter settled, Izmanov seemed more at ease. "I admire a man with the kind of contacts you have. It's a shame we ever had to separate—we could both be rich now."

"It is wrong to capitalise on such contacts."

"What else have you done all your life?" Izmanov interrupted.

"I mean, as a matter of pride, without adequate recompense."

Both men were silent, as if considering the truth in that remark. For an hour they sat together, saying very little. There was nothing Steward wanted to say. Everything, he told himself, was taking shape perfectly. From time to time, as he looked around the room, he noticed the girl at the nearby table. The fear on her face was more real than ever.

"I must be going," Izmanov said finally. "I'm so glad we've renewed our friendship."

"So am I." Steward remembered once more the little matter of desk-sets. Then, as he was about to rise, he stopped for a moment, startled. At the doorway was a young man, the same pleasant Mr. Foreman. Without looking right or left, he walked to where the girl sat. Her face lit up, the fear gone like stage mist. And Steward heard the Russian say, "See that man who just came in? I want you to meet him—a countryman of yours. He's been very useful to me—name's Foreman."

"I shall be delighted to meet him." Steward hoped that the Russian did not notice the sudden sincerity in his voice. "Who's the girl?"

"I never saw her before. You know," Izmanov continued slowly, as if discovering a truth, "Foreman's very much like you. I wondered whom he reminded me of when I first met him. He has the same sort of manner, the same sort of cultured appearance that makes anyone believe anything."

"You flatter me," Steward said coldly. "I always believed, with some pride, that I was an original." At least, Steward had to admit, the young man was like him in the way he arranged to dine well.

The two men rose. At the nearby table Izmanov stopped. "Herr Foreman——!"

The American looked up suddenly as if alarmed. Then he saw Steward. His face went red. He hunted for words, and his lips moved but made no sound.

"I'd like to have you meet a friend——"

Foreman's face reddened. This, Steward told himself, was the man so much like him! At least he could usually control his complexion.

"Herr Steward, an old friend of mine."

With greatest courtesy, Steward bowed. "I believe I saw Mr. Foreman lunching at the Adlon to-day?"

"Oh, yes," Foreman stuttered. Then he got some control. "May I present Fräulein Murphy?"

Desultory conversation followed, while Steward wondered where that German girl had got an Irish name. Foreman's uneasiness did not decrease. It was curious, Steward thought, that at this moment he wished he could put the young man at his ease. It annoyed him that anyone supposed to be like himself could show so little composure.

"You must excuse me," Izmanov said at last. "I must be going."

"I hope we shall meet again," Steward added, with proper politeness. Foreman only nodded. At least, in a similar position, Steward told himself, he would have remembered to say, "I hope so, too."

BY six the next evening, Steward knew what it felt like to be an impresario with a new play opening. As he sat in the Café Koenig drinking coffee and eating a slice of *torte* with whipped cream, he reviewed his position, and from time to time he chuckled to himself. Not for years, it seemed, had he been so comfortable or near to so much money. He had telephoned Izmanov; the Russian said that he could secure the sort of papers Thornton wanted. Then he had gone to Thornton and, by a sudden inspiration, he had thought of a way to get even more money from the affair.

Thornton had been slightly suspicious at first. "It seems to me that you got on the trail of those papers awfully fast."

Steward protested. "I knew the one man who would handle such things. I can arrange to have you see them to-morrow. Of course, my friends think you are going to buy them."

"All I want is a look at them," Thornton said grimly. "And I want them brought to my apartment, not to my house."

One question interested Steward. "How will you know that they are definitely false?"

"I have a simple way of proving that."

Then, in the middle of a silence, came the inspiration, a sudden new idea, a way to teach Mr. Thornton a lesson in cleverness, if nothing else, a way to even up slightly the matter of those desk-sets with Izmanov. Very gently Steward said, "It will cost you money to see those papers. My friends insist on an advance payment as proof that you are serious. One thousand marks, Mr. Thornton!"

"That's a lot of money!"

"If it isn't worth that much to you!" Steward waited impatiently. That was a thousand he could pocket. He became bolder. "Furthermore, I must take the money to my friends this afternoon, or everything is off."

Thornton hesitated. "I suppose I'll have to pay it, but I'll see you jailed if anything goes wrong."

Very impressively Steward answered, "Mr. Thornton, if anything goes wrong, we may see each other jailed. The Secret Police are always concerned with anyone who shows any interest in secret papers."

IN the early evening Steward met Izmanov to discuss the final arrangements. The Russian was jovial at first. "I'm very pleased to help you in this, Steward. The money will come in very conveniently." As if to himself, he added, "I have always wanted to see Egypt in winter-time." Then he became blunt. "Of course, there is one other thing, Steward—I insist that you let me handle all the negotiations from now on."

"You don't trust me?" Steward seemed to be hurt. He could feel the wallet in his inside pocket, stuffed with the thousand marks.

"Not that, my friend," Izmanov assured him. "It is just more satisfactory if I arrange everything. Besides, you might take the papers, sell them, and keep the money. What could I do then?"

"You will see that I get my share of the money?"

"Believe me, I will."

Steward nodded, knowing that, were this really a genuine deal, he would be lucky to get a picture postcard from Cairo as his share.

The Russian lowered his voice. "Now listen. To-morrow afternoon I shall send Foreman with the papers."

"Foreman?"

"That young American. He has been useful to me before, and I can trust him. You will meet him and take him to your friend; then you withdraw. Understand? Foreman and I will take charge from there on."

Steward repressed a smile at the thought that his luncheon guest was to be as badly fooled in all this as Izmanov. He said, "My friend, of course, wants to see the documents before he decides to buy them."

"Certainly," Izmanov said. "I should think he would. Can he read Russian?"

"I do not believe so."

"He'll be convinced by what he sees," Izmanov said carelessly. "I shall provide translations. You see, I have thought of everything."

The answer to that was simply, "So have I," but Steward did not say it.

THE next afternoon, Steward waited in the Adlon Bar. For the tenth time he reviewed the whole affair. Nothing could go wrong anywhere. Thornton could cable his managing editor, Izmanov would be left disappointed, and Steward would collect three hundred dollars from the correspondent.

Just before two o'clock Foreman entered, a brief-case in hand. He looked more uncomfortable and, if possible, even more ill at ease than at the café.

"I'll buy you a drink," Steward said pleasantly, "if you will promise not to be called away before you finish it."

Foreman blushed and looked embarrassed, and Steward was sorry that he had tried a very bad joke. There was something likeable about the young man, and he aroused Steward's curiosity, if not his sympathy.

"I have something for you," Foreman stammered. "That luncheon bill was about fifty marks?. Here is my share." He opened his wallet and took out some bills.

That only increased Steward's desire to ask questions. "What makes you do that?"

Foreman tried to explain. "I had no money for lunch, then I saw you—it seemed like such a good idea——!"

"I've thought so myself, at times," Steward confessed. "You are stranded here in Berlin?"

Foreman dodged a direct answer. "Not exactly." Obviously he did not want to talk about himself. "Shall we get going—I'm always uneasy with this brief-case, you know."

Steward knew. Like the young man, he had been uneasy with such a brief-case on various occasions.

They rode to Thornton's apartment. Steward caught Foreman's uneasiness, and he was eager to get away from that brief-case. If, by any chance, police were to stop them now—— Nervously, Steward looked behind. A car of some sort was following them, but when they turned the corner into Thornton's street it had vanished. "Nerves!" Steward grunted.

Thornton was waiting, and Steward made the introductions. He was annoyed by a quiet little smile of confidence on the correspondent's face. For the first time he felt pleased that Izmanov had told him to withdraw.

(*Continued on page* 114)

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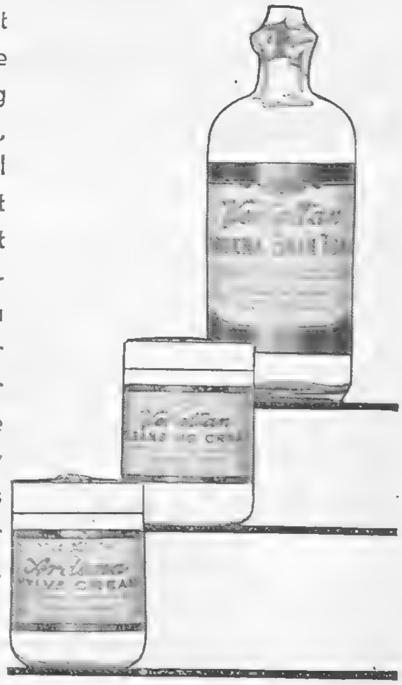

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He returned to the Adlon and ordered a double highball. There was nothing else to do except to wait and to collect the three hundred dollars from Thornton. With that, and with the thousand marks in his pocket, he would have enough money to leave Berlin. He felt tired of it. There was London or Paris—greener fields, and friendlier cities for a gentleman with good intentions.

" Mr. Steward ! "

He jumped to his feet and saw the girl of the café, Fräulein Murphy.

" You don't mind my coming to you ? "

" On the contrary." He was glad for a chance to talk with her. " How did you know I was here ? "

" I followed you and Joe—Mr. Foreman—I saw you come back here alone." Then her face was drawn as when he first saw it. " What is Joe doing ? Please tell me. He won't say a word, but it's something that makes me afraid." Steward saw her shudder. " Once before he has done it, too, this same thing. I can tell from the way he acts."

Steward's first thought was instinctive, that the girl might be a police agent. But she was speaking English with the most natural American accent. He asked a question, very gently. " Won't you tell me first about yourself ? "

Her manner was genuine. " My mother was German, my father was American. I was born there, but when my father died my mother came back here to live." She tried to smile. " And here I am ! I met Joe here, and he and I are engaged "—she took a deep breath—" and he wants to take me back, but it costs money for travel, and he doesn't have it."

Steward nodded understandingly. "Steamship companies are hard-hearted."

" I came to you because you seemed so like Joe, the same friendly manner——"

If Steward winced, he did not let her see it.

" I was so ashamed when he told me how he met you here at lunch," she continued. " I made him pay you back that money." Then her fear came back. " What is he doing now, Mr. Steward ? I know it's something dangerous——"

It was difficult to tell the truth. It was more difficult to lie. Steward said nothing.

" He says he will earn enough money to take us out of Germany by whatever he's doing."

" Possibly he will," Steward said. He was still wondering about his resemblance to Foreman. " If you'll let me know where I can find you later to-day, perhaps I can see that he does."

AS he waited in Thornton's office, Steward could not forget the girl. He did not know just how to help the couple. Perhaps Thornton would listen to the story and give Foreman a job, and let him earn some money.

Thornton came in after four, smiling, more pleasant than Steward had ever seen him. That was a good sign. " I'm awfully obliged to you," he began. " You brought me just what I wanted. In fact, I asked that young man if he knew Rourke, and after his first surprise, he admitted that he and Rourke had had some deal."

" I'd like to talk to you about that young man."

Thornton would not be interrupted.

" Thanks to you, I'm all set to take in the whole gang now."

" Take them in ? "

Thornton nodded. " I'll let the police do it. Their arrest and their confession is the one proof my editor will believe."

Like a man on uncertain ground, Steward went ahead slowly. " What have you told the police ? "

" Nothing yet. I told Foreman to return to-night at eight and I'd give him my decision about buying the stuff. Well, the police will be there, too."

Steward pictured Foreman walking into that trap. Then he thought of the girl, waiting for his return.

" You can't very well convict him without the documents," Steward said. " I doubt if he'll bring them with him to-night."

Thornton laughed, and Steward decided that he disliked the man deeply. " Foreman brought me a dozen papers in Russian, and the translations of about three hundred others. Very exciting reading if true. All about aviation activity aimed at Alaska, except for the dozen that were in Russian. I took those in my hand and said, ' How about a drink ? ' Then I went to the kitchen and got a bottle of liquor. A minute later I went back for some ice." Thornton laughed again. " And in that minute a photographer in the kitchen had photographed the papers I left with him ! "

Steward's dislike for Thornton was almost hatred. " And Foreman never suspected ? "

" Of course not. He was awfully nervous, that's all." Thornton considered something and seemed amused by it. " Say, you know, in some ways he reminded me a lot of you. The same manner—— ! "

There was that reference again, but Steward had no time to wonder about it now. " Where are those pictures ? "

" Being developed. I'll have them about seven o'clock. And the police will have Mr. Foreman about eight." Thornton stopped for a second. " That will be just one o'clock in Chicago. I think I can get a cable off in time to spoil my editor's afternoon."

VERY thoughtfully Steward walked across the Tiergarten. All that Thornton had said, and all the scheming of the last two days, seemed far away. The one thing remaining was the recurring reference to the similarity between himself and Foreman. He began to think, as he walked along, of his first months in Berlin, ten years before, when he was stranded, as Foreman was, beginning the same sort of things that Foreman was beginning. As he considered Foreman, he felt as if he were able for the first time to see himself as others must see him, a counterfeit of all he pretended to be. It was an unpleasant feeling, as deeply painful as a strong hot light. He had been lucky—he had lasted ten years ; Foreman was going to step into a trap this night. Again he remembered the girl. The police would probably take her, too. There was one obvious way by which Steward could get them out. He remembered how, only a few hours before, he had thought so eagerly of London, of Paris ! To get them out would mean that he would have to stay here. Again he considered Paris ; it was so attractive, but suddenly he realised that with Foreman, a man so like himself, jailed in Berlin, no city could be very pleasant.

HE went to the address the girl had given him. Foreman opened the door at his knock.

" I wanted to see you and Miss Murphy," Steward said cordially.

" She's out getting some things for supper."

" That's just as well, perhaps." Steward walked into a little living room. " I'm here to ask a few questions. Did Thornton seem impressed by what you showed him ? "

" Very."

" You're seeing him to-night ? "

" Yes." Foreman's face was white in strain.

" He was very hospitable, wasn't he ? Do you know that when he stepped out to get that drink for you, he had those papers photographed in the kitchen. He will have those pictures when you call to-night, and the police will be there to see them, too."

Foreman sat down heavily. Arteries in his forehead stood out. " But those papers were genuine," he said hoarsely, " that's the way we worked on that other correspondent—showed him genuine stuff first, and then he fell for the phonies."

" What sort of genuine stuff ? "

Foreman explained earnestly, " Nothing particularly important—Izmanov got them somewhere." He reached for a brief-case and took out some papers. " This one is marked ' confidential ' but it only deals with a routine troop movement to the Ukraine. This one concerns the appointment of physicians to barracks—routine army orders, that's all. The rest of the stuff was in English—he was to

(*Continued on page* 116)

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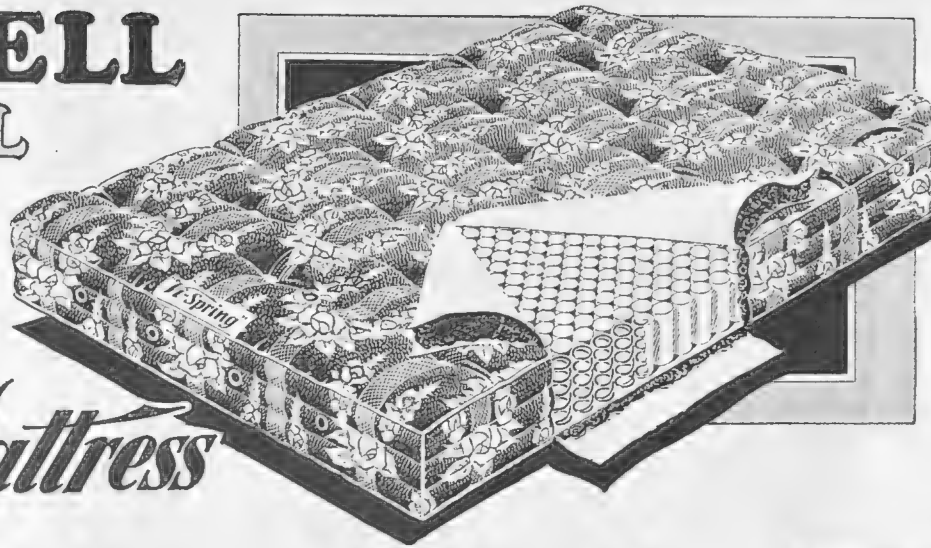

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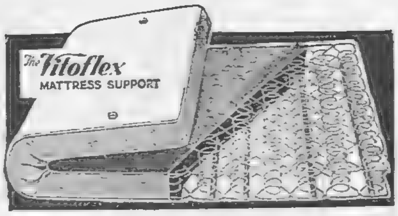

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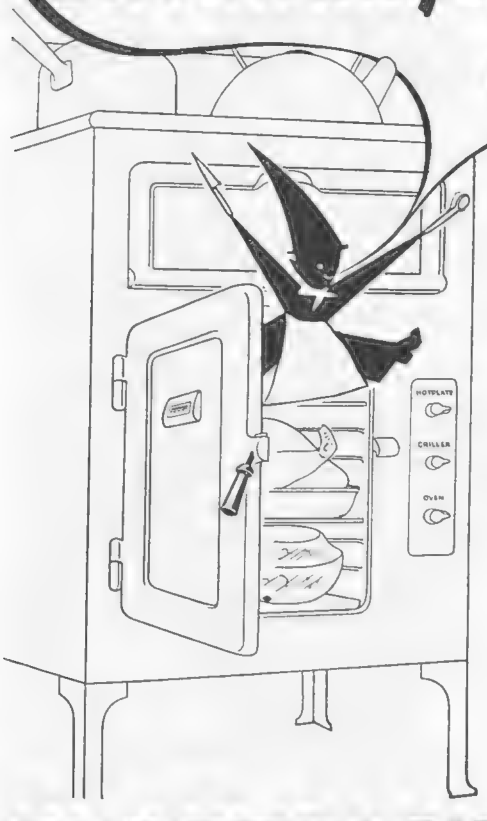

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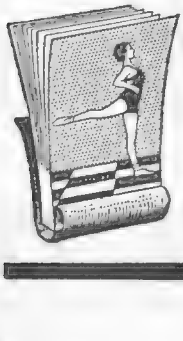

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get the Russian originals only if he paid cash."

Steward had to think fast. "You have a very fine fiancée, Mr. Foreman—she and I had a long talk this afternoon," he said, to gain a moment. Then he made a decision. "I want to handle the rest of the negotiations with Thornton from now on."

"But I need the money!"

"Precisely. You take this" — he handed over a thousand marks—"and get out of Berlin to-night. Get abroad, and then take her to America with you." The bills, Steward noticed, crinkled so nicely.

"But if you go back to Thornton's to-night, and the police——!"

Steward tried to be convincing. "I don't think I'll have any trouble, but I want the originals of the papers he was supposed to buy. And we had better burn those few genuine sheets."

Foreman shook his head as if to clear it. "I don't understand why you should do this!"

Steward had to call on all his manner to say, "You've been competing with me here, in my own profession. I won't have any others like myself around. Understand? Just a matter of pride!"

Even to Steward that seemed an adequate explanation.

HE was at Thornton's at seven. He had hurried through the streets with the package of counterfeit papers under his arm, afraid at every step that someone would stop him. As soon as he entered Thornton's house his nervousness left him. Here was one chance to pay off some of the insult he had taken from the correspondent for so long. He was rather amused at the idea; the only worry was that the police might come early. That would make a real predicament.

"I scarcely expected you," Thornton said.

That was no polite greeting, but Steward ignored it. He had rehearsed this conversation, and he began very carefully. "I came to ask you if you didn't think it unfair to have that young American arrested. After all, you have what you want."

"I thought you would plead for your friends," Thornton said sternly. "I was a fool to tell you about those pictures. I should have had better sense."

"I'm very eager to have that gang arrested"—Steward smiled slightly—"but supposing they question Foreman, as you expect them to do, and he mentions me?"

Thornton considered that for a moment. "I have no malice against you, Steward. You told me the truth this time. You have a chance to get away to-night and you certainly have the money."

"Yes," Steward nodded. Mr. Thornton was now about to get a lesson in cleverness. "Supposing the documents you photographed are genuine and have nothing to do with the papers Rourke bought?"

"They aren't!"

"They are! Those pictures prove nothing about forgeries."

"Then I'll have Foreman bring the phony originals to-morrow," Thornton said, as if it were a lunge in a duel.

"Mr. Foreman," Steward said calmly, "is on his way to Holland at the moment."

Thornton looked his anger. "Then I think you'll have to explain all this to the police."

"Gentlemen shouldn't make threats—so openly," Steward said. There was a lesson in politeness. "I'll give you copies of Rourke's papers, if you'll give me those photographs—and the negatives."

Thornton hesitated, until Steward held out a large package.

"I really am obliged to you," Thornton said.

"It really is nothing." There was a lesson in dignity.

IN the middle of the evening Steward was waiting at the usual café. From time to time he made certain that the package of pictures and film were in his pocket. He had one more scene to play, and this was to be the most satisfying of all. Of course, he told himself, at a time like this, that Russian would have to be late.

Izmanov came in excitedly. He could scarcely wait to begin. "Foreman told me that everything went well this afternoon." He rubbed his little fat hands together. "We'll probably get the money to-morrow."

"And you'll be off to Cairo to-morrow night?" Steward smiled. "And I suppose I'll not see a penny of the money."

"Now, my old friend——!"

Steward looked suddenly stern. "I want to make a deal with you, Izmanov. How would you like to buy some Soviet army documents?"

The Russian jumped as if he had been struck. "You're gone mad."

Without a word Steward laid the pictures before him. Izmanov screwed up his little eyes to look at them. "You—why——!"

"These are for sale, my friend."

Izmanov laughed. "But they're harmless. No one can be concerned with them."

There was no answer to that. "Would you like to have to tell the *Gestapo* where you got them?"

For a moment Izmanov sat quiet, his lips drawn and white. "I'd like to buy them, I've decided." In afterthought he added, "And the negatives, too."

"You can have them—you see, I thought of everything." Steward considered. "Let's see, you made about fifteen hundred marks on those desk-sets, I believe."

"Damn those sets! Why should you keep bringing them up all the time?"

With the warmest of smiles Steward said, "Just a matter of pride, my friend!"

Are You An Acid Person?

(*Continued from page* 54)

acids in joints, while its other ingredients help to dissolve unnecessary fat. *Should be taken for rheumatism, gout and rational slimming.*

If taken for rheumatism, it should be supplemented by Celery Juice, taken in the same quantity, but separately and before a different meal.

If taken for slimming, the procedure should be five days of Birch Juice followed by five days of Cucumber Juice.

Carrot Juice. The customary boiling of this vegetable destroys many of its remarkable qualities. Carrots, raw and grated in salads, are excellent, but even then their properties are not as easily assimilated as through the direct and highly concentrated juice.

Carrot juice purifies the entire digestive tract; clears the complexion and improves the hair; alleviates nettle-rash and shingles; is invaluable in anæmia, asthma, and also in the treatment of tuberculosis.

Can be used with Cucumber Juice for clearing the skin, and with Celery Juice for rashes and shingles.

Garlic. There is scarcely an acid disorder in which this juice is not effective. It influences the entire digestive system, acting as a thorough cleanser, dispelling gases, waste matter, and parasites. There is no blood-restorer to compare with garlic; pyorrhœa is effectively reduced owing to a purer blood-stream by it. It loosens thick phlegm, and cures boils.

As the smell and taste of garlic are none too pleasant, the juice has been enclosed in capsules which are easy to swallow, and which do not dissolve until they are in the body organs well beyond creating either smell or taste. Although these capsules act as blood purifiers, they do not act as aperients.

Three should be taken every night at bedtime, while you are taking one or two of the other juices during the day.

St. John's Wort. The juice of this plant is one of the finest nerve tonics in the world. Taken at bedtime, it will promote sound sleep: it should be taken regularly by all those who suffer from nervous headaches and so-called brainstorms, which are, of course, due to some acid poison.

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FRUIT SALAD
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COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

one of those fits of rage with which his entire life was punctuated. Like a raving lunatic, he cried that he had been betrayed, because nothing less than an extensive plot could have rendered successful such a difficult enterprise. When comparative calm allowed him to hear in detail how the escape had been carried out, and who was responsible for such a smart piece of work, his fury knew no bounds. He said: " So it is that woman; she has done whatever she pleased despite my desire, and has given me more trouble than any woman in Europe." He kept on storming for a long time, accentuating in his excitement the guttural sounds of his language. To the Tower he sent severe orders so that no other prisoner could follow the example, and, needless to say, for the arrest of the woman who had so shamefully lowered the dignity of the Tower of London, and snatched from his hands the very man who, more than any other, he wanted out of his way.

During this time Lord Nithsdale, with the help of the Venetian ambassador, was trying to get to the coast, while his wife was bound for the North to Terregles, to fetch some important papers that she had buried in her garden. On leaving her husband, she had made an appointment with him in Paris, where, together with their children, they were to reunite. Everything had gone according to plan.

Under an assumed name, Lord Nithsdale took the boat for Calais. As the sails were unfurled, the wind was so favourable that the vessel travelled at an amazing speed, so much so that the unsuspecting captain remarked to Lord Nithsdale that " The wind could not have served better if my passengers had been flying for their lives."

Had he but known . . .

Lucky Langton

(*Continued from page* 15)

and more money than he could spend, be able to leave England for a month or two and then go back to his wife and family; and another chap have to live for twelve months in the bush and get nothing at the end of it ?. Langton's temper simmered as he walked down to the river. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He tried to stifle it, but it kept recurring.

When he got back to his house he went to his shelf and took down a volume of the Universal Encyclopædia he always carried on his travels. He turned up the letter " G " and read all he could about gold. Under the letter " K " he found an account of the early discoveries in the Klondyke. He read how the miners used to get out their soil in the winter when the ground was frozen and wash the gold when the frost broke. His eyes opened when he read of the sums of money that had been earned in this way. Three men, working a small claim, had washed £50,000 worth of gold out of their dump at the end of a winter's digging.

Langton laid down the Encyclopædia; he stared out into the blue twilight as he did every night; his hands slowly clenched; there was a new expression in his eyes. They called him " Honest Walter." He was one of the most reliable District Commissioners in the service, the kind of man that could be sent out to a lone post like Akab and be trusted not to let his country down. But he wasn't good enough to be promoted, and the climate was too bad for him to get a wife!

Langton sent for the Na of Bamboi, and at the conference that followed the illiterate African received a great surprise.

A fortnight later His Excellency the Governor set out on his annual tour of inspection. The roads were dry and H.E. was able to travel with four cars, carrying tents, native servants, and crates of crockery and tinned food. In due course His Excellency reached the Northern Province.

What about Akab, sir? Do you want to go out there?" the Provincial Commissioner at Tamale asked.

"I think I must," said H.E. "That is the place where the last D.C. went mad. I nearly abolished it as a station; bit of a strain for one fellow to have to be alone out there for so long. How is the new chap doing?"

"Langton. Very well, sir; he doesn't give himself time to get depressed; he is always busy. At the moment he is building a landing stage for the ferry—be a great improvement. We sent him out tools from Tamale and he has got the Lobis to work for him."

"I hope he has put them on a proper pay roll. The last memoranda I got from the Colonial Office emphasised that no native was to be forced to work on Government schemes."

"You couldn't force the Lobis to work, sir. . . . They will do anything for anybody they like, but if anyone upsets them they won't come out of the bush. Langton gets on with them very well."

"What?" said the Governor sharply.

The Provincial Commissioner laughed. "He hasn't taken off his clothes and gone to live with them like the last chap, sir. He knows how to keep up his position; he has just settled a dispute between the Yabum and the Na of Bamboi."

H.E. nodded. "Good chap, Langton. I'm afraid he must have been disappointed when he heard the fellow from Kintampo was getting your job."

"He didn't say anything, sir; just acknowledged the letter and sent in an indent for tools for his scheme to make a landing stage; he asked for every spade and pick I could spare."

His Excellency laid his hand on the Provincial Commissioner's shoulder. "That is the type of man that has made the British Empire."

Two days later H.E.'s chain of cars wound through the bush to Akab. The Provincial Commissioner followed in his own car, accompanied by a lorry carrying his effects. In Africa the greater the official the more the transport.

Langton was at the ferry to meet H.E. The Governor noted with approval the landing stage that was under construction. All along the bank holes had been dug and poles lay ready to be driven in. Then he observed the great quantity of earth that had been taken out and arranged in neat dumps. H.E. pointed to a particularly large dump. "Was it necessary to take all this out?"

"Had to be sure of getting firm foundations, sir."

"Quite." H.E. looked at the glistening backs of some Lobi workmen; the men were completely naked, after the fashion of their tribe. "All volunteers, I trust."

"Yes, sir; they are glad to work for meat."

"Well, it is a bit of a change from the state of affairs when the last District Commissioner was here. Shocking business."

"Disgraceful, sir. He couldn't stand the loneliness; some fellows can't."

"Doesn't seem to have affected you." H.E. looked keenly at Langton.

"I rather like being on my own, sir."

"You can do another tour here, if you want to," H.E. said.

Langton did not answer.

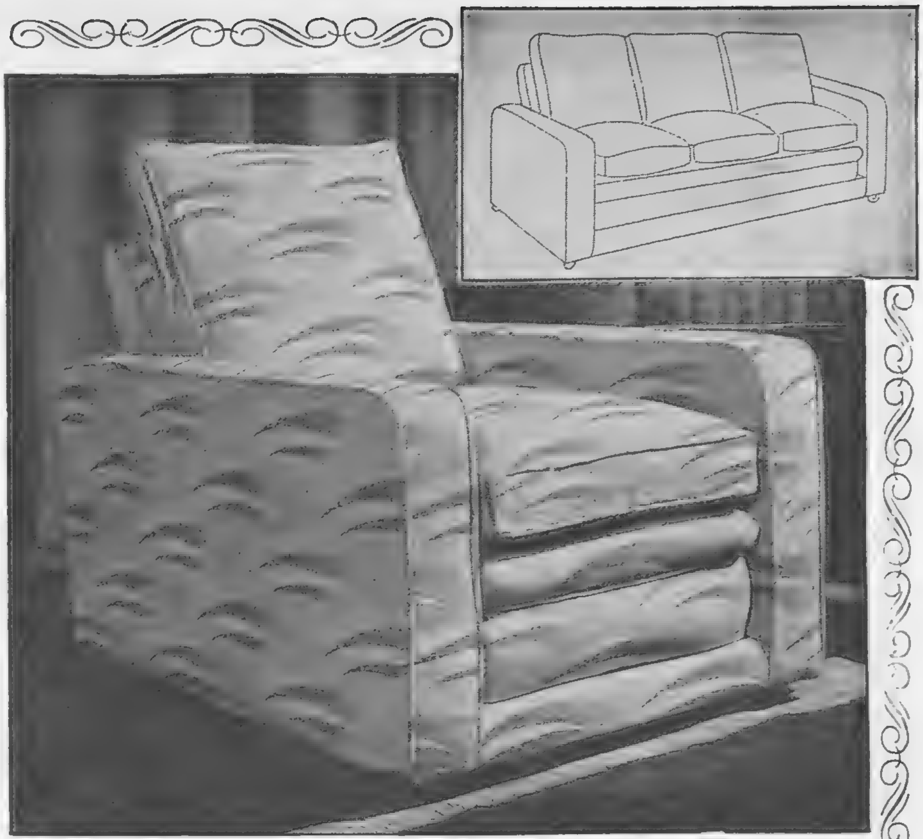
That night, when Langton had gone back to his house, the Governor and the Provincial Commissioner sat talking on the verandah of the rest house.

"The thing I like about Langton is the way he keeps his chin up," H.E. said. "Some fellows would have thrown their hands in when they had been passed over, but he sticks to his job. I wish I could have done something for him, poor chap. One has to give the openings to the youngsters these days. What age were you when you became a Provincial Commissioner?"

"Thirty-five, sir."

"And I was

(*Continued on page 120*)



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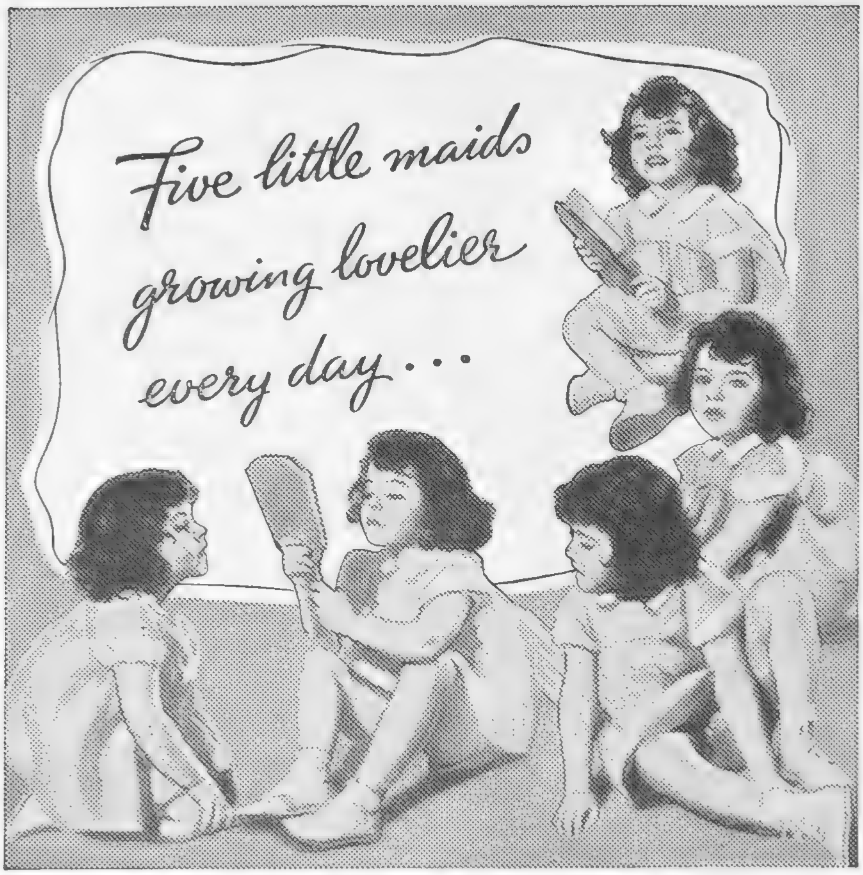

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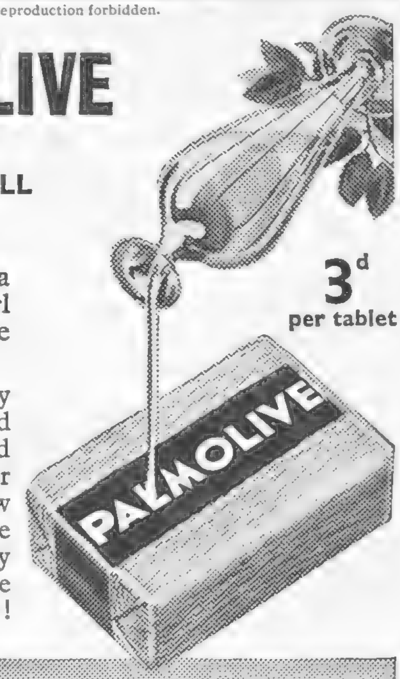

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thirty-four. I got Ashanti when I was forty. Langton must be that now."

" He is over forty, sir."

His Excellency shook his head. " Missed the boat. Well, there is not room for everyone at the top."

The two officials looked at each other with mutual satisfaction; one was at the top and the other rapidly reaching it.

The Governor yawned. " Think I'll turn in. We shall have to make an early start to-morrow."

While his visitors slept Langton lay awake under his mosquito net. The strain on his nerves throughout the day had been great. He had broken into a sweat when the Governor commented on the size of one of the dumps which the Lobis had excavated. What a mercy the Lobis were so naïve! They were as happy as mudlarks digging holes in the banks, occasionally finding little bits of yellow metal which they could exchange for cowrie shells. The Na of Bamboi could be trusted not to talk. The Yabum knew nothing about the matter, for Langton had posted a circle of Lobis in the bush armed with bows, and they had already bagged two of the Yabum's men—another reason for their excellent spirits.

Next morning Langton asked to see the Governor privately. His Excellency was surprised by the nature of his most trustworthy District Commissioner's request.

" I am sorry about this business of your promotion, Langton, but though we have had to put another man in over your head, I can't help thinking you are making a mistake in resigning from the service. You are giving up your career."

" My what! "

H.E. stared at the lean, bony-faced D.C. Without any doubt Langton was being disrespectful. H.E. got up. " Very well, if that is the way you feel, I have no more to say, except to wish you the very best of luck."

" Thank you, sir."

" TROPICAL plants," said Langton, as the customs official at Tilbury stared at a crate containing a dozen flower pots, in each of which there was a small shrub.

The official chalked the crate.

LANGTON faced two hard-featured men in the room of the board of directors of Rosen and Kratz, company promoters, specialising in mines.

" These twelve flower pots contain specimens of earth taken at different levels," Langton said (the Universal Encyclopædia had been useful). " Here are a few nuggets that were found loose." He undid a handkerchief.

Now not a week passed without somebody trying to sell to Messrs. Rosen and Kratz a salted mine. They eyed the former District Commissioner keenly. Twenty years of impeccable honesty had left their imprint on Langton's face. Messrs. Rosen and Kratz decided their visitor was not a crook.

Mr. Rosen tapped one of the flower pots. " We will get these samples assayed, but even then we can't do anything until we have sent our man out there and had his report."

" You can form a company; it won't cost you much unless you start work."

" Out of the question," said Mr. Kratz.

Langton picked up his crate of flower pots and moved towards the door.

" Where are you going? " Rosen asked.

" To see Bullinger and Bullinger; they may be interested."

" Wait a minute," said Kratz.

Langton waited. He stayed until the earth from a flower pot, chosen at random, had been assayed by the firm's mining engineer on the premises.

" We'll go into this," Rosen said.

Langton noticed the suppressed excitement in the financier's manner. " Report on the sample pretty good, eh? " he said.

" Very good. We have looked at the lot; all twelve flower pots contain a high percentage of gold. Of course we don't know where the earth comes from." Mr. Rosen's eyes narrowed as he looked across at Mr. Kratz.

"Nasty little man!" Langton thought. Aloud he said: "No, you don't."

Kratz realised that his partner had antagonised the weather-seamed Colonial official. "This will be a good thing for you," he said.

"I know that." Langton sat back more comfortably in his chair and started to fill his pipe.

"You tell us the location and we will send a man out on Saturday's boat. In six weeks we will have his report."

"You'll form the company first."

"We cannot do that before we make any tests or even know the location!"

"I think you can," Langton said; he had been well primed by his solicitor.

Kratz winked at Rosen with the eye Langton could not see, opened his cigar case and handed it to their visitor. "As a Government official should you not have reported that gold had been found in your district, Mr. Langton?"

"Yes, I should."

Mr. Rosen rubbed his hands. "Well, what are we all going to do?"

"Form a company and allot my nominee the first ten thousand shares."

"Your nominee!"

"I can't take shares in a commercial enterprise in a district in which I am a Government official. My resignation does not become effective until the end of my leave—that is, in three-and-a-half months' time."

"You have resigned!"

Langton nodded. He could tell from the expression on the two financiers' faces that things were going the way he wanted; they had nothing to gain by a quarrel and knew that if they did not deal, somebody else would.

"What is the name of your nominee?"

Langton wrote an address down on a piece of paper and passed it across.

"That is my solicitor. If you want to deal, he'll be in his office up to one o'clock. If I have heard nothing by then, I shall approach another group. I am going to get something out of that blasted country."

THE story of the Bamboi Gold Fields, Ltd., is still fresh in the minds of speculators. Owing to Langton's foresight in employing the Lobis to make extensive excavations, the mining expert sent out by Messrs. Rosen and Kratz was able to prepare an assay in a month. Now an assay is a technical report on the amount of gold per ton of soil to be found at various levels. It cannot lie if the engineer is honest.

The shares of Bamboi Gold Fields, Ltd., went from two shillings to five pounds. Three months after he landed Walter Langton found himself one of the important figures in the City. His position came about this way. Though he could not accept a civilian job until his resignation became effective at the expiration of his leave, there was nothing to prevent him from signing a contract to become a director of the Bamboi Gold Fields, Ltd., on a certain date. This he did, and Messrs. Rosen and Kratz were very glad to get his services, for no one knew better how to handle the natives in the district where they were going to open their mine. Besides being a prospective director, there was the nice little nest-egg of 10,000 shares, held by his solicitor on his behalf, which were worth £50,000. So one way and another Walter Langton became known as "somebody" in financial circles.

His manner, even his appearance, altered. He no longer went to the Sports Club and drank gin in the mornings with other Colonial officials home on leave. He lunched regularly at the Savoy Grill and had champagne, Corona cigars, Napoleon brandy, or occasionally—only Vichy water. His face, emaciated and yellowish from frequent bouts of fever when he landed, became rounded and a suffused pink; he developed a slight stomach and glassy eyes. Head waiters greeted him with pleasure, for he tipped well and never did (*Continued on page* 122)

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Listen to the fairy song of health—the merry chorus sung by Kellogg's Rice Krispies as they merrily "snap, crackle, pop" in a bowl of cold milk!

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crackles IN CREAM

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So Crisp They Crackle in Cream
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This owner, speaking of his ECCLES *caravan . . .*

Says: "My wife, daughter and self have lived in this 'van since last October, through snow and rain, often with the outside temperature at freezing point, yet we have been much warmer and more comfortable than in a house. Whilst I have an Eccles over my head I will never return to a house. But it must be an Eccles. I only wish I could impress would-be caravanners on this point—buy the best, it is the cheapest in the end."

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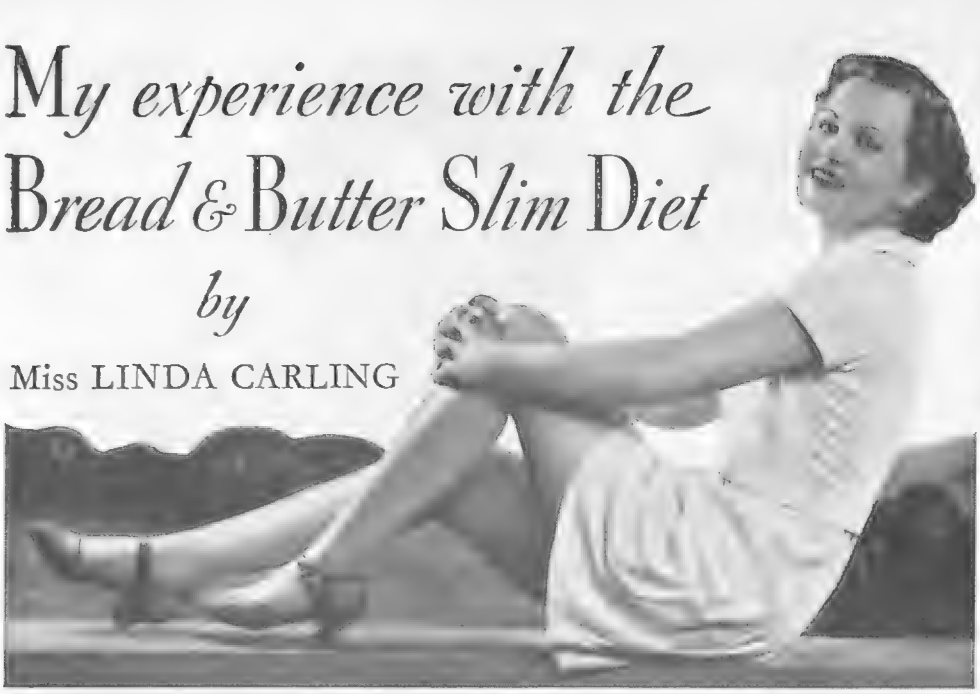
My experience with the Bread & Butter Slim Diet

by

Miss LINDA CARLING



WHEN I heard the Bread and Butter Diet was in preparation, I begged Elisabeth Ann to let me be her first test case. "I'm afraid you'll never keep to it," she said. "You have such a *taste* for salty foods . . ."

I CONFESS I wondered too, whether I should be fearfully famished on *nothing* but bread and butter — it seemed utterly unreal to be able to live on it — but I knew too well I wanted to lose some weight, and the end would probably justify *any* means.

THE first few days I was terrified I should feel suddenly hungry or weak. But no. I felt I had *more* than enough to eat, and no dreaded pangs of hunger were experienced. I was afraid, at first, to look at the meals which were being served at table — but when I had the courage to look round at these things, I felt perfectly calm and had no longing for them whatever. Then I began to lose weight and I felt slim, and nothing would have made me give up.

ELISABETH ANN explained to me I was having sufficient nutriment to keep me going, and I was. During the second week I felt tempted to give in, but the sensation passed.

I FELT marvellously well throughout the three weeks, and could not honestly feel proud when friends congratulated me on my "will-power to keep to the diet"—because it needed no will-power at all — the diet being simplicity itself, and easily digested.

IT will always be a 'thrill' to know I was one of the first four readers to try this new slimming diet, and to benefit by it.

(Signed) Linda Carling

If you decide to try out this diet, write to Elisabeth Ann, care of "Sunday Dispatch," London, E.C.4, and she will send you full particulars.

WHY REMAIN GREY ?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

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THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

more than glance at his bill. He was "big business" personified.

What of Zena throughout this time? She had a prominent place in his triumphant progress; whenever he could persuade her to go out with him, Langton had her by his side. Not always. He often had to telephone three or four times and finally go round to her home before he could persuade her to come out.

They had out the question of her letter breaking off her engagement the first time they met after he got home. Langton took the generous view that it was a lot to expect a white woman to come out to a bush station, that the climate was terrible, and that really he could not blame her at all. Of course it would have been different if he had been going to get the Chief Commissionership of Ashanti; then they would have had conditions he could have asked her to share. He told her he had been passed over and had resigned; he hinted he was going to get quite a good job in civil life, but did not say more; he was keeping the truth as an ace card.

Zena observed his scale of expenditure and mode of life. Men home on leave from bush stations generally do spend their money freely, but there were moments when she began to wonder how long his funds would last. Whenever she suggested he ought to be more careful, he would smile mysteriously. To her infinite relief he did not press the question of marriage.

AT last the big day came. Langton was gazetted out of the service and his name could be inscribed on the list of directors of the Bamboi Gold Fields, Ltd., note-paper. He rang Zena up and asked her to meet him at the Savoy.

The table was decorated with orchids; there was a basket of strawberries brought from France; a bottle of the very best champagne stood in an ice bucket by their side. Langton waited till the meal was over and the waiters had left them in peace. Taking a goblet of Napoleon brandy in both hands, he rolled the liqueur round the glass, sniffed the brim, and sipped. There was a light dew on his forehead, his face was the colour of a rose, his waistcoat swelled gently at the waist line. He was unrecognisable as a former West African District Commissioner.

Taking a piece of tissue paper from his pocket, he unwrapped a ring set with a large diamond and two sapphires. Zena looked at the ring and blinked.

"Give me your hand," Langton said.

She did not move. Since he came home she had never worn the engagement ring he had given her originally, and he had not pressed her to; he had only asked her not to hurt him by making him take it back.

"Come along," he coaxed.

She shook her head. "I can't . . . I . . ."

There was an awful finality in the way she stopped.

"But, darling, you haven't heard the news." He told her about everything; he took a sheet of Bamboi Gold Fields, Ltd., note-paper from his pocket and showed her his name at the head of the list of directors.

He watched her face. Her expression did not alter.

"It'll be so different. You won't have to live among a lot of savages a hundred miles from anywhere. You need not go out at all if you don't want to, though it would be nice if you came sometimes when I'm making a short trip. We'll do it comfortably—all the cars we want—everything; not like the old days when I often had to eat the native food. Zena! what's the matter?"

She had dropped her eyes; she would not look at him.

"I quite understood about you feeling you could not face the climate." Langton spoke gently. "A lot of women can't; they don't even allow the wives of white officials to have children born out there. I don't blame you for that letter you wrote. But everything is different now."

"It's . . . not."

"Yes, it is; I can give you everything you want." He groped for her hand. She saw him holding that terrible ring. His stupidity maddened her; she threw back her head and looked him full in the eyes. "If I had loved you I would have come out to you, if you had had nothing but half a dozen chickens and a hut of reeds. I did not want to hurt your feelings . . . that was all."

"Then you . . . . don't love me?" Langton asked. His mouth opened fatuously. At last he knew the truth.

SIX months later Walter Langton left on a visit of inspection of the Bamboi property. He drank rather too much on the voyage, but otherwise showed no signs of a broken heart. After all, as many other men have said to themselves and nearly all have found, the world is full of charming women. Anyway, he had a lot to do, and his visit to the Gold Coast—business apart—promised to be a source of social pleasure. It would be fun to see his old colleagues' faces!

At Accra His Excellency the Governor heard that the Managing Director of the new, much-talked-of Bamboi mine was coming out to see the property.

In a great twitter H.E. at once telephoned through to the Chief Commissioner of Ashanti.

"He is the Managing Director of this new mine at Bamboi . . . yes . . . we went out there last year when poor old Langton was D.C. I don't know what this fellow's name is—only heard he was arriving half an hour ago. I say, look after him, will you? Better meet him at the station, put him up, and see he has got all the lorries he needs. Right, thanks; I'm just going out in my launch to meet his boat."

WALTER LANGTON stood at the head of the gangway. He watched His Excellency the Governor climb the steps, followed by his A.D.C. Day after day during the voyage he had rehearsed this moment. He was going to go forward, call the Governor by his name, pat him affably on the back, and invite him into the saloon for a drink.

The Governor reached the top of the gangway, looked round for his distinguished visitor, saw Langton and stopped.

Langton's heels came together; he took off his hat, and stood respectfully waiting for His Excellency to speak.

End

Let "RANEE"

read your character from your

Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

OUT OF LOVE WITH LIFE?

It's only natural that you should feel off colour from time to time. You know . . . those days when people at the end of your telephone seem deaf and very stupid; when doors bang louder; when other people's elbows are sharper, other people's tongues cattier. When you are out of love with life.

It's physical, that depression, as well as mental. Every month it brings headaches and tummy-aches and paleness and lack of energy. It's then you need a tonic. And Nature, who has ordained your weakness, has also provided the restorative. Wincarnis.

There's nothing like Wincarnis for picking you up. It's a stimulant which contains no drugs. It's a tonic for body and mind. It quickens the digestion, puts colour into the cheeks, provides new blood for old.

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From every licensed grocer and chemist, wine-merchant and store, 3/3 per bottle; champagne—quart size, 5/6.

Wincarnis is the Wine of Life.

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Ask for

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Larola for

Suntan *without* **Sunburn**

There are certain ingredients in Larola which build up, in the skin tissues, natural resistance to vagaries of heat and cold. Larola imparts an invisible protective layer which ensures soft, white skin, full of radiant life and vigour, throughout the seasons. It is this reliability of Larola which has enhanced its value to women down through the years. Larola is as "right" to-day as the day it was first introduced. You *feel* its cleansing, softening and cooling qualities after one application—it is free of all pore-clogging ingredients. You can sun-tan without pain—with Larola. Its regular daily application prevents blistering—and safeguards the most sensitive skin. *Insist* on Larola—the choice of particular women. Beauty and Larola go hand in hand.

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21/- a bottle

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Why wear bows or elastic bands under your chin to keep your hair in order overnight? The **'HALO' P.3** Sleeping Cap, made with a wig fitting, will fit your head perfectly and protect your waves, for elastic bands which draw from the back and loop over side buttons give night-long security and comfort. No risk of spoiling your hair-dressing if you choose the **'HALO' P.3.** In fancy designs 1/11; P.3/2, in art silk, 1/6. Six pastel shades. Get your **'HALO' P.3** to-day from your Hairdresser, Draper, Stores or from Boots. If in difficulty write:—**Byard Manufacturing Co. Ltd. Nottingham.**

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The Cream of the Trade

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P·3 SLEEPING CAP
Scientific

What So Proudly We Hailed . . .

(*Continued from page 21*)

a little flushed; her eyes unnaturally bright. "Let's not talk any more now, please, Eric," she said.

He realised that he had to assert himself now, if ever; and he knew that words were useless. He caught her to him, kissed her, and felt her lips respond, almost involuntarily.

After a silence, she said: "Yes. I love you, Eric. I can't fight that. I don't want to fight it. But we could never live together long; marriage isn't for us."

He had been holding her hands; now he dropped them. He said quietly, "Thanks, it was marriage that I wanted," and walked away. Once, when the boat rolled, he collided with a stanchion, and his hat fell off, but he did not bother to pick it up. It lay black against the deck; after he had disappeared she stood staring blindly at it for a long while.

RESPONDING sleepily to the insistent telephone at his bedside Eric heard the voice of the hotel reception clerk say respectfully, "Herr Kroll? A visitor, Herr Bauer, to see you."

Surprised, Eric said, "Herr Bauer? I do not know any Herr Bauer." He glanced at his watch and added resentfully, "Besides, I don't wish to be disturbed."

After a blank moment the clerk answered, "An official matter, I believe," and disconnected abruptly. Eric apostrophised the clerk, the telephone and Herr Bauer, struggled to his feet, and aroused himself with cold water. When a knock sounded at the door, he opened it to a tall, thin man, immaculate in striped trousers and morning coat, wearing pince-nez on a long, inquisitive nose. The man clicked his heels, bowed, and said in guttural but accurate English: "Herr Kroll? Bauer. You will pardon this intrusion? My card."

Eric read the card and said, puzzled, "Sit down, Herr Bauer. What can I do for the police?"

"A matter of routine. A nuisance. We are very sorry to be forced to trouble you. But it is necessary to ask a few questions. A cigarette?"

Eric accepted a Turkish cigarette from a gold case, and offered a light. The friendly formalities completed, Herr Bauer said directly, "Your business here, Herr Kroll, is with Herr von Luttwitz, of the Metallsgesellschaft?"

"That's right," said Eric.

"The report is that you have conducted the negotiation with great skill. I congratulate you. The affair apparently already is concluded."

Eric nodded non-committally, and waited. He had learned to accept the fact that here the government knew of every important transaction in every important business office in the country, almost before it had been completed.

"Aside from business, you have had a pleasant stay? You have had opportunity to see what we have done here, perhaps?"

"A little, yes. Herr von Luttwitz has been kind enough to show me some of the more interesting things to see."

"Not quite the things of tourism, eh? Off the beaten track, as you say. I believe Herr von Luttwitz obtained permission for you to see the new military airport. Yes, you came with very good credentials, you see. To certain of our visitors, those whom we know to be sympathetic, we like to show such things—symbols of our new life."

Again Eric waited, trying to imagine what lay behind. His interrogator looked up and said in a slightly changed voice. "You have never been in Russia, Kerr Kroll?"

"No," said Eric, astonished.

"You contemplate a trip to Russia, perhaps, when you leave here?"

"Why, no."

Herr Bauer glanced at him sharply. Eric reflected for a moment, said, "That is——" and stopped.

"Ach. That is——"

"Just what is this all about—do you mind telling me?"

"I come to that. You know a"—Herr Bauer consulted a notebook—"a Fraulein Julia Thorne?"

Eric's pulses bounded; he stamped out his half-finished cigarette, and took one from his own packet of habitual Virginias.

"Yes," he said, "what about her?"

"You have lately been in correspondence with her?"

"What about her?" repeated Eric, with a more strenuous inflection.

Herr Bauer looked gloomy. "Ach. That is unfortunate. We had hoped it was another—someone using your name."

"Look here," said Eric. "Come to the point, will you? What do you know about Miss Thorne?"

"She has been—it is perhaps too much to say—arrested."

"Arrested? Where? By whom? Talk, man, can't you?"

"Fraulein Thorne," said Herr Bauer coldly, "arrived here by airplane from Paris last night. She was accompanied by a maid, a French woman, and by a man supposed to be her secretary, who travelled on a Czech passport.

"Our agents in Paris had warned us to watch for this man, who is a relative of a former notorious German communist. His passport was found to be forged."

Eric suppressed a spasm of mingled anger, worry and jealousy, and said, "He probably imposed himself on Miss Thorne."

Herr Bauer smiled ironically and said, "When we were questioning the man, the Fraulein insisted that she had known him for years, that he was a Czech. She lied—a very unfortunate thing. The man is known to be a communist and a traitor. The Fraulein has placed herself in a serious situation."

"Nonsense," said Eric bluntly. "I know Miss Thorne well. She is an American of good family. Has the American Ambassador been notified?"

Herr Bauer shook his head. "Miss Thorne is merely in custody for the moment. The arrest is not formal. If we decide to hold her, we will, of course, notify her Ambassador. You understand, Herr Kroll, this is not pleasant for us to inconvenience our guests. But these are dangerous times. The State has many enemies. We cannot be too careful. After this unfortunate affair at the airport, it became necessary to search with great care Fraulein Thorne's baggage. We found a letter of introduction to a man in Moscow—a famous communist. By her own admission she intends to go to Moscow. And upon our asking why she chose first to come here—an unnecessary and obviously foolish journey, especially in such company—she refused to answer."

"I can answer that," said Eric curtly. "She came here—she must have come here—because I asked her to." A momentary elation at the thought subsided swiftly into pessimism and doubt.

HERR BAUER said, smiling, "I am aware of that. The letter that you wrote the Fraulein has reached my hands." He referred to the notebook. "Julia, dearest, it's incredible, it's absurd to let a political difference——"

Eric said, with tightened lips, "That letter is rather personal."

"I am sorry, Herr Kroll. That which affects the State ceases to be personal. The word 'personal' deserves no place in the vocabulary of the loyal citizen—or the friendly visitor. Certain phrases require explanation. For instance. 'Come here, stay respectably at another hotel, but let me show you some of the things I have seen, the constructive side of life here, the things you don't hear about. Form your own conclusions. Then I'll go on to Moscow, if you wish. I've finished my business here sooner than I expected, and I can take a week or two for play. Let's be frank about what we see; let's compare the two countries; let's talk it out. Maybe one of us is wrong. But give me a chance to see you again. Darling, I——' "

Eric rose, and sat down again. " Listen, Herr Bauer," he said, " you're making a complicated business of spies and treason out of a very simple act. Miss Thorne came here to see me. Somehow this communist fellow imposed on her. That was a mistake, but certainly no crime. To have a letter of introduction to Moscow, if you're going there, is no crime either. As for me, Herr von Luttwitz will vouch for me. And I vouch for Miss Thorne. So I suggest——"

Injured dignity looked out of Herr Bauer's small eyes, the look of the bureaucratic official the wide world over who imagines his prerogatives infringed. " That is for me to decide, Herr Kroll," he said. " The matter has been placed in my hands. Everything may be as you say. But the circumstances are very suspicious. As I said to Lorstmann——" He stopped suddenly, watching Eric's face. " You know Lorstmann ? "

" I never heard of him. Who is he ? "

Herr Bauer said slowly, " Lorstmann is the name of the man, the name of the false Czech, the companion of Fraulein Thorne."

" Where is Miss Thorne now ? "

Herr Bauer removed his glasses from his nose, polished them, and said, " You would like to see her ? "

Eric merely looked at him.

" Very well," replied Herr Bauer, resuming the pince-nez. " I can arrange that. I shall wait for you below, while you dress. Hurry, please."

HERR BAUER'S office was officially decorated with flags and patriotic photographs, and well furnished. Two men in police uniform rose and stood at attention as he and Eric entered.

" Where is Frau Hartwig ? " demanded Herr Bauer at once in German.

" She is there, Herr Inspector," said a policeman, looking at one of the two doors which led to adjoining offices.

" Tell her to come here," Herr Bauer ordered, and seated himself behind a flat desk in a corner. The man knocked at the door, which was opened by a stout woman in a grey dress, a uniform.

Herr Bauer said, " Where is the Fraulein?"

" She sleeps, Herr Inspector," the woman answered.

" And the maid ? "

" She sleeps also, Herr Inspector."

" Awaken them and bring them here."

" Yes, certainly, Herr Inspector." The woman went back into the room whence she had come ; there were sounds of voices, hers, an agitated French voice, and—Eric heard it with a deep yearning—Julia's.

She came into the room, one hand at the straying ends of her golden hair. Her face, Eric saw, was tired and drawn. She saw him at once and stopped, relief and joy in her eyes. He went to her, and took her hands. " Darling," he said.

" I'm terribly sorry, Eric," she said quietly. " This must be a nuisance for you."

He brushed that aside. " Are you all right ? "

" Sleepy, that's all. And angry." She smiled wanly. " When they question you here, they question you. And when they search you, they search you."

" Fraulein Thorne," said Herr Bauer quietly. She turned to him. " Have you anything to add to your statements ? "

" No," she said. " I told you the truth."

Herr Bauer said to Eric, in English, " Fraulein Thorne admits "—he consulted a sheet of paper—" that she knew that Lorstmann was a communist, and an enemy of the State. Therefore, in attempting to smuggle him into the country as her secretary, she is guilty of the serious crime of aiding a potential act of treason."

" But there was no act of treason, potential or any other kind,"

(*Continued on page 126*)

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IODINE SOAP
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Refuse All Imitations.

EPIDEMICS, DIRT AND GERMS—What a safeguard for yourself and the children against the dangers of dirt and germs and when any epidemics are about! A bath with Simpson Iodine Soap and you and all the family can really *laugh* at contagion. Economical because it saves Doctors' bills.

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Julia cried. "Eric, listen. I met this man Lorstmann in an artists' group in Paris, a frail little man, not the least bit your dangerous man of action. He told me he had left his wife and daughters here when he had to leave the country. He hasn't heard from them now for three months, and he was frantic with worry. I'd just got your letter." She was speaking now as if they were alone, Eric and she. "I wanted to see you terribly, but I was trying to fight the impulse. It was silly of me, but I was still angry with you, and I wanted an excuse for coming here."

"Why," interrupted Herr Bauer, "could you not have made inquiries for this Lorstmann without bringing him with you?"

"He said he had a weak heart, and possibly had not long to live. He said he had to see his wife, not merely to know that she was alive; he loves her. I couldn't refuse him, the poor little man." She was still explaining to Eric, not to Herr Bauer. "I realised the trip might be dangerous, but if he was willing to risk it, could I deny him my help? So I arranged it. I gave up the tour and employed Amélie—" she turned sympathetically to the tearful Frenchwoman behind her. "Poor thing, she doesn't know a word of all this."

"There is no evidence against the maid," said Herr Bauer. "We shall release her in due course."

"And Miss Thorne?" Eric demanded. "You can see that she is guilty of nothing except perhaps an error in judgment. You can't hold her."

Herr Bauer shook his head. "I myself am now inclined to believe the Fraulein's story. But the offence still remains serious. First we must see the outcome of the questioning of Lorstmann. Then we shall pass on to the Fraulein's position. If we hold her, we shall of course notify the American Ambassador."

"One moment," said Eric, going to the desk and speaking vigorously. "There is no point in keeping Miss Thorne here. Allow her to go to an hotel with her maid. She cannot leave the country without your permission."

"Ach, I regret that to do so would be very irregular until the investigation is completed."

"But she cannot stay here!"

"We shall see that she is very comfortable."

Eric's jaw tightened, but he still remained master of himself. "The regulations, as you know, are not intended for people like Miss Thorne. I shall take the matter up with the Foreign Minister, whom I know."

For the first time Herr Bauer's voice ceased to be polite. "I have told you once, I tell you again, I have complete authority in such cases. Authority from the highest source." He glanced reverently at a framed photograph over his head. "Fraulein Thorne must——"

He stopped short, frowning, at a sound from one of the adjoining rooms—a groan of agony from a human being, muffled by heavy walls, swiftly stifled but unmistakable. He asked a muttered question of one of the policemen, who replied with an enigmatic "Ja." Then Herr Bauer continued, "Fraulein Thorne must remain——"

A door opened, and swiftly closed again behind a blond young man in a blackshirt uniform who advanced, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, and smiling broadly as he glanced around him.

"The questioning is finished, Herr Inspector," he said loudly. "The man Lorstmann has admitted everything."

Herr Bauer looked startled and slightly annoyed. "What? What?" he demanded.

"Melcher is preparing the report. But I wished to tell you that it is a clear case of treason and espionage. The woman"—he turned with a contemptuous smile to Julia—"is implicated. His mistress, his accomplice in the plot. He admits the——"

Julia, a startled hand at her lips, cried out, "What have you been doing to him? What have you been doing to him to make him say these things?" She turned to Eric, and at the stricken look in her face the anger he had been suppressing so long began to pound through his veins.

Herr Bauer rose in considerable embarrassment and said to Julia, "Probably there has been a mistake. I myself do not think——" He hesitated, then said curtly to the blackshirt, "You are relieved. Melcher is relieved. I shall personally question the prisoner Lorstmann."

The blackshirt, his exuberance suddenly gone, stood to attention, saluted, and strode back to the room whence he had come. Herr Bauer said, "Sometimes these young fools are—what is your word?—over zealous."

The door opened, and the face of the young blackshirt reappeared, flushed and evidently agitated. He said, "Herr Bauer, please!"

"What is it?" Bauer snapped.

"The prisoner——" began the young man, but Bauer cut him short with a word and strode into the other room, slamming the door behind him.

Altogether without self-consciousness, Eric took Julia in his arms and she rested her head wearily on his shoulder. They were standing so when Herr Bauer re-entered the room, looking grave.

"After seeing the prisoner Lorstmann," he said slowly, "I have decided to drop the case against Fraulein Thorne."

"What does that mean?" Eric said.

"It means that the incident is closed," Herr Bauer replied. "Without unpleasantness or publicity. You will be glad to know this." He spoke with great suavity.

"This man Lorstmann," said Eric. "I want to see him."

"That is impossible," Herr Bauer stated. "Absolutely forbidden by the regulations. You are very fortunate that the incident is closed."

"Eric, I know it, I sense it," Julia said clearly. "His heart. They've killed him."

"You may both go, and the servant also. I permit you to go. The incident," Herr Bauer repeated, "is closed."

After an instant's hesitation, Eric turned and went out swiftly with Julia, followed by the frightened French maid, while one of the policemen, the brawny one, laughed loudly.

THE small room, crowded with books and papers, had one window which looked out on a squalid, badly paved street where a dozen children were playing noisily. Comrade Bakayeff said, "From America? With a letter from my friend Bernman? But you say it was taken from you. Too bad. You are not party members?"

Comrade Bakayeff was a grey man in his fifties, short, fat, with a serious, careworn face and a high-pitched, monotonous voice. He spoke creditable English with a prolonged emphasis on the sibilant sounds, while his short, thick fingers tapped the lettered desk before him.

"I am glad to see friends of Bernman, of course. You, Mr.—Mr. Kroll, you are not a communist? I guess-s it. A bourgeois. Yess." He did not use the word offensively, but merely as a description, as one might say "businessman" or "farmer." "How iss it you came without a guide? How did you find me?"

"We were tired of being led everywhere by the guide they assigned to us," Julia explained. "We asked him to bring us here, and he kept putting it off. Finally we found your address on the map and figured out that we could walk to it. So this morning we left the hotel before he arrived—and here we are."

"No one spoke to you? No one asked where you were going?"

"No," Julia said, "not until we were on the stairs, when we met a man coming down."

"Yess. That would be Rudin. He left me then."

"He spoke to us in French," said Eric, "and he said you were engaged. We'd come so far we thought we'd introduce ourselves, at any rate. But if you are busy——"

"Yess," said Bakayeff, pushing shut a half-opened drawer of his desk, "I have business-s to attend to. But do not go yet. Stay awhile. I am not sorry that you came."

Julia caught Eric's faint smile and returned it. She had met with many varieties of men and manners in the past few days, and she enjoyed Bakayeff's simple bluntness.

"The men outside did not speak to you?" Bakayeff resumed.

"What men?" inquired Eric.

"It iss of no importance," said Bakayeff, and shrugged.

Julia looked out of the window and saw across the street two men, clean shaven, in ordinary clothes, who leaned against a wall watching the children at play. She wondered who they were. The children too and the game that they played puzzled her. One of them was pointing at another and making a speech of some sort, while the rest applauded and the men laughed. But the children were very serious.

Bakayeff was saying to Eric, "And what did you come here to find, young man?"

"Why," Eric answered, "we wanted to see communism in practice."

"And you have seen?" Bakayeff laughed shortly. "What have you seen?"

"Not much," Eric admitted. "For the past week we've been shepherded around like lambs from one public building to another."

Bakayeff nodded. "You will see what they want you to see. You will hear what they want you to hear."

Julia said, enthusiastically, "But as time goes on, won't there be more freedom for——"

A burst of laughter interrupted her. "Freedom!" said Bakayeff, shaking. "What is that? Some American invention, perhaps?"

The man's mirth struck Julia unpleasantly; it was bitter; it was false. She looked out of the window again. The child who was making the speech was shouting now, and shaking his fist, while his companion, at whom he pointed, seemed cowed and wretched. At intervals all the others cheered.

Bakayeff followed her glance. He said, "Yess, here everyone iss free—free to do what he iss told to do, think what he iss told to think, say what he iss told to say. If he complies, then—then he may eat. Even the children understand thiss."

He raised the window for an instant to listen to the shrill young voices, and the two men across the street glanced up sharply, stared, and spoke to one another. Bakayeff ignored them. After a moment he said, "They are playing the treason trial, you see. The one who speaks iss the prosecutor. The one who hangs his head iss the accused. The prosecutor is calling him bad names; that iss why they all laugh. And he hangs hiss head because here political prisoners always hang their heads; that iss seen to. The little ones on the side, they are the judges, and the rest are the good little communists." He laughed again, and closed the window. "Yess, treason iss a very bad thing. I believe in your country you still have the quaint, old-fashioned idea that you may criticise your government aloud. How funny you are! You do not realise that you are guilty of treason every day. Only you call it freedom."

"And yet," Julia pointed out, "things can't be quite so bad as you say. After all, here you are talking to two strangers, and you do not hesitate to express yourself frankly."

"True," Bakayeff said, chuckling. "I do not hesitate. But then, you see, I am favoured by the government. I am in a very special position."

The monotonous voice went on. "Perhaps when you go back to America you will tell my friend Bernman a message from me. You will tell him that the Central Committee honours me. They consider me so important that they have given me a bodyguard. And also they have sent to-day Comrade Rudin to visit me, and Comrade Rudin urged me to write my political views for the government to publish—fine, orthodox views that everyone would approve. Tell him that, when you saw me, I was about to express myself quite in the correct manner. You will tell him that?" he concluded, with a touch of earnestness.

Julia answered, "Yes, certainly," and stopped because she could think of nothing to add. There was an awkward silence, interrupted by a sudden burst of cheering from the children outside. They were no longer playing the court scene, Julia saw; now they were soldiers, marching with the little prisoner in their midst, still hanging his head.

"Ah, yess," Bakayeff said, smiling with one side of his mouth only. "The firing squad. They know, the children, how it is done."

He consulted a cheap clock that stood on his desk. "Ah, I must go back to my affairs. I am sorry, but it iss time that you go." He added seriously, "You should not have come here; your guide was quite right. You must go now. I hope you will have no trouble. Good-bye."

They shook hands, and Julia and Eric were at the door when Bakayeff said, once more in his ironic mood, "Go back to your America, and criticise. Criticise everything! It must be a fine thing to live in a country where everybody commits treason every day, and nobody cares. But I forget—you do not call it treason. It is freedom that you are guilty of, you Americans Good-bye, young people."

He closed the door, and they walked in silence down two flights of creaking stairs. Then Eric said, "Wait!" and they paused. Without knowing what they were waiting for, yet with a conviction of impending tragedy, they stood quite still for perhaps a minute. From above, they could hear Bakayeff's voice calling out something in Russian. Then, reverberating through the house, came the unmistakable sharp report of a pistol shot.

"Wait here," cried Eric, and dashed up the stairs. After an instant of horror-struck immobility, Julia followed. She arrived at the top landing in time to see Eric, rather pale, come out of Bakayeff's room and close the door after him.

There were trampling feet below, and the two men whom she had seen across the street ran up the stairs. Speaking in voluble Russian, they looked into the room. Neither seemed surprised.

The more talkative of the two could speak a little French; he examined the passports which Eric handed him, and pocketed them. Eric began to protest; the man said gruffly in bad French, "They will be returned to you. You must come with us to the Commissariat, to be questioned. The fool inside there was a traitor, and the matter is serious." He continued to chatter on the way downstairs, asking questions but never waiting for an answer.

"We saw you when you arrived. What was your business with Bakayeff? You will find yourselves in enough trouble. Why do you not have a guide with you? That idiot! He could have lived. They gave him the chance to retract, to confess his errors in print. What a counter-revolutionary fool! And you, what were you doing there? What did he tell you? This is a serious matter, a very serious matter, I can tell you."

They found it so.

A HEAVY fog held the liner up at quarantine for several hours, blotting out the familiar sights of the harbour. Looking out from behind the glass windows in a quiet corner of the promenade deck, they were silent. Their marriage, performed in London, was more than a week old now; and words had become almost totally unimportant to them—a fumbling, inadequate medium for translating emotions that they shared and understood better without explanation.

Both of them were curiously moved when the fog slowly rose and revealed the busy traffic of the port. Dimly they could make out the familiar bulk of old Liberty, with her torch.

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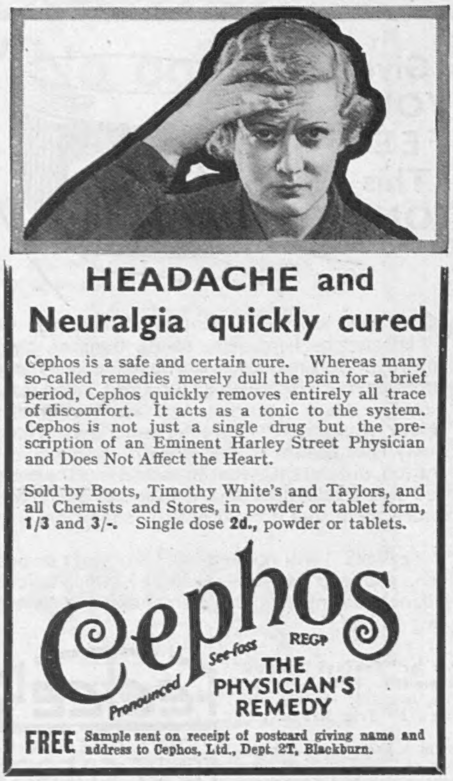
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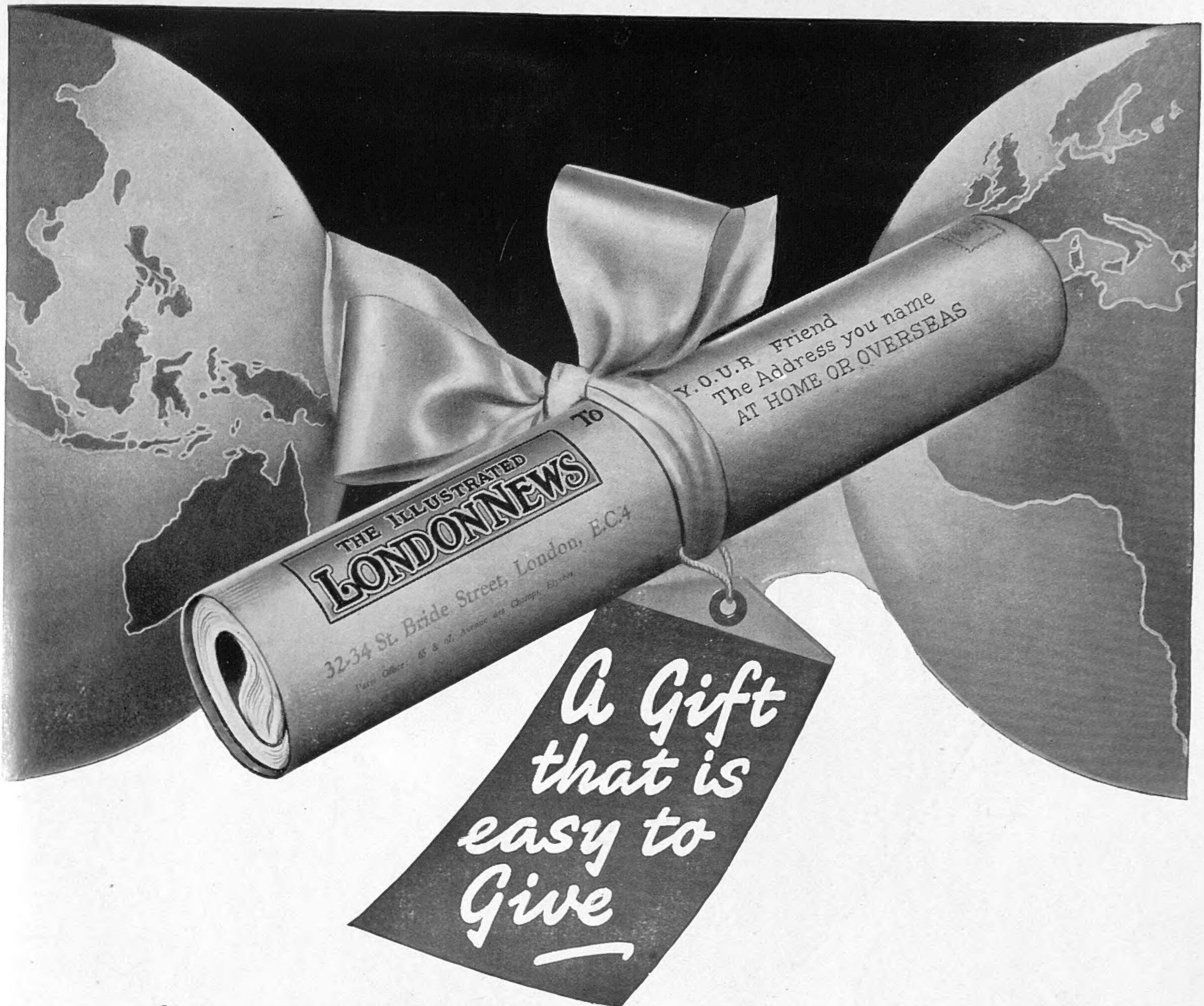
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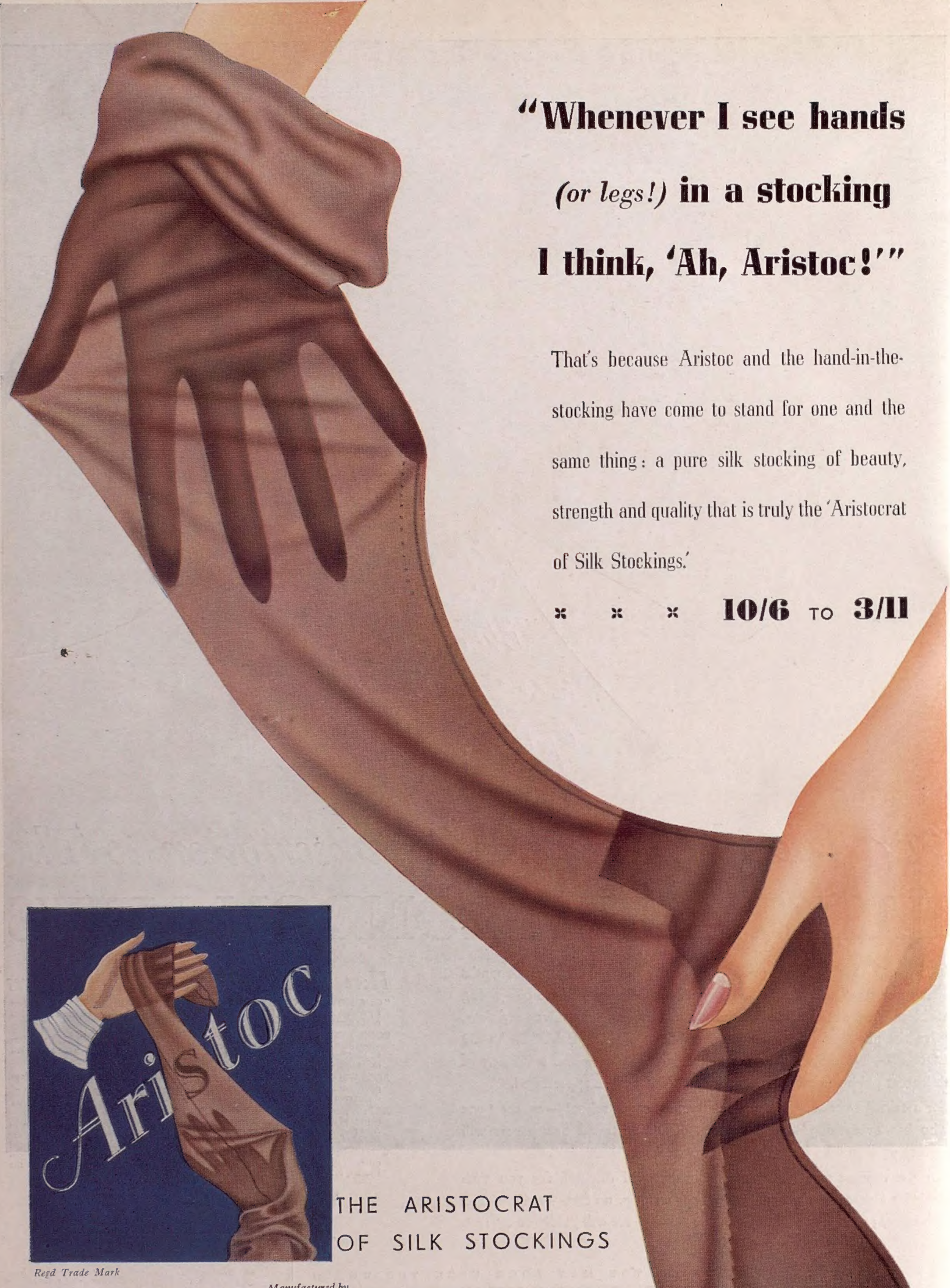
London, England, E.C.4.



"Whenever I see hands *(or legs!)* in a stocking I think, 'Ah, Aristoc!'"

That's because Aristoc and the hand-in-the-stocking have come to stand for one and the same thing: a pure silk stocking of beauty, strength and quality that is truly the 'Aristocrat of Silk Stockings.'

* * * **10/6** TO **3/11**

THE ARISTOCRAT
OF SILK STOCKINGS

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